



PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH

BOOK 04

Er Gen

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Pursuit of the Truth

(求魔)

by
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Synopsis

Three thousand years of bowing down to the Demon Lord,

I would rather be a mortal than a celestial being when looking back,

but for her I will...

become one who controls life and death!

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Chapter 301: Su (2)

To some people, the wind in the snowstorm sounded like a mournful song echoing through the vastness of the plains. It was so for Bai Su. She pulled the fur around her collar tighter, and her breath came out in white puffs.

There were also some who did not register the sound of the wind as if it was mourning. Instead, for them it sounded like someone sighing. That was how Su Ming heard it. He walked on the ground and stepped on the snow. As he listened to the sound of the wind along with the crunching sounds coming underneath his feet, he continued walking forward.

The two of them did not walk at a fast pace, neither did they talk to each other. They simply welcomed the snow and wind in their faces as they gradually walked into the distance.

The wind was strong and the snow fell heavily. A lot of it fell from the sky and fell on their shoulders, their clothes, and their hair.

"You... you also walked like this in the snowstorm with her in the past, right?" After a long while, Bai Su's soft voice reached Su Ming's ears.

"You still ask about it." Su Ming did not stop. He simply continued walking, and when he spoke, it sounded as if he was sighing.

"Shouldn't I have?" Bai Su took a few brisk steps forward to walk beside Su Ming before turning her head sideways to look at him.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he spoke in a soft voice. Nostalgia appeared in his eyes. "She and I walked in this manner many years ago."

Bai Su lowered her head and asked in a whisper, "Are we really that alike, she and I?"

"Very, except for a few details." Su Ming's voice drifted in the wind.

"Is it this thing?" Bai Su stopped and brought out two items from her bosom. Then right before Su Ming, she placed them on her earlobes. A smile appeared on her lips when she looked at Su Ming, who had turned around to look at her.

The moment Su Ming saw the pair of earrings hanging off Bai Su's ears, he shuddered and a dazed look appeared in his eyes. That pair of earrings was something that belonged solely to Bai Ling in his memories.

Bai Su, standing under the night filled with snow and wind while wearing the earrings as snow floated down between them, threw Su Ming into an absentminded state. It made him feel as if he had returned to that particular moment at the foot of Dark Mountain, the moment part of those beautiful years in his life.

"Su Ming, didn't you say that you'll walk in circles with me..?"

A bashful look appeared on Bai Su's face, but she kept her head straight and did not lower it. Instead, she kept her gaze on Su Ming as she spoke softly.

The moment she said those words, Bai Su clearly felt that Su Ming had frozen up in the snowstorm, even his gaze too, seemed to have frosted over.

When she saw him acting this way, Bai Su became exceedingly pleased with herself. She had been preparing for this day for a very long time.

‘Just a bit more...’

Just as Bai Su was feeling pleased with herself, Su Ming closed his eyes and sighed softly. When he opened them once again, his eyes were calm, and he turned around to walk forward.

Bai Su widened her eyes, then stomped her feet in a fit of discontentment before quickly catching up with him.

At that very moment, in a corner of the temporary tribe built by Western Sea clan for the auction was a clearly much more extravagant tent among the dozens of tents set up there, and within that tent, Si Ma Xin suddenly opened his eyes as he sat inside. A hint of surprise shone briefly in his eyes.

‘There’s no mistaking this... Just now, for a moment, I felt a Berserker Seed showing signs of blooming! That Berserker Seed is located on the snow plains beyond the tribe... The fluctuations from that Berserker Seed were so strong that it surpassed those from all my previous Berserker Children. That person is definitely Su Ming!!

‘Bai Su, whether I succeed or fail now depends entirely on you...’

Si Ma Xin had originally given up on using Bai Su to plant a Berserker Seed in Su Ming. He had thought that it would be very difficult to succeed, that was why he had instigated the incident with Zi Che and wanted to use Northern Frontier to kill Su Ming. However, he did not expect that the matter would end that way.

Towards Bai Su, he only felt deep regret and hate, but he did not dare offend her. After all, he still needed her help to enter Freezing Sky Cave. Quite some time had passed by and he had still received no news about it, but no news was also a form of hope for him.

He had originally made up his mind that if he still had not obtained the right to enter Freezing Sky Cave before Sky Mist Shaman Hunt and Su Ming had also not become his Berserker Child, then he would need to join Sky Mist Shaman Hunt and obtain those Shaman heads first.

Yet if he could just manage to achieve one of those things, then he would not need to join the battle. He could instead focus all his attention on making preparations to enter Heaven Gate. The sudden signs of the blossoming Seed this night made Si Ma Xin’s heart instantly jump in joy.

He stood up and lifted the tent flaps. As he looked at the world in the distance, excitement and anticipation appeared in his eyes.

"Bai Su, you are my destined wife. If you help me make this happen, then I will swear right now that I will marry you!" Si Ma Xin mumbled and clenched his fists. Once he took a few deep breaths, he forced himself to calm down before he once again sat down on the snow.

Su Ming continued walking on the plain of snow in the snowstorm. Once Bai Su caught up to him, still feeling discontented, she would occasionally glare at him, fuming as various thoughts raced in her head.

At that moment, she did not know that Si Ma Xin was gazing at that particular spot from the tribe not too far away, waiting anxiously.

Time trickled by, and it was soon midnight. The moonlight was scattered due to the snow floating down from the sky, yet in an instant, the light would merge together once again, making others feel like their eyes were playing tricks on them.

"It's late. If you have nothing else to do, go back." Su Ming's footsteps faltered and he turned around to look at Bai Su.

Bai Su was silent. She did not speak.

Su Ming returned to the path he originally came from and walked down that way as the wind and snow blew in the air.

"Su Ming!" Bai Su suddenly called out as she stood there.

The instant Su Ming turned around to look, Bai Su quickly walked forward and hugged him, burying her head in his chest. Su Ming was silent for a while before he lifted his arms and held Bai Su's shoulders.

She lifted her head and looked at him. There was a complicated look and a hidden meaning that could not be described in her eyes as she stared at him.

"If we continue walking in the snow like this, will we walk... until our heads turn white..?" Bai Su mumbled softly, and her voice sounded as if it had traveled through time. When it fell into Su Ming's ears, grief appeared in his eyes.

At the same time, Si Ma Xin trembled where he was seated in his tent at the corner of the tribe. Excitement shone in his eyes, and it was so bright it could rival the light from the moon.

His heart raced against his chest. He could feel that the aura of the Berserker Seed was growing stronger in the snow plains in the distance. Just a little more and it would be complete.

That feeling not only made him excited, it also made him feel like throwing his head and laughing towards the sky.

‘Su Ming, Su Ming, you might be getting stronger day by day, but you’re just too confident in yourself. Bai Su’s heart will always lie with me. She will fulfil my desires just as I have asked her to!

‘You are still going to end up becoming my Berserker Child!’ Si Ma Xin stared at the snow plains in the distance with excitement and waited.

On the snow plains, Su Ming stared at Bai Su as her voice echoed in his ears. The grief in his eyes became stronger and he closed his eyes quietly.

The complicated look on Bai Su’s face became more prominent. As she stared at him, hesitation and uncertainty rose within her.

"Let this end, Bai Su. You are not her. Don’t make things difficult for yourself anymore." Su Ming’s hoarse voice fell into her ears.

He opened his eyes, and grief could be seen along with pity within them. He lifted his right hand, and in his palm was a fistful of snow.

"Place it in your hand and let it melt. When the snow turns into water, you will still be you, and you will not be her."

Bai Su stared at the snow in Su Ming’s palm blankly. After a long while, for a reason she did not even know herself, and as if she was controlled by some supernatural force, she whispered softly.

"Su Ming, do you still remember our promise..?"

The moment she said those words, Su Ming's hand visibly trembled.

"But you... didn't fulfill our promise..." Bai Su mumbled, then took a few steps away and looked at Su Ming.

The snow in Su Ming's palm had melted into water. He stared at Bai Su, and with a bitter smile, he nodded his head.

When Bai Su saw Su Ming acting this way, she suddenly felt a sharp stab of pain in her heart and found herself unable to face him. She staggered backwards and moved further and further away, right until she could no longer see him in her eyes.

Within the tribe, Si Ma Xin's laughter rose into the air. He stood in his tent with an ecstatic look that could not be hidden away under his excitement. He could distinctly sense that the Berserker Seed in the snow plains had successfully formed. He could even feel a faint connection between him and that Seed. That connection gave him a feeling that with just one thought, he could determine whether that Berserker Seed lived or died!

'Su Ming, Su Ming, in the end you still ended up as my Berserker Seed!' As Si Ma Xin laughed loudly, he walked out of his tent and moved towards the snow plains. He wanted to see how Su Ming looked right now with his own eyes!

While on the way there, Si Ma Xin suddenly stopped, because he saw Bai Su staggering forward on that snow plain as if she had just lost her soul. With joy flowing within him, Si Ma Xin walked towards Bai Su.

"Su Er, I'm sorry to have made you suffer!" Si Ma Xin was just about to hug Bai Su, but she instinctively moved away from his embrace. There was a complicated expression on her face, and she remained silent.

"I originally wanted to go and meet my new Berserker Child, Su Ming, but you're more important than him. I'll stay by your side and have him come greet us."

Si Ma Xin was far too excited and hence did not bother with how Bai Su looked right then. Instead, in his mind, he gave the order for that Berserker Seed to come to them.

Yet the moment he gave that order, Si Ma Xin's expression started changing gradually, from that joyful excitement to uncertainty, then from uncertainty to puzzlement, and suddenly, his expression changed drastically.

Su Ming was sitting on the snow plain as he looked at the snow falling from the sky. There was not a hint of grief on his face, only a calmness that seemed like the still water in an ancient well. He shook his head gently.

"Bai Ling, I gave her a chance, and this was her choice... From

now onwards, no matter how much she looks like you, even if she's so much like you that she has turned into you, she will not be able to affect my heart...

"It has ended, along with my very first... change of heart."

Su Ming lowered his head, and with a wave of his right hand, the drawing board appeared. A long time had passed since the change had begun, and now, for the first time ever since, he turned that board over, then looked at the figure of himself and the grass he had drawn under his feet. In Su Ming's eyes, the picture on the drawing board... changed.

The picture of himself in the drawing lifted his foot, and the grass ensnaring his foot was shaken free as he did so. Then he walked over it, just like a gust of wind that left no traces behind...

As the picture changed, an aura characteristic of a transformation abruptly spread out from within Su Ming. His hair floated in the wind, and an aged look that seemed to have seen through something in the world appeared in his eyes. At that moment, the snow around him also seemed to be moving towards him.

For the first time ever, in the Picture of the Blood Moon and Dark Mountain on his body, snow started falling down...

The Picture of the snow covered Blood Moon and Dark Mountain!

Chapter 302: Second Young Lord!

As snow appeared on the Berserker Mark on his body, that aura of transformation became stronger. The Berserker Mark under Su Ming's robes started swimming all over his body as if it had come alive. A whirlwind spread out from within his body and blew away the snow around him in all directions.

Su Ming's hair moved without wind, and gradually, the black shade of his hair started changing, gaining a purple hue. Compared to the white snow, that purple shade gave off an alluring feeling, along with an indescribable mysteriousness.

The five peaked Dark Mountain started letting off a dim light on Su Ming's face, like a totem, and on his chest, a layer of snow gradually gathered on the grass, trees, and houses in the tribe under Dark Mountain!

The blood moon appeared in the sky within the Berserker Mark. That blood moon was Su Ming's right eye! Even if he had both his eyes closed at the moment, the red glare shining brilliantly like the moon in his right eye could not be hidden away!

There was also snow falling down in that Berserker Mark, and it looked real. It was as if it had existed within the Mark since the beginning, but only then did Su Ming have the right to obtain it and have it revealed to the world!

When the snow appeared in the Berserker Mark and at the instant the Picture of the snow covering Blood Moon and Dark

Mountain was formed, Su Ming opened his eyes. Right as he did so, a mighty presence shot out from the blood moon in his right eye. He spread out his arms to his sides.

"Dark Mountain," he mumbled, and his voice fused with the moaning sounds in the wind and snow. No one could hear his words clearly, but the moment his voice echoed in the air, the sky above him started distorting, and a gigantic mountain from Su Ming's memories appeared in the sky!

It was a majestic mountain, a mountain that was formed of five summits connected together. The five summits looked like five fingers on a giant's hand that were spread wide apart as if it wanted to break through space itself.

This time, the manifested Dark Mountain looked incredibly real and did not even have a hint suggesting that it was an illusion. It was as if it had existed in this place since the beginning of time, and as if it should exist there.

The moment Dark Mountain appeared, an incredible sorrow spread around Su Ming. In all the places that the sorrow visited, the wind and snow came to a standstill. In all the parts it passed by, the earth trembled. In all the directions it went to, the weather changed!

Not too far away, in the tribe set up by Western Sea Clan for the auction were a dozen something sword-ship hybrids that were stuck into the ground like swords. Several old men could be found sitting within each of them.

Yet at that moment, at that very instant, almost all the old men opened their eyes, and with gazes shining as brilliantly as lightning, they stared at the spot where Su Ming was.

"What a Berserker Mark!"

"Who is that child?"

"Tian Xie Zi's disciple..?"

"It's just a normal Mountain Mark, and he can already cause the weather to change... By the looks of it, that Berserker Mark is definitely not as simple as it looks. There must be something else."

Dozens of divine wills reverberated in each of the dozen swordship hybrids. Su Ming's actions had caught the attention of the powerful Berserkers who came to the land of Freezing Sky from Western Sea Clan.

"Silence!" As these people communicated with each other using their divine wills, one chilling divine will that only they could sense and no one else would be able to hear swept through their minds like a typhoon.

"It's just the Berserker Mark of a small fry in the Awakening Realm, and you lot are already acting this way?"

"Clan Elder Hai, you are wrong. You must have seen that this child is a Divine General, and his Berserker Mark is definitely of the complex sort. He has just shown the Mountain Mark, and the effects of that Mark are already shocking. Is a prodigy of this calibre... not worthy of our attention?"

Once that chilling divine will swept through the area, another divine will that was clearly of the same level as the one previously shot out from another one of those sword-ships and reverberated through the air.

That chilling divine will let out a cold snort.

"Even if it's complicated... Hmm?" Yet before this divine will could finish speaking, his words faltered, and the sound he made after that one little pause was filled with surprise.

The source of his surprise was the word that came out of Su Ming's mouth, who had his arms outstretched as he sat right in the middle of the whirlwind that lifted the snow and swept it all around him on the snow plain.

"Tribe..."

The moment the word 'tribe' fell out of his mouth, like a scroll painting that was being opened under the gigantic Dark Mountain in the sky, a Dark Mountain Tribe filled with its trees and houses appeared in the sky with an astonishingly imposing manner, and in a way that would make all those who understood Berserker Marks feel shocked to the core!

Right then, if anyone lifted their heads up to look, they would not be able to tell where was the sky and where the earth, they would feel as if they were looking at a mirage. Yet those plants, those houses, and all the other things looked so real that they could not be described with words.

In a corner of the tribe in the distance where the Western Sea Clan Auction would be held, Tian Lan Meng walked out from her tent with a fur robe she had just put on. She stood outside her tent and her beautiful eyes shone with a curious glint. As she looked at the Dark Mountain in the sky and the vivid Dark Mountain Tribe, she became stupefied.

"This... is his Berserker Mark..."

More people walked out of the tents set up around Tian Lan Meng's and looked at the sky. The sorrow in the air was felt clearly by all the Berserkers in the area.

More importantly, that sorrow did not disappear as soon as it came. Instead, as time passed by, it grew stronger. In the temporary tribe, all the people who came to attend the auction walked out of their tents and looked at the sky. Most of these people came from Freezing Sky, and some among these people had witnessed the battle between Su Ming and Si Ma Xin, and had also seen Su Ming revealing his Berserker Mark during that time.

The moment they saw the strange sight in the sky, they immediately let out cries of surprise.

"This... This is Su Ming's Berserker Mark!"

"There's no mistaking this. I remember that mountain and that tribe under the mountain. Only Su Ming has that Berserker Mark in the entire Freezing Sky Clan!"

"This is Su Ming's... Berserker Mark?"

Uproars broke out within the tribe and grew increasingly louder. As the people passed the information they knew to the others while keeping their gazes fixed on the sky, a person in black clothes stood outside an ordinary looking tent inside the tribe. His face was calm and he did not even lift his head. It was as if no matter what happened around him, nothing could catch his interest.

He only stood there in silence and waited for the order that would come from the tent behind him. If Su Ming was there, he would be able to tell with just one glance that there were some similarities between this man and Zi Che in some of their actions, because they were the same sort of people.

"Interesting. Uncle Chen, I didn't expect that there would be someone like this in Freezing Sky Clan." A voice with a hint of laughter traveled out from the tent.

The moment that voice spoke, a gust of wind blew past and lifted the snow on the ground along with a corner of the tent. That gust of wind saw everything that was inside the tent before it

disappeared within, never coming out again.

That tent did not seem big on the outside, but it was enormous inside, as big as a palace. There were a dozen something men dressed in black clothes just like the person outside the tent standing around quietly.

These people had their heads lowered and stood like statues, but within each of them, a presence that had surpassed that of Awakening and belonged to those within the Bone Sacrifice Realm could be felt!

There were even some whose aura was so strong that even a normal Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm would find it hard to compare! At the center of the tent that contained another dimension in itself was a table and a young man wearing a green long robe with a black dragon stitched on it taking a sip from the wine cup in his hands.

That young man did not seem old, but in his eyes, even as he blinked, was an intimidating pressure, and he had a unique temperament. That temperament was one that only belonged to those who stood above everyone else. With just one word, he could cause disaster to fall on the entire land. With just one word, he could make a countless number of tribes turn to ashes. With just one word, half of South Morning would go to battle for him!

That was the bearing of those who held supremacy over all people!

Even if that temperament was not too strong and seemed as if it was just starting to form, it was already slowly building up. Perhaps one day, he would be able to announce himself right before the entire Land of South Morning with that presence!

"Second Young Lord, this person's status is rather unique. He belongs to Freezing Sky Clan, but at the same time not." An old voice spoke from before the young man. On the other side of the table was a white-haired old man who was drinking with the young man. That old man's voice was hoarse, and he wore a long white robe as he sat there. There were eight white clouds embroidered on his sleeves.

If there was anyone from Freezing Sky Clan familiar with Heaven Gate who saw those eight white clouds, they would definitely feel shocked and immediately kneel down in worship, because those eight white clouds meant that this person belonged to Heaven Gate's eighth layer!

There were nine continents on Heaven Gate, and the eighth continent had an incredibly high rank among them. Those who could live there were people who could make the entire Freezing Sky tremble when they walked out and stomped on the ground.

"Oh?" The young man placed the wine cup in his hands down and looked at the old man with a smile.

At that moment, besides the crowd in the temporary tribe built by Western Sea Clan keeping a close eye on the strange sight in the sky, there was one more person who stood on the snow plain outside the tribe - Si Ma Xin, whose expression had drastically

changed due to that sorrow from Su Ming enveloping his body. He grabbed onto Bai Su, as if he was hysterical, and roared madly with bloodshot eyes.

"I already succeeded, so why did this happen?! Tell me, why did this happen?!"

Si Ma Xin could not accept this reality. The thing which he had desired for a long time and even succeeded in obtaining had just taken a turn for the worse. This was something he was absolutely not prepared for.

It would have been fine if he had never obtained it in the first place, but he did, just moments ago. This sort of feeling of having something he had just obtained forcefully snatched out of his hands made Si Ma Xin unable to control his own actions.

Bai Su's face was pale. Sharp pain traveled from her arms which were held in a tight grip by Si Ma Xin. Yet the physical pain was nothing compared to the pain her heart felt as it was ripped apart.

She looked at Si Ma Xin and gave him a broken smile. All of a sudden, she saw through this man. This handsome and forever gentle big brother Si Ma of hers... was now like a clown. Besides raging in madness, he did not seem to have the courage to do anything else.

"This is impossible! This is absolutely impossible!"

Si Ma Xin sensed the sorrow, saw the Dark Mountain and the tribe in the sky, and even felt Su Ming's aura growing rapidly stronger. This made him so deeply regretful he almost went mad.

Chapter 303: Protector!

He was regretful, deeply regretful!

He regretted that he did not do everything that he could in the past and kill Su Ming beforehand so that he would not have been able to enter Freezing Sky Clan!

He was regretful... but no matter how much he thought about it, the only chance to regret was during the first time he fought against him. Besides that one time, he could not find any other chance where he could have fought back against Su Ming.

During the first time they met in Freezing Sky Clan, the two of them had battled to the extreme, but even if Si Ma Xin wanted to kill Su Ming, he was prevented from doing so. Even if he had forcefully attacked him not only would he not succeed, he would also have brought a great disaster on his own head!

He had not understood this at that time, but right then, with his understanding towards the ninth summit, he knew what would happen to him incredibly clearly from experience. After all, he was one of the few people who knew the entire event of what had happened in Northern Frontier Tribe.

"Si Ma Xin, you're hurting me." Just as Si Ma Xin was trapped in his own madness, an aloof voice traveled into his ears.

That voice belonged to Bai Su, and she was looking at Si Ma Xin coldly. She had seen through this person. In truth, she should have

seen through him a long time ago, but she did not want to. She had been blinded by a veil called love.

Right until she met Su Ming and through the bits of contact she had with him that accumulated through time, that veil slowly changed color, gradually allowing her to recover her senses, and slowly letting her wake up from Si Ma Xin.

Yet at that time, she was still caught in a half-asleep state. She was uncertain and did not know what to do, did not know how to make her own decisions. Only when she left Su Ming and stood before Si Ma Xin did she suddenly wake up fully.

As she woke up, a pain as if her heart was torn apart caused her face to turn pale. Hidden underneath that cold gaze Si Ma Xin saw deep regret.

Su Ming and Si Ma Xin. Two different people, two different experiences.

The fact that Si Ma Xin could become a prodigy and have the world at his beck and call for so many years meant that he was not some common person. Even if he was caught in this indescribable rage and madness, he could still force all of these emotions down in an instant.

However, this rage did not disappear and only became stronger. Because if the Berserker Child was not planted with the Seed, he would be uninjured, but if the Seed was planted and something like the situation with Su Ming happened, then to Si Ma Xin, it was

practically a disaster that would completely ruin him.

Berserker Seed's backlash. There was even a high possibility that he might turn into Su Ming's Berserker Seed. Even if he did not know the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, Su Ming could still obtain his one and only Berserker Seed!

To Su Ming, this one and only Berserker Seed would just be a gust of wind in his life, but to Si Ma Xin, if this really came to be, then it would mean... his entire life!

This was just a possibility. Si Ma Xin had no idea what sort of change would happen, but it was precisely because he did not know that he was afraid. He was so terrified he went mad.

"Su Su, I lost control of myself..." Si Ma Xin let go of Bai Su's shoulders with a pale face.

When he remembered what he just did, he was assaulted with regret once again. Bai Su might have failed, but this girl was still useful to him. In fact, it could even be said that she was one of the very few methods for him to save himself.

"Su Su, let me see your father, ask him to help me..." When Si Ma Xin spoke and saw the chill in Bai Su's eyes, his heart sank. "Su Su! I was in the wrong just now, but you don't understand why I did that! Once Su Ming's power increases this time and he completes the process, I will die!

"This is the first time I failed using the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, and the results for it are far too dreadful for me to even think of. Perhaps... from now onwards, I can only become a puppet for Su Ming... Su Su, it's because of this that I lost control of myself..."

Bai Su was silent. Her eyelashes fluttered, and she closed her eyes.

The moment she closed her eyes, killing intent appeared briefly in Si Ma Xin's eyes, but he immediately hid it. He turned around and looked in the direction where Su Ming was, at the spot where that sorrow spreading out was the strongest.

'There's still one more way. I have to use this chance and kill Su Ming. Once I kill him, then all of this will be settled!'

But Si Ma Xin hesitated. Before the incident with Northern Frontier, he still had an ounce of confidence in killing Su Ming. But what had happened there made him understand clearly that there was a difference between him and Su Ming!

He did not have the confidence that he could win against Su Ming, especially right before both Western Sea Clan and Freezing Sky Clan!

If he fought against Su Ming here, then what awaited him would be an incredibly severe punishment. Even if he managed to kill Su Ming... then besides that severe punishment, he would also have to face the ninth summit's madness!

With this punishment and madness on his head, even if Si Ma Xin betrayed Freezing Sky Clan, he would have no place in the Land of South Morning, unless... he escaped to the Shaman Tribe...

‘What should I do? What should I do..?’ Si Ma Xin trembled and despair appeared in his eyes.

"Take this and go back to Freezing Sky Clan, then offer it under Heaven Gate... My father's disciples will receive you... Si Ma Xin, this will be the last time I help you. From now onwards, don't bother me anymore."

Bai Su opened her eyes and brought out a wooden slip which she threw on the ground, then she turned around and walked into the distance. Her back showed desolation, loneliness, a deeply rooted regret, and at the same time, freedom.

She wanted to go and see Su Ming, but she bit her bottom lip. Even if she broke through the skin and blood started flowing down, she would still not have the courage to face him. She could only choose to leave dispirited.

When she came, she had been laughing and talking to Su Ming happily, occasionally looking at him with mischief on her face, and when she left, she did so dejected and miserable, as if she had lost her heart, her soul. Like an injured little beast, she wanted to be alone and lick her wounds quietly.

She knew that she made a mistake... a mistake that would not be forgiven. Thank goodness that mistake did not leave behind an irreparable damage to that person who appeared in her heart right now...

In the wind and snow, she left with her head bent down.

Behind her, the tribe and Dark Mountain in the sky had become a shocking sight to behold. Su Ming's voice echoed within the windstorm caused by the whirlwind on the snow plain.

"Blood moon..."

It was almost day. The sky should have been dark, but due to the light shining on the snow, the world only seemed blurry, not dark. As Su Ming's words rang, in the sky above Dark Mountain, a blood moon manifested seemingly at the highest point of the sky!

As the blood moon appeared, the sorrowful feeling became much stronger, and as it spread out, it turned into a windstorm that shook the skies and moved the earth!

An aura that became increasingly stronger gathered around Su Ming, and it only continued to grow, continued to become stronger!

Zi Che stood several thousands of feet away from Su Ming and endured that mighty pressure, but he was still continuously pushed backwards. He forced himself to back down slower. He

wanted to stay in the place and protect the Su Ming right now.

He might not have seen Bai Su and did not know what had happened that caused such a change in Su Ming, but he knew that he himself was a part of the ninth summit, and Su Ming was a disciple of the ninth summit!

That was enough.

As Su Ming's presence grew increasingly stronger, the divine wills inside the dozen something sword-ship hybrids within the temporary tribe built for Western Sea Clan's auction once again spoke to each other.

"What a Berserker Mark... He can at least be considered a prodigy, but how could he choose to breakthrough right outside Western Sea Clan? Does he really think that we won't dare to attack him?!"

"Clan Elder Hai, don't be reckless. That child is Tian Xie Zi's disciple!"

"Tian Xie Zi? That crazy lunatic? I've never met him before. I would have let this slide if you didn't mention it, but now that you have, I'd like to see just how powerful this Tian Xie Zi is!"

That sullen divine will turned into a sharp whistle that very few people could hear and charged out of the tribe. Like a bolt of lightning, it flew towards the windstorm caused by Su Ming with a

rumble.

His divine will was like a sharp sword that wanted to split the windstorm in two then kill Su Ming who was within it with one strike!

Almost the moment this person's divine will charged out, noticed by very few people in the tribe, the white-haired old man sitting by the table in the ordinary looking tent with the black-robed people standing quietly inside spoke languidly to the young man before him.

"Because he is part of the ninth summit..." The moment he said the final word, his expression suddenly changed and he lifted his head swiftly.

Right then, the young man also frowned, and that action caused his domineering might to be revealed!

When these two people noticed it, that sharp sword that was formed from the divine will had already cut through the snow plain and appeared outside the windstorm caused by Su Ming. It was about to cut down that windstorm!

Yet right then, a wild voice from a divine will that sounded as if it had appeared seemingly out of thin air and seemingly from the world located far in the distance, though it actually came from within the ninth summit on Freezing Sky Clan's Great Frozen Plains, came rushing forth with a thunderous roar like a tidal wave.

"Bloody hell, which of you brats had the guts to attack my disciple?! I'll kill your tribe! I'll kill your entire Clan! I'll kill all of your reincarnations!"

That voice was filled with an indescribable imperiousness. The moment it spoke, it caused that divine will sword that was about to cut to tremble viciously and shatter with a bang as if it was attacked by the voice. Right as it shattered, the scattered divine will instantly fell backwards with an absolutely terrified air.

The murderous aura within the voice shook the sky and earth. As it reverberated in the air, the murderous aura enveloped that retreating and scattered divine will once again, and absolutely crushed it.

A faint, shrill cry rang out. At the same time, a red-haired old man trembled within one of the sword-ships in the tribe. He opened his eyes swiftly and coughed out a mouthful of blood. His face instantly turned pale, and even his hair started withering away rapidly. In the blink of eye, he became bald. More alarming was the fact that once his hair fell off, his flesh also started withering away rapidly. In the span of a breath, he turned into a person of only skin and bones.

If it was not for a piercing bright light shining from the jade on his chest that had the sun rising from the sea horizon carved on it, he would have certainly died!

Cracking sounds echoed in the air, and the jade shattered once it

neutralized the power brought by that attack. Once it shattered, the old man coughed out blood once more. A look as if he had just narrowly escaped death appeared in his eyes, and his face was filled with fear and shock. Just a moment ago, there was no doubt that he was already halfway through death's door.

"Tian Xie Zi..." The old man shuddered.

Chapter 304: Auction

Tian Xie Zi's voice could not be heard by everyone. It made of the divine will. Only those who had reached a certain level of power could sense it, so only limited few people in this tribe could hear it.

Once that old man who wanted to hurt Su Ming was punished for his actions by nearly dying, no other divine will appeared within those dozen something sword-ships. They were all deathly silent.

Within the tribe, in the ordinary looking tent protected by the men in black robes, a surprised glint appeared in the eyes of the young man with a black dragon embroidered on his robe, and his breathing quickened.

"Tian Xie Zi?"

"It's him..." The old man sitting right in front of the young man smiled wryly and nodded his head.

"If I can have such a powerful person serving me..." When the young man uttered the final word in his sentence, he shook his head and took a big swig from his wine cup.

"Second Young Master, don't think about this anymore. That's impossible... as one of the three most powerful Berserkers in the Land of South Morning, he will definitely not join in the battle between the big tribes.

"Of the three great Berserkers, besides Guru Long Li, who is known to the world and currently staying in Western Sea Clan, very few people know about the other two. And even if they know them, they would definitely not spread the news.

"Because powerful Berserkers like these have the right to choose the way they want to live, such as senior Tian Xie Zi. His personality is weird and he's occasionally crazy. There are less than ten people who know about his true identity in Freezing Sky Clan, and even within the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, only those who have the blood of the Elder like you are allowed to know this secret after becoming adults.

"That is why many of the disciples and outsiders have their own assumptions regarding his identity, but most of them are negative... We wouldn't dare reveal his identity either, or else once he leaves Freezing Sky Clan, it'll be difficult for us to get him back," the old man said with a wry smile.

"His disciples don't know about it as well?" The young man was surprised.

The old man hesitated for a moment before he said softly, "Besides... that person from the Nine Li Tribe, the other disciples shouldn't know about this."

A glint appeared in the young man's eyes. He immersed himself in his thoughts for a moment before he looked at the old man.

"Invite that person called Su Ming to join Western Sea Clan's

secret auction after the official auction... I will pay for whatever he wants to buy."

"But... if your older brother learns of this..?"

"I'm just making a friend. I sincerely want to befriend Su Ming and I'm not asking for his help. Are people actually going to stop me from making friends now?" The young man smiled, but there was a chilling glare in his eyes when he looked at the old man.

The old man was silent for a moment before he nodded his head.

"When I was still a child, I heard of the battle thousands of years ago between the three great Berserkers and the Shamans' Great Patriarch..." the young man mumbled, and fascination appeared in his eyes.

Outside, the windstorm continued howling on the snow plain, only growing stronger. At its center, Su Ming could also feel his own aura increasing.

"Snowstorm..." he mumbled. The instant he uttered that one word, an endless amount of snow appeared around in the sky around Dark Mountain, the tribe, and the blood moon!

That snow seemed to have fused together with the snow that had originally been in the area until they could not be told apart from each other. Once they fit together perfectly, the scene that appeared in the sky was the Picture of the snow covered Blood

Moon and Dark Mountain!

The moment the picture was revealed, Su Ming lifted his head and let out a long howl towards the sky. The aura within him increased exponentially, and his blood started circulating rapidly within him. The power of Awakening started rising in an astonishing manner.

As it rose, cracking sounds came from within Su Ming's body as if his flesh and blood were being pressed down and his bones were rubbing against each other. That power increased until eventually, a loud bang sounded in Su Ming's head.

The moment it did so, Su Ming broke through the middle stage of the Awakening Realm and went into the later stage!

Almost the second he arrived at the later stage of the Awakening Realm, the Picture of the snow covered Blood Moon and Dark Mountain in the sky charged towardshim like a scroll painting that was dragged into the windstorm, then as it twisted in the air, it flew towards Su Ming along with the windstorm!

The Mountain Mark was on his face, the red moon in his eye, the tribe on his chest, and the snow flew around his entire body!

At that moment, Su Ming's power increased once again. The piece of Berserker Bone he had obtained from Han Mountain's ancestor in the past started melting rapidly within his body. A power that belonged to those in the Berserker Tribe spread out and turned into the power of Awakening Realm belonging to Su Ming.

It fused with his Qi, and as his heart pounded strongly against his chest, it spread into every part of his body.

Along with the completion of his Berserker Mark, Su Ming's body experienced an earthshaking change. He became stronger while still retaining his original physical form. His power continued rising, and just when he arrived at the later stage of the Awakening Realm, he shot straight into the peak of the later stage. There was only a little more before he could attain great completion in the Awakening Realm!

Su Ming had a strong feeling that if he closed that small distance and attained completion in the Awakening Realm, then he could try and conquer that realm that belonged only to those who were powerful - Bone Sacrifice!

He would need to refine a piece of his spine into the true Berserker Bone. The Berserker Bone that only belonged to the Ancients and would only appear through atavism! Only when he managed to refine such a bone could he be seen as to have reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

If the day came when he could turn all his bones into the Ancients' Bones, then even if he could not split apart heaven and earth and pluck the stars, moon, and sun from the sky, his physical abilities would still be enough for him to have the wind and clouds at his beck and call!

If he could take one more step and become one of the few who, through great difficulty, reached the Berserker Soul Realm after attaining great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, then he

could call himself as one of the truly powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Tribe!

It was a long road, but Su Ming longed for it!

Su Ming swiftly opened his eyes and the Berserker Mark covering his entire body glowed, but as calmness filled his eyes, there was also a hint of pity hidden underneath.

He had tried, but he fell slightly short of that step that would take him to reach great completion in the Awakening Realm. He could not cross over and could only stay in the later stage of the Awakening Realm while endlessly accumulating his power.

‘I know what’s missing...’

Su Ming stood up silently. The instant he stood up, the windstorm around him disappeared and the world returned to its original state. Snow continued falling from the sky.

This time, when Su Ming stood up, he did not rely on the puppet beast but his own legs. As his power increased, his physical body’s strength also increased exponentially. The sixteen ice hoops could no longer limit his movements.

‘Life is missing from my Berserker Mark... The tribe is empty, but I don’t have the ability to draw the people who belong there. I need the song played by the xun in my memories to envelop my Berserker Mark and bring me... to find the path back to my

home...'

Su Ming closed his eyes. The memory of Tian Xie Zi bringing him to that peaceful tribe surfaced in his mind. He also remembered the blind, old xun maker in the tribe who could no longer see light.

'I should find time and retrieve... my xun,' Su Ming mumbled and swatted away the snow on his body before walking back towards Western Sea Clan's tribe in the distance.

Zi Che ran forth from thousands of feet away. When he saw Su Ming, the worry on his face faded away. When Su Ming nodded at him with a smile, he followed behind and walked slowly back to the tribe with him.

When the two of them reached the tribe and walked in, almost all the people stood outside their tribes and looked towards Su Ming at the same time.

There were no words, neither were there a lot of actions taken, but when those gazes fell on Su Ming, all of the people lowered their heads. Su Ming walked past them calmly and did not stop. He went to his tent, bent his back, and walked in.

The night went by. Perhaps it was a coincidence, but the moment Su Ming entered the tent, the sun started rising in the distance...

A new day had arrived. Wind blew past the land and lifted the snow, sweeping it through the tribe. This day would be the first

day of the auction held by Western Sea Clan!

After resting for two hours in his tent, Chang Yi came to Su Ming's tent with a rather courteous bearing, along with well-hidden complicated feelings, and personally escorted Su Ming to the auction hall.

"Congratulations, brother Su. Your power has improved. Even with my power in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, I still feel somewhat pressured when I stand before you." Chang Yi walked beside Su Ming and spoke as he wrapped his fist in his palm to Su Ming.

Su Ming smiled faintly and wrapped his fist to return the salute, but he did not choose to provide too many explanations.

Zi Che followed behind silently. However, his eyes would occasionally scan through the surroundings with caution hidden within his gaze.

The three of them soon reached the easternmost part of the tribe. There was a large building there. It was built in the form of a ring and looked incredibly majestic; it should be able to accommodate several thousands of people within.

Right in the center was a circular shaped platform. That spot should be the place where the items would be brought out to be auctioned. There were ring shaped stages around that platform. Except for the top layer, which was divided into several individual rooms, the other layers underneath were decorated with several

tables and chairs that surrounded the platform. There were already quite some people who were sitting there and waiting for the auction to begin.

The place bubbled with noise. Occasionally, someone would enter, and sometimes, someone would move from their seats to search for their friends to talk. There were also quite a number of Western Sea Clan disciples patrolling around the place and looking at all the people who came forth with aloof gazes.

"The auction is about to start. Brother Su, this way please. Clan Elder Bi Zong Hai reserved the ninth room at the top layer specifically for you," Chang Yi said respectfully. His respect was born not just because of the pressure brought by Su Ming after his power increased, but also because of the piece of news he received just this morning.

Clan Elder Hai sent word to leave a room at the top layer empty for Su Ming.

It had to be stated that there were not many rooms in the top layer to begin with, and they were reserved for the powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm. Normal people would not be able to step inside! Besides, the rooms in the top layer were originally filled. That ninth room was only built just this morning.

For one person, they built an additional room. This thing was something that was difficult to imagine for Chang Yi. Su Ming might not be from the same Clan as he, but he still needed to be more courteous and respectful towards him.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, but he did not decline having the room. He nodded his head, and under Chang Yi's lead, he went to the top layer and entered the ninth room.

Once he entered the room, Su Ming saw an incredibly beautiful woman with an alluring body and shapely curves standing up from a chair in the room. She smiled at him, and that one smile was flirtatious and filled with a unique charm.

"I am Zi Shan, and my Master is Hai Yun Lai. By the orders of my Master, I have come to provide you with the explanations towards the items that will be auctioned."

A barely noticeable crease appeared between Su Ming's brows. He did not know what happened yesterday night, but he could tell that the man named Hai was slightly odd. He left Su Ming a room for his own and also arranged his own disciple to come forth to provide explanations and serve him. It was pretty puzzling for someone of Clan Elder Hai Dong Zong's status to do such a thing. It was either that he had other plans, or he had a request to make of Su Ming.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he asked unhurriedly, "Is this all?"

Chapter 305: Western Sea's Prelude

Su Ming had already become more mature and was no longer the boy from Dark Mountain who had been ignorant of everything around him. The change in his tribe, waking up in the Land of South Morning, rising in status in Han Mountain City, the trip to the land of the Shamans, and everything he went through in Freezing Sky had let to Su Ming's intelligence continuously becoming more well-rounded at a speed as if he was going through one transformation after another.

Even if he was still not as cunning as monsters, he was no longer a greenhorn.

Take this situation for an example. If it was his past self when he was still in Dark Mountain, he would definitely have chosen to ask what these people wanted right in their faces.

If it was his past self when he had just arrived in Han Mountain City after the change in his tribe, he would have made a different choice. There was a high possibility that he would have gone for a second, less preferable choice, and backed out of the room once he saw it and the woman before him. He would then have searched for a corner and joined the auction from there, crushing all their plans by remaining in solitude.

Yet now, as Su Ming gained more experience, his choice changed once again. He did not choose to ask for the answer, neither did he choose to leave alone and remain in solitude. Instead, he chose to use another method. By acting as if he was extorting something from them, he could discover what the problem was by their

expressions, their eyes, and other minor details, and from there, he could make his decision.

"Brother Su, what do you mean?" The woman with the alluring body, whose voice sounded like orchids, Zi Shan, smiled beautifully with a calm expression even after she heard Su Ming's words.

Su Ming did not answer her. He simply cast a calm glance at the woman before he turned around and walked past the stunned Chang Yi, who was standing behind him after he led Su Ming into the room. Judging by his actions, Su Ming wanted to leave the ninth room.

Zi Che followed silently by his side. At that moment, a glint appeared in Zi Shan's eyes. She did not immediately speak, but when Su Ming was halfway out of the room and looked as if he really intended to leave, her voice traveled faintly into his ears.

"Am I like a ferocious beast that you chose to leave right after you saw me?"

Her voice was very pleasant to the ears and made her sound pitiful. There was also a certain melodic quality to her voice, making others want to continue listening to it, but Su Ming was not one of them. With one step, he moved out of the room completely and walked forward without even turning back.

When he was three to five steps away from the room, Zi Shan's voice came once again from within.

"Brother Su, please wait. Of course this isn't everything. As an apology, my Master said you may choose one of the items that will be auctioned off this time and my Master will buy it for you."

As Zi Shan spoke, she walked out of the room and smiled at Su Ming. That smile on her face was so beautiful that it could make hearts race against chests.

At the very least, it made Chang Yi look rather uncomfortable.

Su Ming stopped. With a smile on his face, he turned around and met Zi Shan's gaze. Then he walked towards the room. Zi Shan intentionally moved half a step back, and once Su Ming entered the room, he sat down on the chair by the side.

Zi Che stood behind him silently, like a block of wood. Even if he had his eyes closed, his awareness of his surroundings did not go down. Almost all his attention was poured into every single minute sign of movement around them.

Zi Shan closed the door to the room and strutted inside. She sat down across from Su Ming and once her beautiful eyes sized up Zi Che, who was standing behind him, she looked at Su Ming and smiled before she even said anything.

"Brother Su, you live up to your name as a disciple of the ninth summit, you even brought a follower while traveling around. I cannot hope to compare to you in this matter."

From Su Ming's position, he could clearly see the center of the auction hall underneath through the window nearby. At that moment, the area underneath was bustling with excitement, and streams of people continuously entered the hall.

"He's not my follower but my disciple nephew," Su Ming retorted gently.

"I see, and here I was wondering why this brother looked familiar. Now that you mentioned it, I remembered. Isn't this the famous Zi Che, who is ranked in the top ten in Freezing Sky Clan's ranking board of the Great Frozen Plains?" Zi Shan covered her petite mouth and put on a stupefied look as if she had just recognized him.

Zi Che remained silent and did not bother giving her a reaction. He was already used to this type of ridicule. From his initial bouts of embarrassment, he had grown to not be too bothered by all these, because he knew that the people of the ninth summit had touched his heart in a manner that other places would never be able to do so.

When Zi Shan said those words, her eyes fell on Su Ming as if she was doing so unwittingly and she started searching for cracks in Su Ming's behavior, but alas, she found nothing.

Su Ming still remained calm and composed, and there was not a hint of change on him. After all, he practiced the Clearing Mind Art and his actions were all executed once his mind was cleared.

Perhaps his actions would seem slightly green to some old folks, but this woman before him would not be able to find any cracks in his behavior so easily, even if there was displeasure boiling in his heart right then.

Su Ming closed his eyes, ignored the woman's words, breathed calmly, and waited for the auction to start. Bai Su was the one girl who saw this attitude of his the most and had been angered many times in the past due to him ignoring her. She had thought of everything she could possibly do to get him to react to her, but none of them bore great results.

From this alone, it could be seen that this particular attitude of Su Ming's dealt quite a huge blow to women.

Zi Shan stared at Su Ming for a long period of time. This was the first time she had ever seen him with this attitude of his. He was blatantly treating her like an ornament, or perhaps pretending that she did not even exist. It made Zi Shan, whose words were already at the tip of her tongue, bite her tongue and swallow her words.

"Brother Su, you have great bearing..." After a long while, Zi Shan commented once again in a rather disgruntled fashion. Yet her reply was merely Su Ming closing his eyes as if he did not hear her.

Zi Shan stared at him for a while before she also closed her eyes and no longer paid any heed to him.

By doing so, a veil of silence instantly fell over the room, and compared to the noise outside, the room and what went on beyond were like two different worlds.

However, compared to Su Ming, Zi Shan was still somewhat lacking. She could not truly clear her mind and would occasionally open her eyes and look at him. A frown gradually appeared between her brows.

‘I refuse to believe that this person can truly remain so calm. He’s definitely pretending. I’ve seen way too many people who like pretending that they’re sophisticated characters.’ Zi Shan let out a cold harrumph in her heart.

In the midst of the silence in the room, time passed by slowly. Approximately the burning of an incense stick later, muffled drum beats came from the platform at the center of the auction hall.

The drum beats were like rumbling thunder that seemed to be able to shake the sky and earth. The sounds spread in all directions, and each drum beat felt as if it landed on people’s bodies, causing most of those who heard it to feel their hearts shaking.

As the drum beats reverberated through the air, whining sounds spread out swiftly and blended into the drum beats. However, they were much sharper and seemed to have snatched away all the audience’s breaths before they rose into the sky.

The drum beats and whining sounds made the auction hall that

could accommodate thousands of people to instantly fall silent. All their gazes gathered on the platform at the center.

At that moment, Su Ming opened his eyes. He saw nine burly men standing on the platform at the center of the auction hall beyond the balcony. They were striking the beast skin drums placed before each of them with both hands.

The drum beats rumbled in the air and fused together. There were also nine beautiful women wearing white long robes that were somewhat revealing standing beside those nine burly men.

Each of the nine women held gigantic conches in their hands. Naturally, those sharp whining sounds came from the conches.

The moment the drum beats and the whining sounds from the conches reached their climax, the earth trembled. An even crack appeared on the platform at the center. As the crack spread into its surroundings, the men and women went to stand at the edge of the platform. The instant they did so, a gigantic stone pillar rose up from the crack.

Once the stone pillar rose to about one hundred feet, it gradually came to a stop. A mumbling sound that no one could hear clearly spread through the area, and it was followed right after by uproars breaking out everywhere.

As that voice spread out, an astonishing change happened to the sky above the gigantic open air auction hall. Ripples appeared in the bright sky, and they spread out to cover a distance of several

tens of thousands of li.

"Western Sea Clan..." an aged voice spoke from the sky. The moment it did so, as the ripples grew in number, the ripples that covered those tens of thousands of li turned into a magnificent sea!

It was as if those tens of thousands of li in the world no longer belonged to Freezing Sky at that instant but had turned into Western Sea Clan's sea. The seawater was as tall as the sky and the ripples that could be seen were all caused by the seawater's movement. The ground where the auction hall was located was then turned into the seabed for this sea!

A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He stood up and took a few steps forward to stand at the edge of the balcony before he looked outwards. He was not the only one who did so. At that moment, many people in the auction hall had also stood up to look at this scene, where the world was transformed, and all their expressions changed.

This was not a change brought by a simple illusion but was an astonishing transformation that looked incredibly real. In the space around Su Ming which had now turned into a sea, he saw countless colorful branches appearing. He also saw all sorts of fishes swimming in the water. Some swam in groups, while others swam alone. When Su Ming opened his mouth, he could even see a large amount of air bubbles floating out of his mouth.

"This is a Rune Western Sea Clan invented many years ago. Brother Su, what do you think of it?" Zi Shan smiled and went up

to stand beside him. As she spoke, air bubbles floated out of her mouth as well, and it made it seem as if they were really in the sea.

Zi Shan noticed what Su Ming was looking at and explained with a light chuckle, "That colorful thing is called a coral."

As Zi Shan spoke, each of the nine beautiful ladies who wore rather revealing white dresses standing at the edge of the platform at the center of the auction hall brought out a white scale. They stuck it to their foreheads and their bodies immediately floated up. Their naked feet instantly turned into fish tails, and they turned into nine mermaids who swam around the auction hall. Their beautiful singing voices still managed to transmit in the seawater, and those who heard them were enchanted.

Almost the instant the mermaids started swimming in the water, the nine burly men brought out blue beast skins and stuck them on their bodies. Once they did so, their bodies started twisting, and after a moment, muffled roars rang, and the nine men turned into nine ferocious sea dragons. Their roars spread through the entire area and fused with the mermaids' song, creating a sight that shook the people's hearts!

At that moment, the aged voice spoke abruptly from the stone pillar, "After the long hundred years, Western Sea Clan's auction will once again be held in the land of Freezing Sky!"

Chapter 306: Crane!

When Su Ming saw the mermaids and sea dragons, his pupils shrank. This scene felt somewhat familiar to him, and a memory abruptly surfaced in his mind. It was the memory of the black-robed man who destroyed Dark Mountain. He had also cast an Art like this at the end of the battle and covered himself with a beast skin before turning into a ferocious creature.

"That is the Beast Form Transfiguration Art. You must have heard about it before. This is an Art Western Sea Clan inherited from the Ancients. No one else but those from Western Sea Clan can use this Art in the Land of South Morning." A proud look appeared on Zi Shan's face as she spoke languidly beside Su Ming.

Su Ming remained silent.

As the ancient voice echoed from that stone pillar on the platform at the center of the auction hall, the seawater above the stone pillar distorted and an old man appeared, standing on it.

The old man wore a long blue robe that was so big that it covered the surface of the stone pillar under his feet, and some of the cloth even spilled down the pillar. His hair was blue, and if it was not because of his old appearance, it would be difficult to discern his age with just one look.

"My fellow tribesmen in the land of Freezing Sky, I am Feng Shao Feng of Western Sea Clan. It is my pleasure to be here and be the host of the auction. This time, Western Sea Clan has prepared a lot

of rare items for all of you in the land of Freezing Sky. I am not good with words, so I will say no more.

"The first item to be auctioned is..."

When the old man started speaking, the nine sea dragons swimming around the area stopped roaring, and the songs from the nine mermaids also gradually faded away. Only the old man's words echoed in the area.

The moment he finished his last sentence, a mermaid immediately swam forward with a swaying tail fin. Her hands had been empty just moments ago, but now, as a whirlpool appeared in between her hands, a purple skull instantly appeared in her hands. She lifted it up and held it above her head as she swam around the hall so that all the people there could clearly see the bone.

It was a skull that did not seem to belong to those in the Berserker Tribe. Its size was about that of a basin, and the few bones jutting out of the top of the skull were shining grimly with a chilling glare. Clearly it was a beast's skull.

Especially since there was a symmetrical crack at the center of its brows above its eyes, making it seem as if it had a third eye!

As the bone appeared, a great wave of sorrow spread out. That sorrow felt so real that it actually caused the seawater to start showing signs of freezing. If that had just been the case, it would have been fine, but the seawater around the skull also started showing signs of freezing. As the mermaid swam around the area,

a ring of ice chips seemingly appeared in the area she just swam past.

"As usual, we will not offer detailed descriptions of the first item. You will all need to determine its value with your own judgment. I can only say that this creature had the power equivalent to those in the great completion of the Bone Sacrifice Realm when it was still alive!

"The starting bid for this bone is 100,000 stone coins, and every time you place a bid, the minimum increase must be 1,000 stone coins." A glint appeared in the old man's eyes, and his voice traveled to the entire area like a loud clap of thunder.

There were thousands of people in the auction hall, and some of them had come to this place since early morning. The moment the old man's voice rang out, they fell into silence.

Perhaps some people loved making noise in this sort of place and talk amongst themselves, but most of the people who came here chose to remain silent. It was without a doubt that the more precious was the item that was brought out, there would also be less people who knew about it. Besides, most of the people who were invited to this place were very independent people. Very few of these buyers would go along the flow and place bids.

"110,000," a voice said from the crowd gathered in the auction hall. The instant it spoke, immediately, a number of people looked over. The person who called the bid was a man. However, since he wore a straw hat over his head, his face could not be seen clearly.

Such an appearance was rarely seen in this area.

"120,000!"

"130,000!" Perhaps it was because someone had placed the first bid, gradually, more voices appeared in succession.

Su Ming stood inside the ninth room and looked at the purple and black beast bone calmly.

"Brother Su, do you like it? This beast bone is the only thing left behind by a powerful creature with a cold attribute. One of the Clan Elders from Western Sea Clan obtained that beast bone when he went out on a journey. According to him, that creature was trying to break through and reach a level equivalent to Berserkers in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but it failed and was burnt alive by freezing fire. Besides this skull, its entire body, flesh, and blood were all burnt to ashes.

"This skull was not destroyed by the freezing fire because the beast hid a fragment of its soul in there before it died. If a person who is skilled in foreign Arts obtains it, they can provide nourishments for that skull and reap its rewards."

Su Ming's gaze swept past that beast bone. After a long while, he shook his head.

"210,000!" a sullen voice stated from within the auction hall. The

person who spoke was the man with the straw hat, who was also the person who had called for the first bid.

Once he laid his bid, no one spoke again for quite some time. The blue-haired old man smiled faintly.

"210,000! The item now belongs to this man!"

"We'll now begin bidding for the second item. This one is quite interesting..."

The old man paused in his words, and one of the sea dragons roaming around the area let out a huge roar before going towards the old man. Its body twisted beside the old man and he returned to his human form. The man lifted his arms high above his head, and in his hands, a black stone blade appeared!

That blade was very crudely made and only the vague shape of a blade could be seen. Yet the body of the blade itself was rough and it did not seem to be anything special.

"Bring the beast here," the old man's said in a mild tone.

The moment his voice traveled out, someone from Western Sea Clan immediately stepped forward from the crowd around him. With a wave of his arm, a ferocious beast that looked like a lion immediately appeared. The creature's eyes were bloodshot, and once it appeared, it roared towards the sky, but its eyes were filled with fear. Just as it was about to retreat, the old man took up the

stone blade and pointed it at the creature.

With that one move, the beast instantly let out a shrill cry. Its body started trembling viciously, and as an uproar broke out in the crowd, the beast's body turned into a puddle of blood. Even its bones were melted, and a lock of black hair flew out of the puddle of blood. A miniature-sized shadow of the beast could be seen faintly in the lock of hair. The instant it appeared, it flew straight towards the stone blade in the old man's hands and disappeared into it.

"Soul Separation Stone!"

"It's the Soul Separation Stone!"

"How could anyone be so wasteful and use such a big Soul Separation Stone to make a blade?!"

Thunderous uproars broke out in the crowd. Waves of sound rose among the people due to the appearance of the blade. The stone's fame was incredibly great, and due to its shape, it was very easy to identify it. Its effects were especially rare, and only that stone had such an effect. That was why while many people knew about it, those who had actually seen the thing were few and in-between.

The old man smiled and said slowly, "That's right. This is a Soul Separation Stone Blade. Well, there's no need for me to give too many descriptions for this item. The starting bid for this is the same, 100,000!"

"200,000!"

"250,000!"

"280,000!"

"300,000!"

Sounds of bids being placed immediately traveled out, and the appearance of these voices instantly caused the price of the stone blade to go up by several fold from its starting bid.

Su Ming stood behind the balcony and looked at the stone blade. A glint appeared briefly in his eyes, and he looked at the old man holding the blade. That old man looked calm, still wearing a smile on his lips. He looked very relaxed, but Su Ming could tell somewhat that there were a few secrets lying behind the auction.

It was not difficult to guess those secrets, and neither did Western Sea Clan try to hide it. There were also quite a few people who understood what went on behind the auction in the land of Freezing Sky. However, those were the rules. Even if they knew about it, they still could not change it.

‘Not bad. By using the auction that is only held once a century and bringing out a large number of valuable treasures, they can stir up the greed lying within human hearts. As the bidders continuously compete against each other, they will start getting into conflicts with one another. In fact, once every auction ends,

there will be people killing each other!

‘Those who obtained a treasure, they have already committed the biggest crime punishable by death by simply possibly possessing these items. Even if they escaped being killed, they can’t escape being remembered by others. Once the others have a chance...

‘With this method, they can weaken Freezing Sky Clan’s power... Just like what Freezing Sky Clan is doing right now in the land of Western Sea by holding the same auction. Their goals are the same!’

Su Ming shook his head. Even if he had understood the purpose of the auction, he still could not change it, neither could he leave the place, because he had something he desired here.

That Soul Separation Stone Blade was eventually sold at a price of 930,000 stone coins. Forget the true value of the item, even if the person who bought it obtained it at a cheaper price than it should have at market value, he still had to pay for the consequences. By how the person hurriedly paid the required amount of stone coins and how quickly he left the area with the blade, perhaps what awaited him was repeated running and escaping.

"What I’m about to bring out this time is something I really like. It’s a pity that I’m poor and can’t buy it..."

The blue-haired old man let out a long sigh and lifted his right hand. This time, the item was not brought over by any mermaids

or sea dragons. Instead, he had that item with him.

The moment he lifted his right hand, all the people's gazes were trained on him. In the old man's hands, he held a crane woven with grass!

"The crane is a mysterious creature in the other worlds. It has a docile temperament and is well liked by Immortals there. We aren't able to examine how this crane came to be, but it's clearly not something made by us Berserkers!

"I don't know what sort of grass was used to make this crane, but..."

The old man lifted his right hand and waved it before him. The crane instantly floated up, and with a gentle glow, it turned into a true Immortal Crane. It flew around the area, and its graceful movements seemed to stir up soft sounds in the air. As it flew, its soulless eyes swept through the area.

The instant its eyes landed on the balcony to Su Ming's room, it shuddered lightly, but soon returned to normal before it flew back to the old man's hands and went back to being a grass woven object.

"There is an Art contained within it that doesn't belong to us Berserkers. From my understanding, this grass should be normal grass. The reason why this thing could turn into a real crane and fly is because there is a type of spirit contained within that belongs to the other worlds, it's also called... the Dao!

"If there are those who can understand its spirit, then I congratulate you beforehand here! The starting bid for this item is the same, 100,000!" The blue-haired old man's voice traveled forth.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. When the Immortal Crane flew in the air, his divine sense acted up slightly. It seemed that there was a similar but faint power of the divine sense within the Immortal Crane. That faint divine sense seemed to have noticed him, that was why the crane looked at him just then!

"500,000," a woman's voice suddenly spoke. That woman's voice was very gentle, but as her voice traveled out, a large number of people instantly recognized who it belonged to!

In the crowd were a few spots that no one around dared get closer. In a spot that was rather spacious stood a long-haired woman dressed in white. She was the owner of the calm voice.

She was Tian Lan Meng!

Chapter 307: Su Ming's Counterattack!

Su Ming looked calm, as he usually did. The only change was the slight crease between his brows, which soon disappeared. If it had been anyone else bidding, he might have been somewhat interested in the crane and joined in to bid.

Yet since it was Tian Lan Meng, and she started with 500,000 stone coins right from the get go, Su Ming only gave it a brief thought before he decided not to open his mouth.

Yet even if he did not speak, it did not mean that the others in the room would not place a bid. By the side, Zi Shan noticed the slight crease between Su Ming's brows before it disappeared. A barely noticeable glint appeared in her eyes and with a light chuckle, she spoke in a gentle voice.

"700,000."

The auction hall should have fallen into silence the moment Tian Lan Meng placed her bid. Most of the people were wary of her status, and the thought that they should not compete against her even rose within them. After all, to them, this item did not seem to have much use.

That was why when Zi Shan's voice broke the silence, it immediately caught the attention of the crowd in the auction hall. Multiple pairs of eyes were instantly trained on the balcony leading to the ninth room.

Su Ming was standing there, and right beside him was Zi Shan, who was smiling as she looked at Su Ming. The expression she put on made it seem as if she was just following Su Ming's orders.

The first thought that appeared in most of the people's minds once they saw the scene at the balcony of the ninth room was that Su Ming had ordered the woman to place that bid!

Tian Lan Meng also lifted her head. Once she cast a glance at Su Ming standing at the balcony, she moved her gaze onto Zi Shan with a calm expression.

"1,000,000," she said gently.

"Brother Su, do you still want that?" In the ninth room, Zi Shan covered her mouth and smiled before looking towards Su Ming.

A chilling look settled in Su Ming's eyes and he gave the woman a look. Her actions were disgustingly sinister. Just by standing beside him, she could create animosity between him and Tian Lan Meng, and that casual bid of 700,000 stone coins had just caused Tian Lan Meng to have to spend more than one fold of what she originally needed to.

"No," Su Ming averted his gaze and said calmly.

Zi Shan's pupils shrank. She had originally thought Su Ming would definitely get angry. Even if that anger was not shown outwardly, he would still accidentally reveal some of it, and if he

did, she would have succeeded in her plans.

In fact, she had already planned out what to say to Su Ming in her heart. She did not think that he would not be able to tell what she had just done, but she was also certain that he would be unable to fault her for it. After all, everything she did was for him. On the surface, that is.

Yet now, aside from Su Ming's gaze, which had turned slightly colder, no other changes could be found on him. It made Zi Shan think that the man before her was very enigmatic, and it gave her a feeling that she could not predict his actions.

The grass woven crane was eventually bought by Tian Lan Meng. Even if she had paid twice the amount of what she originally offered, it was nothing to her.

She was only concerned about the fact that this crane came from some other world and interested in whether this thing could help her in reaching an epiphany regarding Dao.

The auction continued under the blue-haired old man's voice. As the items were continuously brought out and as the mermaids and sea dragons swam around the auction hall, gradually, sounds of discussions rose among the crowd, and they would not die down. A strong competitive air was also slowly stirred up among them. That atmosphere filled the entire auction hall.

Zi Shan gradually found herself unable to read Su Ming. This man, who was standing not too far away from her, had still not

placed a bid on a single item. He only stood there and watched the items being bought by other people quietly.

Several hours later, the intense competition in the auction hall had caused buzzing sounds to fill the area, making it seem as if there was an invisible energy force enveloping the place. It could affect the people's emotions, making all those there to go mad for the auctioned items.

Yet Su Ming remained as calm as water. He stood there and watched, unaffected.

‘This person may seem steady, but is in truth very naive. By acting sophisticated, once he places a bid during the auction, he'll definitely attract attention to himself, it'll be difficult for him to get something easily without having anyone compete against him.

‘He's unlike those who had been placing bids for every single item. It's easier for them to get what they want.’

Zi Shan cast a glance at Su Ming before she averted her gaze.

At that moment, the blue-haired old man standing on the stone pillar in the middle of the auction hall let out a few coughs. It lightened up the tense atmosphere that had filled up the area, and once it did and the people slightly piped down, his voice traveled in all directions once again.

"We are deeply grateful to your generosity, my fellow tribesmen

of Freezing Sky. All the previous valuable treasures we brought out have been sold. I believe the next item I bring out will have the same fate.

"But I would have to warn all of you. This item might stir up fierce competition among all of you. Please be prepared." When the blue-haired old man finished speaking, he lifted his right hand swiftly.

"Bring it here!"

Once he spoke, a large mass of distorted ripples spreading out to an area of several hundreds of feet appeared abruptly behind him. Rumbling sounds came from within those ripples, and they were followed suit by nine people walking out of it slowly. All of the nine people were strong men, and a long spear lay on their shoulders. The instant all these people walked out of the distorted ripples, a gigantic black spear of one hundred feet appeared before the crowd!

The moment it did, an astonishing murderous aura spread out with a whistle, enveloping the entire area, causing all the people present to hear a shrill cry.

In fact, some of the people who had high cultivation bases could see faint shadows of thousands upon thousands of vengeful spirits gathered on that long spear. They swirled around and let out pained screams.

"Sky Shaman Spear!"

"This is... I read about this item in some ancient scrolls before. That's right, there's no doubt that this is it! That's Sky Shaman Spear!"

"A thousand years ago, the Shaman Tribe carried out a large scale invasion into Sky Mist Barrier and used a special method to create nine Sky Shaman Spears. Rumors say that each of these Sky Shaman Spears contain such incredible power that they could shake the sky and earth. They can... kill those in the Berserker Soul Realm!"

Uproars broke out among the people and their voices stirred up waves upon waves of sounds that filled the entire auction hall. Many in the audience even stood up instinctively with disbelief on their faces.

A hint of pride appeared on the blue-haired old man's face. This item had been the cause of many discussions in Western Sea Clan on whether it should be brought out and auctioned off. Eventually, it was decided that it should be sent to the land of Freezing Sky.

"This item is indeed Sky Shaman Spear. There is no mistaking it, because we of the Western Sea Clan have ascertained the identity of this thing! If you want to use it, you must first offer a sacrifice, but once it strikes, it can destroy a powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm!"

"However, as this item has already been around for a very long time and because the Shamans have also lost the method to create

this spear, that is why this spear can only be used one more time. After that one time, it will disintegrate into dust and disappear.

"Yet even though you can only use it once, if you have this, then you will possess a power strong enough to make those in the Berserker Soul Realm wary of you. With this item, you might even be able to escape death once during Sky Mist Shaman Hunt!

"The starting bid for this item is 1,000,000. You can place your bids now!" The old man waved his arm, and the moment he finished speaking, the voices of people yelling out their bids immediately rose into the air.

"1,500,000!"

"2,000,000!"

"2,300,000!"

"2,700,000!"

"3,500,000!"

The excited voices continued growing in volume in the auction hall. Zi Shan hesitated for moment in the ninth room before she looked at Su Ming. However, in her eyes, Su Ming still looked and behaved the same way. Nothing changed on him.

"Brother Su, if you like this item, I can buy it for you..."

"Your Master will buy an item for me once, right?" Su Ming turned his head around and gave Zi Shan a look.

"Only once." Zi Shan nodded.

"Anything at all?" Su Ming smiled.

"Anything you like, brother Su!" Zi Shan lifted her chin and spoke. Her voice was very pleasant to the ears.

"But I don't trust you. I'll only trust you when I have everything on paper." As Su Ming spoke, he lifted his right hand and brought out a white beast skin from his bosom before he spread it on the table, then he looked at Zi Shan.

Zi Shan hesitated for a moment, but once she remembered her Master's orders, she chose not to mull over Su Ming's words anymore and went up to the paper. With a few strokes of her right index finger, graceful letters appeared on the beast skin. According to the promise they made, once she wrote down the words, she pressed her palm on the beast skin and left a print of her palm on it.

"Now then, I wonder if I can buy you, Miss Zi Shan." Su Ming continued smiling as he put away the beast skin and looked at Zi Shan.

Zi Shan was momentarily taken aback by his words, but soon after, her face darkened.

"Brother Su, please don't joke around. What I'm talking about is the auctioned items. Besides, even if you want to buy me, you might not be able to bear the consequences." Displeasure boiled in Zi Shan's heart, and her expression turned freezing cold.

"Name a price." Su Ming was not at all bothered by the cold tone in Zi Shan's voice. He simply spoke with a drawl.

"You!" Zi Shan glared at Su Ming. This was something she had never encountered before, and it rendered her speechless, completely unable to retort.

At that moment, the shouts of people placing their bids outside were growing louder with each passing moment. The appearance of the spear had caused a stir among many of them, shocking them right down to the bottom of their hearts, causing them to all open their mouths and shout their bids.

"8,600,000!"

"9,400,000!"

"10,000,000!"

The voice that placed the 10,000,000 bid came from the same type of room as Su Ming's. It was from the third room. The voice

that traveled out from that room was gentle, but gentle though it may be, its tone was one that spoke of not allowing anyone to refute his words.

Perhaps it was the appearance of that voice that caused a short period of silence to fall in the auction hall. Once Zi Shan heard it, she glared at Su Ming and her lips curled up into a cold sneer.

"Even with 10,000,000 stone coins, you still can't buy me. Su Ming, I respect you as a guest, but don't you dare think you can act so cockily! By saying such things, you are humiliating me!" Zi Shan's voice turned colder.

"Humiliation, hmm..?" Su Ming smiled. "Miss Zi Shan, I want the spear. Please pay for me!" Once he finished speaking, he turned around and looked at the auction hall beyond the balcony.

"100,000,000!" he said unhurriedly, but his voice sounded like thunder crashing as it traveled out, causing the entire auction to fall into deathly silence in an instant. Numerous pairs of eyes were instantly trained onto the ninth room's balcony and onto Su Ming.

Even the old auctioneer was stunned, swiftly turning his eyes towards Su Ming.

Zi Shan was stupefied, and then, her expression changed drastically.

She was not the only one who experienced a change in her

expression at that moment. In the eighth room was an old man so withered he looked like a bag of bones. There was a wine cup in his hands. At that moment, with a loud crack, the wine cup shattered. A ferocious look appeared on his face and his breathing quickened, but when a thought appeared in his head, he forcefully suppressed his emotions.

"100,000,000... this... this is..."

"That's Su Ming! He just called a bid of 100,000,000!"

"Does he have that many stone coins? 100,000,000 stone coins? That's impossible! You rarely see that amount appearing in an auction! Even if Sky Shaman Spear has incredible power, it can only be used once. It's not worth that price!"

The blue-haired old man glared at Su Ming and demanded in a hoarse voice, "Sir, do you understand that if you make a false bid and you can't pay the amount of stone coins you offered, then even if you are a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan, you will have to bear the consequences?!"

Chapter 308: That Cauldron, That Song, That Era...

As Su Ming stood on the balcony, a smile appeared on his lips when he heard those words. He brought out the beast skin, and with one flick of his wrist, the beast skin flew towards that old man. Once he caught it, he opened it, and his expression instantly turned odd the moment he read the contents.

Zi Shan stood by Su Ming's with eyes burning in anger. She did not think he would be this shameless. They had originally agreed that he would only buy one item, but she did not expect him to do this. Indeed, she had not exactly handled things tactfully just now, but she did not expect that this sort of change would happen.

"That beast skin is very fragile. Clan Elder Feng, please be gentle when you handle it, if it gets destroyed, it won't do us good." Su Ming ignored Zi Shan's glare and instead spoke languidly as he looked at the blue-haired old man.

The blue-haired old man fell silent. He lifted his eyes from the beast skin and a hesitant look appeared on his face.

The change in his expression, Su Ming's words, and the ridiculous bid of 100,000,000 immediately caught all the people's attention and stirred up their curiosity. Discussions rose into the air, and those sounds gradually grew in volume until they eventually turned into a buzzing.

"Give it to him! I'll explain what's going on once I return to the

clan!"

When the buzzing sounds caused by the discussions grew so loud that it seemed like the people's interest towards this matter had surpassed that towards the auction, a raspy and sullen voice suddenly came from the eighth room.

A glint appeared in the blue-haired old man's eyes. The beast skin in his hands was immediately torn to dust, and at the same time, his voice reverberated through the area.

"This item now belongs to you! Now, we will move on to the next item..."

But before he could finish speaking, Su Ming suddenly spoke, causing his voice to appear almost at the same time as the old man's voice.

"Wait. Since this thing now belongs to me, then I'd like to ask you to help me handle it. I want you to put it up for auction."

The old man lifted his head once again and stared at Su Ming. Hostility appeared in his eyes.

"This goes against the rules, I won't allow it!"

"I hereby put this item up for auction. The one who offers the highest price will get it. Let's put the starting bid at... 5,000,000 stone coins, shall we? I'll take whatever I can get, so, my fellow

disciples, I hope you'll place your bids."

When the old man spoke, his voice overlapped with Su Ming's voice at the same time once again in the auction hall.

Laughter immediately spread through the auction hall. All those who could come to the auction were people of status in the land of Freezing Sky. If they were not disciples from Freezing Sky Clan, then they would be powerful Berserkers from nearby tribes. It was only natural that they could easily decide on who they wanted to side with between Western Sea Clan and Su Ming.

It was especially so since that Sky Shaman Spear was incredibly attractive to a lot of people there. The people who had previously placed their bids had originally thought that they would not be able to get it and were either sighing in pity or harboring other thoughts within their hearts when they heard Su Ming's words. They were immediately tempted.

"6,000,000!"

"7,000,000!"

"8,000,000!"

"10,000,000!" They reached that price once again, but this time, the person who placed the bid was not from the third room, but from the emaciated old man from the eighth room.

A smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. He cast a glance at Zi Shan, who was burning with anger as she glared at him coldly from his side.

Su Ming had put up with the woman's multiple provocations when she humiliated Zi Che and wanted to cause strife between him and Tian Lan Meng. Truth be told, Su Ming would even go so far as to say that he could already imagine incidents like these happening again in the future.

"You're despicable!"

Zi Shan's chest heaved in anger. She looked so mad that it seemed as if she wanted to just jump on Su Ming and tear him to shreds.

Within the third room was the young man with a black dragon embroidered on his robes, and he also happened to be the person who had initially placed the bid of 10,000,000 stone coins on the spear. At that moment, he sat in the room with a smile on his face.

"That Su Ming is very interesting."

Standing beside the young man was the old man from Heaven Gate. That old man shook his head with a wry smile on his lips, but he did not speak.

"20,000,000!" The young man lifted his wine cup and took two sips from it before he spoke.

His words traveled out of the room and echoed in the air of the auction hall, stirring up another wave of shock among the people. Up till now, while not many treasures had been brought out in the auction, the people there had pushed the atmosphere up to the climax.

"21,000,000!" After a short period of silence, a voice appeared once again from the eighth room.

"30,000,000!" The young man spoke unhurriedly from the third room. A look of interest appeared on his face. Suddenly, a slight hint of admiration grew within him towards Su Ming.

"31,000,000!!" That hoarse voice from the eighth room only appeared once again after a while.

"39,000,000." This time, the person who placed the bid was not the young man from the third room, but one from the empty spot in the corner of the auction hall where Tian Lan Meng was.

Tian Lan Meng twirled a lock of her hair by her ear with a calm expression and spoke gently.

The blue-haired old man standing on the stone pillar at the center of the auction had an incredibly sullen expression on his face. He originally wanted to stop this, but when Clan Elder Hai from the eighth room joined the bidding, that which was unreasonable had turned into something reasonable.

He also knew that Clan Elder Hai had to join in the bidding. It could even be said that he wanted Su Ming to hold that auction. If that did not happen, then he would be unable to explain himself once he returned to the clan.

Unless he could truly bring out 100,000,000 stone coins and give it to the clan, then once his adversaries started interfering with him trying to clear things up, this matter would only continue getting worse.

"40,000,000!" The voice that appeared from the eighth room burned with anger as it reverberated through the area.

Tian Lan Meng smiled softly and no longer placed any more bids.

As for the young man in the third room, he placed his wine cup down, thought for a moment, before he shook his head with a smile and decided not to place any more bids as well.

"Since you offered that price, then you must give the money to the owner of the spear. If that was a false bid, then you will have to be punished as well."

The young man might not have continued placing bids, but he did not mind using those words to get acquainted with Su Ming. Besides, it was not as if he was worried about one Clan Elder in Western Sea Clan either.

Su Ming cast a glance at the third room and made a mental note about that voice. Soon, someone knocked on the door. Once Zi Che opened it, he brought back a storage bag and handed it to Su Ming calmly.

Su Ming took the bag and scanned it with his divine sense. Once he did so, he put it away. Then as if he was spurred on by the well of emotions stirring within him, he spoke languidly, as if talking to himself, but at the same time, seemed to also be talking to Zi Shan.

"With this amount of money, I can join in the bid for every single item now. I don't have to be like before and not dare to place any bids because I don't have any coins in my pocket."

"I've never seen someone as shameless as you! Su Ming, you're shameless! You're despicable!"

Zi Shan was so angry that her face had turned white. She glared at Su Ming, then stormed out of the room in a rage, though her rage only added extra charm to her alluring body.

Zi Che cast a glance at the departing Zi Shan from the corner of his eyes, then shook his head and averted his gaze. Within his heart, he thanked the heavens that Su Ming's second senior brother was not there. If he was, then Zi Shan would truly come to understand that there was someone who was even more shameless than Su Ming.

If Hu Zi was here, then Zi Shan would also be driven insane with the realization of just what sort of life she would have to face

during her remaining stay in the land of Freezing Sky...

She was lucky that she met Su Ming alone.

The disturbance during the auction died down once the bid arrived at an amount of 40,000,000 stone coins. The blue-haired old man had a sullen look on his face, but he had to continue hosting the auction. He brought out some of the remaining items and tried to redirect the people's attention back towards him, allowing the auction to get back on track.

When the sky started to darken and the first day of the auction that would be held for several days was about to end, the auction committee brought out the last item to be sold on that day, and the atmosphere within the auction gradually heated up once again.

"The Great Yu Dynasty is the sacred land for us in the Berserker Tribe. The Great Barren Cauldron is the country's sacred item. It can even be considered as a Berserker tribal item! During that era, when the Berserker Tribe was at its most glorious age, the cauldron was considered the most supreme of all items. All treasures that were created in the form of a cauldron were rare, because all of them contained power so incredible they could cause the heavens to tremble!

"Now, we do not know whether the Great Yu Dynasty still exists... neither do we know where our tribal item, the Great Barren Cauldron, was located... In fact, even if we, their descendents, created other items in the shape of the cauldron, it'd be difficult for us to escape bringing destruction on our heads when we create a cauldron...

"We all know that when a cauldron is created, the moment its form appears, a destructive force will manifest, and it is so devastating that even a powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm cannot endure the blast...

"Even during that ancient age, there was only a small handful of cauldrons and any treasures that were made in the cauldron's shape that existed, and now, I'm about to bring out one of them!

"This is a treasure that is made in the form of a cauldron, and its seal still remains even now. Over the years, it has been buried in a corner of earth until it was discovered by the head preceptor of Western Sea Clan... There should be something sealed within the cauldron, but it cannot be opened!

"Those of us in Western Sea Clan have examined it for a long time, but we cannot open it. Now, we brought it here to be auctioned off to those in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. Only those chosen by fate can open it. This item is the treasure of the Berserker Tribe. It doesn't belong to any tribe or any clan... My fellow tribesmen in the land of Freezing Sky, I hope that someone among you can obtain this!"

The old man's voice grew increasingly louder until it reached a volume so great that it had practically turned into a thunderous rumble reverberating through the hall. Behind him, the nine sea dragons swam about and disappeared into the air, but soon, they appeared once again, and when they did, they carried a gigantic cauldron about 1,000 feet in size on their bodies as they slowly swam out of the distortions.

The cauldron was so huge that when it appeared an incredibly oppressive feeling was formed. While the people were not as small as ants compared to the cauldron, they were still nothing before it.

The nine mermaids surrounded the cauldron and their singing voices echoed in the air, adding a solemn feeling to the cauldron along with that oppressive air it brought with it, because the song the nine mermaids sang was the God of Berserkers Song the first God of Berserkers created!

"The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe. After I was born, the Berserkers thrived... If the heavens have eyes, then let them watch the Berserkers running wild on the lands for eternity. If the gods have spirits, then I will become the King of the Berserker Tribe who rules over the gods themselves!

"...If the heavens do not dare open their eyes, then I will seal the heavens with the eight cauldrons. If the gods disobey me, I will use the cauldrons to destroy the gods and reestablish the position of the blood descendants of Berserkers all across the universe!"

As the voices of the mermaids echoed in the air, the auction hall was enveloped in a solemn atmosphere. Su Ming stood on the balcony and the God of Berserkers Song echoed in his ears. He could feel the arrogance of the God of Berserkers seeping out of the song itself, could hear the respect coming from all the living in the world from the lyrics.

He could even hear the brazenness and boldness coming from the declaration about resealing the world and reestablishing the blood descendants of Berserkers as the rulers of the land!

"That was during the most prosperous age of the Berserker Tribe... when an innumerable amount of Berserkers followed their king, their God of Berserkers, and fought against the heavens..." Su Ming mumbled. Fascination appeared in his eyes.

The moment the mermaids' lingering voices started fading, the blue-haired old man suddenly spoke up!

"The starting bid for this cauldron is 10,000,000... you may place your bids now!"

Chapter 309: Receive the Cauldron

"11,000,000!"

"13,000,000!"

"15,000,000!"

Since the starting bid for the cauldron was too high, not many people in the auction hall had the ability to buy it. Only three of people were placing bids, and one of them was Second Young Master from the third room.

The other person was the elegant Tian Lan Meng. It was as if those 10,000,000 stone coins was just a number to her.

The final bidder was an old man wearing a straw hat. Only his white hair was revealed outside, his face unable to be seen clearly. His voice was hoarse, and he did not stand out as he sat among the crowd. Since the start, he had rarely placed many bets, and when he suddenly called out that high bid of 15,000,000 stone coins, he immediately attracted the attention of those around him.

Su Ming frowned and began lamenting on the amount of stone coins these people who joined the auction had. Compared to them... Su Ming shook his head. If he did not include the stone coins he obtained just now, he definitely would not have the ability to compete against these people.

‘500 golden stone coins is worth more than the white stone coins, which are worth 100 each, and it’s also worth more than the purple stone coins, which are worth 1,000 each, but now, these 5,000,000 stone coins I have aren’t even enough for the starting bid of this item...’

Su Ming knew that he had miscalculated a little. In truth, ever since the start of the auction, he already knew that the 5,000,000 stone coins which he thought was originally a large amount of money was in truth... nothing in the auction.

That was why he orchestrated the whole entire scene for him to get those 40,000,000 stone coins.

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes and he stared at the 1,000 feet cauldron floating in the air above the auction hall. An excited look appeared in his eyes. No matter how he looked at it, that item was a Barren Cauldron used to create medicinal pills.

It was especially so since Su Ming could even sense a faint wave of heat that did not blend in with the illusionary sea around him. Clearly, it had been enveloped in fire for long periods of time and was very suitable to create pills.

"17,000,000."

Tian Lan Meng spoke softly. Her gentle voice was pleasant to the ears and showed off her unique temperament, causing the people who looked at her to not be able to help but begin feeling attracted to her.

She was a woman who did not seem to belong to this world. She was graceful, composed, and even her breath smelled like orchids. When she sat there, she could make the area around her fall into tranquil silence. It was as if it did not matter which world that place she was at belonged to, it would naturally turn into her world.

The people could only watch her from afar, unable to get closer. It was not that she was acting indifferent and aloof, it was simply because there was a layer separating their world from her world.

"20,000,000!" Second Young Master stated from the third room with an air of casualness in his voice. It was different compared to the gentle quality in Tian Lan Meng's voice, but it still gave a similar feeling to those who heard it.

It was as if the two people who placed the bids belonged to the same world.

The old man with the straw hat fell silent, as if he was hesitating on whether he should continue bidding. As he remained silent, Su Ming lifted his head.

No matter what, he was getting that Barren Cauldron. After all, he came to the auction specifically for it in the first place.

"23,000,000!"

Su Ming stood on the balcony and declared unhurriedly. Due to the large impact he left behind earlier, the moment his voice appeared, he immediately attracted a lot of attention to himself.

Tian Lan Meng lifted her head, cast a glance at Su Ming standing on the ninth room's balcony calmly, fell into a short period of contemplative silence, and no longer placed any bids.

Within the third room, a glint appeared in Second Young Master's eyes. He looked at the cauldron floating in the air above the auction hall, then at Su Ming standing in the ninth room, and his lips curled up in a smile.

"He wants this item..."

"Second Young Master, treasures made in the cauldron's shape rarely appear. If you can obtain this and offer it to the Elder, perhaps we can find another use for it," the old man named Chen from Heaven Gate said in a soft voice.

"Offer it to the Elder?" A pensive look appeared in Second Young Master's eyes.

At that moment, due to Tian Lan Meng's silence and Second Young Master sinking into his thoughts, the auction sank into an atmosphere that could almost be considered silent after Su Ming placed his bid.

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. He still could not

reach a state of mind where he was completely unbothered by anything.

He became nervous.

"30,000,000!" a hoarse voice spoke, and the moment it did, the atmosphere in the auction hall became so tense that it was almost suffocating.

Su Ming cast his gaze over in that direction and saw that the person who had placed the bid was the old man wearing the straw hat.

Su Ming gritted his teeth and said without hesitation, "40,000,000!"

The moment the bid of 40,000,000 stone coins was placed, the crowd in the auction hall burst into an uproar.

40,000,000 was not a small sum. It was not as if that sum had not appeared before during the auctions, but in truth, it did not matter whether it was that previous bid of 100,000,000 stone coins or the spear that was eventually bought by someone from Western Sea Clan with several tens of millions of stone coins, to most of them, that sum of money was just an act.

Yet it was different now. This was a real auction. In this sort of situation, a bid of 40,000,000 stone coins was enough to make a lot of people's breathing quicken.

"41,000,000."

The old man with the straw hat still did not lift his head. Once Su Ming placed his bid, he immediately spoke up.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he placed another bid. "45,000,000!"

Those were all his stone coins, and it was the biggest bid he could place. If the old man continued bidding, Su Ming could only use other methods to obtain the cauldron.

The old man with the straw hat fell into a moment of pensive silence before he spoke once again.

"50,000,000!"

Su Ming closed his eyes. When he reopened them, calmness appeared within. He did not look at the old man with the straw hat but at the floating cauldron. That cauldron shone with a light that spoke of age, as if there was an infinite amount of time resting within it.

Once the old man with the straw hat made that 50,000,000 bid, the auction hall was silent besides the audience's labored breathing. That amount of money was not something that could possibly be owned by a normal person. Even Clan Elder Hai from the eighth room could only amass a fortune that was only slightly

greater than that amount after numerous years with his power and status.

When Su Ming fell silent and the crowd in the auction hall waited for Su Ming to possibly place another bid, someone knocked on the ninth room's door lightly.

Su Ming did not turn back. Zi Che walked over to the door calmly, and there outside the door stood a man in black robes with a white mask over his face. He wrapped his fist around his palm to Su Ming before he placed a white storage bag on the ground and left.

Right till the end, the man did not say anything.

Zi Che frowned, then picked up the storage bag before he returned to Su Ming's side. However, when he saw the letters 'Meng' embroidered on the storage bag, understanding dawned on him and he handed it to Su Ming.

Once Su Ming took it and saw the letters 'Meng' sewn on the storage bag, he fell silent for a moment before he scanned the storage bag with his divine sense.

The moment Su Ming lifted his divine sense from that bag, he shouted his bid to the auction hall!

"60,000,000!"

The moment the bid was placed, it immediately incited an uproar that caused the entire auction hall to be filled with buzzing sounds. 60,000,000 stone coins was an amount most people would never be able to obtain in their lives.

The old man with the straw hat shuddered and slowly lifted his head to cast a glance at Su Ming standing on the ninth room's balcony before he lowered his head and fell silent.

Everyone waited for a little while longer before the blue-haired old man's voice reverberated throughout the entire auction hall.

"60,000,000, sold to the person in the ninth room! This is the end of today's auction. We will continue tomorrow morning, and I will now reveal something to all of you beforehand. During tomorrow's auction, we will be bringing out even rarer treasures!"

As the blue-haired old man spoke, he waved his right hand and the sea dragons beside him immediately roared. Ripples spread out swiftly in all directions, and as they swept through the auction hall, the illusionary deep sea gradually disappeared to reveal the dark sky along with the bright moon above them along with the falling snow.

As the illusionary deep sea disappeared from the auction hall, a refreshing cold breeze swept in. The people gradually got up and left, returning to their lodgings to wait for the next day.

Su Ming also left. Zi Che followed behind him, and the both of them left the ninth room to return to their lodgings at the edge of

the tribe.

Soon after they returned, the disciples from Western Sea Clan arrived to deliver the giant Barren Cauldron to Su Ming. They also left with the promised amount of stone coins.

The cauldron was 1,000 feet in size and was placed outside Su Ming's tent. Su Ming stood beside the cauldron while Zi Che stood further in the distance to protect him. However, there were still quite a number of people coming out of their tents to look over in their direction. Most of their gazes were filled with hostility.

The cauldron was too big. Su Ming tried multiple times to put it in his storage bag, but he did not succeed.

Western Sea Clan would naturally not be bothered by how Su Ming took that cauldron away. In fact, the dozen or so people who had brought that cauldron over were also watching from not too far off. If Su Ming could not bring that cauldron with him and placed it outside for a night, then he would turn out to have made a huge fool of himself.

Su Ming stood beside the giant cauldron. At such close proximity, he could feel the incredible feeling of age coming from the cauldron. This item was like an old man that had gone through multiple shifts through different periods of time, perhaps it had even changed multiple owners before.

Su Ming lifted his hand and pressed it on the giant cauldron. He closed his eyes and his divine sense spread into the cauldron

through his hand. The moment his divine sense fused with the cauldron, Su Ming shuddered.

An incredibly powerful force shot out from within and charged towards Su Ming's divine sense as if it wanted to destroy him, lunging forth towards him like a tidal wave that wanted to drown his divine sense. All of this happened too quickly. That rebound charged towards him in an instant, but the moment it was about to touch Su Ming's invisible divine sense—

["Zhan... Yin... Chui..."](#) These few syllables rolled off his tongue awkwardly, though no one heard his voice, because he only said them in a whisper, barely forming his mouth in the shape of those syllables. Those words had been lying in his head since the first time he went into the strange dimension and obtained the method to create his first medicinal pill, and they had appeared in his head once he looked at the picture with the cauldron, telling him how to control the Barren Cauldron.

This was the first time he used them ever since he obtained those words. They were three simple words, but the power contained within them was something Su Ming could not understand. The moment he uttered the first word, he clearly felt his flesh and blood shuddering, as if they were sucked out by the power contained in that one word, and his blood surged into the giant cauldron through his right hand.

Once he said the second word, Su Ming's bones started rubbing against each other. Perhaps more accurately speaking, they were not rubbing against each other, but it was more like a feeling as if all his bones were trembling. As they trembled, the noise that was

produced by his body due to the tremors was that sound of the word.

Yin...

Zhan Yin Chui is retained in the form of pinyin because I decided to treat it as an onomatopoeia. The reason for it is due to the last paragraph of the chapter.

The detailed reason is this.

枏琨淬 are the original words used for the three letters. 枏 (zhan) is cedar, 琨 (yin) is jade, and 淬 (chui) is still quenching. I originally translated it as Cedar Jade Quenching.

But once I reached the final paragraph, it became just plain weird for me to say that his bones are rubbing against each other and producing the sound 'Jade', so I changed the whole thing to Zhan Yin Chui.

Chapter 310: Soul in Stone!

The moment Su Ming's voice traveled into the giant cauldron, he uttered his third word. A bang went off in his head, and he felt as if his soul had left his body and was surrounding the cauldron with the power of that word.

The power of the rebound abruptly went still once those three words left Su Ming's mouth. At the same time, the black stone he'd received in Dark Mountain, which was hanging off his neck, hidden underneath his clothes, let off a flash of dim light. In the blink of an eye, that gigantic cauldron was covered by that light. The cauldron shuddered and gradually shrank until it was only about the size of a palm. It floated up and landed on Su Ming's palm.

That strange sight made the onlookers around him immediately widen their eyes, disbelief coming to their faces. The Western Sea Clan disciples who had brought the cauldron over sucked in a sharp breath, shocked.

Standing among the crowd observing Su Ming's actions was also that Second Young Master and those old men from Western Sea Clan who had come because of the auction. Even that auctioneer, Feng Shao Feng, and Zi Shan were also watching to see how Su Ming would take that cauldron away.

After all, that cauldron had been in Western Sea Clan for many years and they had never been able to shrink it. The only reason they had been able to bring it to the land of Freezing Sky was because Western Sea Clan had a storage item that could store

things up to the size of a mountain.

Yet right before their eyes, they saw Su Ming pressing his palm on the cauldron, and without him doing anything else, it was immediately enveloped by a dim light before mysteriously shrinking down.

The first thing that popped up in the people's heads when they saw it was what the blue-haired old man had said during the auction.

"Only those chosen by fate can obtain this item, and only those chosen by fate can open it!"

Zi Shan instinctively opened her mouth where she stood in the crowd. She knew that cauldron, and she knew that no changes had ever occurred to it over the years it had been in Western Sea Clan, just like it should be for an inanimate object. There had been countless Western Sea Clan disciples who had examined it and tried claiming it for their own, but no matter what method they used, it yielded no results.

Even the Clan Master of Western Sea Clan had to give up in the end, and the research on this item only ended when Guru Li Long, their progenitor who was regarded with the highest prestige in Western Sea Clan, said something.

That something was what the blue-haired old man had said during the auction.

The cauldron was sent to the land of Freezing Sky due to Guru Li Long's will as well. He had a feeling that since no one in Western Sea Clan could obtain it, then it was best that they did not keep it around, or else they would only bring disaster on their heads. That was why they sent it to the land of Freezing Sky to see whether there was anyone who was chosen by fate to own the cauldron.

At that moment, the Clan Elders of Western Sea Clan who came to the auction began breathing rapidly as they stared at the small cauldron glowing dimly on Su Ming's palm. They were shocked, but at the same time, all of them imprinted Su Ming's face in their memories.

A curious glint appeared in Second Young Master's eyes. He looked at Su Ming standing in the distance and a smile appeared on his lips.

'Very good. At least changing my plans and not buying that cauldron to give it to the Elder wasn't for nothing...'

A pensive look appeared in the eyes of the old man by the name of Chen from Heaven Gate as he looked at Su Ming. For the first time, he regarded the youth seriously because of Su Ming himself, not because of his Master.

He had Su Ming's name burned into his memories.

Tian Lan Meng was also watching Su Ming from the distance, and an elegant smile appeared on her face.

At that moment, the person who was under everyone's scrutiny had a dazed look on his face and he only regained his senses after quite a long time. He looked at the small cauldron in his hand and turned around silently to walk towards his tent.

Zi Che followed behind him and sat down cross-legged outside his tent. Then he started giving a cold glare to the people whose eyes had now turned towards the tent.

After a long while, the owners of those eyes gradually averted their gazes, feeling conflicted, jealous, emotional, and all sorts of other feelings that were reflected on their faces before they returned to their own tents.

It was already dark outside. The moon shone high in the sky, but snow continued falling down, causing the land to be covered in a layer of silver. The entire tribe fell into silence, and the only sound that could be heard came from the fires in the covered lamps, letting out crackling noises in the cold wind.

Su Ming sat cross-legged within his tent and stared at the cauldron on his palm. Excitement appeared in his eyes, and he brushed the small cauldron with his left hand. A feeling as if his blood and flesh were connected to the cauldron rose within his heart the moment he touched it.

"This is indeed the Barren Cauldron needed to quench herbs and create medicinal pills... and the blue-haired old man from Western Sea Clan is right, this cauldron... hasn't been opened for a very long time. There's... a medicinal pill in it," Su Ming mumbled, and the light shining in his eyes grew brighter still.

His heart pounded against his chest. He had originally not believed in those words, but when he used the method to control the Barren Cauldron and made this thing shrink, he had a faint inkling that there was a mysterious life force within the cauldron.

That life force did not seem to belong to a living thing but a medicinal pill!

"The cauldron has been around for ages... if it wasn't opened for thousands of years, then the medicinal pill inside is definitely something that is thousands of years old. If no one has opened it for tens of thousands of years..."

Su Ming's heart pounded even harder against his chest. He stared at the cauldron on his palm and hesitation gradually appeared in his eyes. Once he observed the small cauldron closely, that hesitation in his eyes was replaced by shock.

A solemn expression appeared on his face and he brought the cauldron right up to his face to take a deep sniff. Once he did so, the shock in his eyes became stronger, bordering on disbelief.

'The medicinal scent isn't strong... There are two reasons for this. It's either that the medicinal pill in the cauldron was cast aside, or that the medicinal pill isn't completed...

'But if this unknown medicinal pill is discarded, then while it's only natural that the medicinal fragrance isn't strong, but after so many years have gone by, then the medicinal scent shouldn't even

be there, it should have completely disappeared!

‘Unless it’s because no one has opened this cauldron for thousands of years, so the medicinal scent hasn’t disappeared, or else, it would be because the medicinal pill isn’t completed...’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. He stared at the small cauldron and only lifted his left hand after a long while to form some weird signs.

This was one of the hand seals lying in his memories, one that commanded the cauldron to open while he was creating medicinal pills. With some strange sounding words, he could make the cauldron’s lid move aside and end the entire process of creating the medicinal pill.

Su Ming knew that he just needed to recite the correct words as he made those hand seals and the cauldron would open up immediately, but when he looked at the small cauldron in his hand, he hesitated.

‘If the medicinal pill in the cauldron isn’t discarded because it was a failed pill but is actually going through a process of reaching completion, then if I open it now, it’ll truly become a failed pill...’

Su Ming was silent for a little while before he stopped making the hand signs and put the cauldron away into his storage bag.

‘This isn’t the place for me to look into it. I’ll figure it out once I return to the ninth summit.’

Su Ming did not act rashly. Once he put away the small cauldron, he closed his eyes and started meditating.

Night passed by soon. When the second morning arrived, Su Ming walked out of his tent and went with Zi Che to the auction hall. He did not join in the bidding for the auction during this day. As of then, he only had one item he wanted - the black humanoid sealed within the stone.

That item did not appear on the second day of the auction but on the last day, once the auction had gone on for some time and the intense atmosphere in the hall had started dying down due to it having gone on for several days. Only then, the blue-haired, old auctioneer finally brought out the item Su Ming had been waiting for.

It was a mountain rock that was slightly taller than a person. It was transparent, and there was a small black humanoid sitting inside.

It looked almost as if it was alive!

"I have no idea what this is, and I've even asked a lot of people about it, but most of them do not know what it is. We did not bring this here. A few days ago, an esteemed guest of ours brought this here and asked us to put it for auction for him.

"That esteemed guest called it a Soul in Stone. He once said that he originally had three of these stones, but once he opened up two

of them, one of the small black humanoids in there died and turned into a black crystal, while the other turned into a gust of black wind and escaped. Even now, we don't know where it is.

"This is the last piece. He did not dare try opening it again and brought it here to put it for auction. He did not ask for a high price for this, but he had one request. The person who bought it must be able to tell him the name of this item, and the buyer had to prove that his words were true. If the owner is satisfied, he would pay for the bidder and give the bidder this item for free. He would also give the bidder the black crystal that the small black humanoid turned into once he cracked open one of the stones. The owner would negotiate with the bidder alone, so you do not need to worry about a third person knowing about this.

"The starting bid for this item is 100,000!"

The blue haired old man spoke languidly. Due to the strange nature of this item, many people's interests were sparked, but as most of them were unfamiliar with this item and had never even seen it, they could not provide its name and its uses, so they did not place any bids.

"150,000!" a voice called out from among the crowd. It was a thin, middle-aged man. He did not hide his face but simply sat with an aloof gaze. His clothes were very unique as well, a combination of black and white.

That attire was unique to a tribe called Enlightenment Gathering Tribe. That tribe was skilled in making ice sculptures, and they would infuse life into those ice sculptures using a unique method,

allowing them to turn the sculptures into something akin to an enchanted Vessel.

The process in creating those sculptures was a secret. Besides there being a sealed record of the method in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, the others would find it difficult learning about it.

A bid of 15,000,000 stone coins was practically nothing to those participating in the auction. However, since too few people knew about the items origins and its uses, the competition became largely limited.

"200,000!"

Su Ming stood on the balcony, and as he stared at the small black humanoid in the transparent mountain rock, he clearly saw three fingers on each of the small humanoid's hands!

Once he was certain that the small humanoid was exactly what he needed to create the Welcoming of Deities, Su Ming placed his bid.

"300,000!"

The tribesmen from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe frowned.

"500,000!"

"700,000!"

"1,000,000!" Su Ming declared unhurriedly, though his gaze was trained on the transparent mountain rock.

"Sir, I suggest that you don't force yourself to place those bids. You don't even know what this is! If you place your bids without any knowledge of what it is and you can't name its origins and its uses, then how are you going to deal with the consequences?!"

The thin middle-aged man from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe turned towards Su Ming.

He then stood up and spoke to the people around him. "I don't know who put this item on auction, but I'm certain that you are here, sir! I can tell you that only I know what this is, no one else knows it, much less how to use it!"

Chapter 311: Zi Che, Bring It Here

"If I didn't know about it, I wouldn't have placed any bids."

Su Ming averted his gaze from the transparent mountain rock and his eyes fell on the Enlightenment Gathering tribesmen wearing the black and white long robe.

That thin man from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe stared at Su Ming with a sullen expression. He did not have that many stone coins on him, and he originally did not expect to take back anything, but he did not think that he would encounter this mountain rock here!

The moment he saw that item, the excitement that grew within his heart was enough to surpass most of those within the auction hall, and he had been ecstatic when he realized that due to the incredibly rare nature of this item, the others would definitely not know of its origins. Only he knew how to use this item!

He originally thought it would be easy for him to obtain this item, and the starting bid for the mountain rock was low as well, which not only made him excited, but also so eager and hopeful that he could not control himself.

But... right in the middle of the auction, Su Ming butted in!

1,000,000 was his limit. He did not have anymore stone coins to buy this item. Even if his desire for this item had reached an indescribable level, his lack of stone coins gradually made his eyes

become bloodshot.

"He's lying! To the person who placed this item up for auction, only I know what it is! Besides me, no one could possibly know!" the tribesmen from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe shouted to the people around him.

Yet most of the people ignored him. Even the ones who looked towards him watched him with sparkling eyes as unknown thought flickered in their heads.

"The bidder from the ninth room. There is someone who suspects that you do not know what this item is. I will give you a chance to say what it is," a mild voice asked, traveling forth, but the person who spoke was not the mysterious owner of the mountain rock. Instead, it was the blue-haired old auctioneer.

"If you can't provide an answer, then please give up on the chance to bid for this item so that things remain fair!" A light appeared in the blue-haired old man's eyes as he spoke slowly.

"Oh? Could it be that all the people who want to buy this item have to say what it is right before the crowd?" The ghost of a smile appeared on Su Ming's lips and he cast a glance at the blue-haired old man.

"That's right. Those are the rules!" The blue-haired old man gave Su Ming a onceover before he nodded his head.

The tribesmen from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe felt his breathing quicken. He had already risked offending Su Ming for that mountain rock. In his mind, once he obtained that item, he would immediately leave, and perhaps before anyone else could find him, he would already be back in his tribe.

"That's rather unfair. If I said it, then if someone else places a bid, then he'll be able to just imitate my words. I can say it, only if there is no other bidder after me. The only ones who will continue placing bids are me and him. Only if you're willing to do this can Western Sea Clan be considered fair. Also, if I have managed to correctly identify the item's origins and buy it, then I don't need you to send it to me after the auction ends. I want to get it right on the spot," Su Ming said languidly.

The blue-haired old man laughed coldly in his heart as he hissed out in a dark voice, "Very well. No one has been bidding for this item before the two of you anyway. If that's the case, we will not accept anyone else placing anymore bids for this item. The only people eligible to obtain this item are the two of you. If you can get it, then take it away."

"This item is indeed a Soul in Stone. However, what's valuable isn't the small black humanoid inside but the mountain rock itself. With a special method, a person can put it into his or her own body, which will make their Qi become thicker. It will also nurture the mind, which will help in training when meditating.

"The small black humanoid within is actually formed after the mountain rock absorbed the polluted aura from the world. That thing is filled with venom, but that venom is not deadly. However,

it will affect a person's growth in his training, and it must be extracted with a special method. Anyone who takes it out recklessly will only bring harm to himself," Su Ming stated in a mild mannered tone, and his voice filled the entire auction hall.

"Bullsh*t! You're wrong!" the tribesman from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe immediately shouted and glared at Su Ming with eyes dripping with hate. That hate burst forth all of a sudden and without a reason. To him, Su Ming was just doing this on purpose so that the tribesman could not get the item.

A smile appeared on Su Ming's face. He was not bothered by a person like this who could not conceal his feelings. He was more worried about the people who could hide their feelings and showed no hints of what they were thinking.

Su Ming looked at the person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe and said, "I've finished speaking. Now then, it's your turn to say what this is."

There was a sullen expression on the blue-haired old man's face, but he could not accuse Su Ming of saying the wrong thing. After all, he did not know what it was himself either.

"Since you're certain that the person from the ninth room is lying, then you can say what this item is right here. I can tell you that the person who placed this item for auction is here!

"If the answer you give satisfies him, then perhaps that person will change his mind." The blue-haired old man looked at the thin

tribesman from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe.

"That's..."

The person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe found himself speechless for a long time. He did not know how to say it. Even if he spoke the truth, he was not certain whether he would be able to get it, and that was not all, just the potential dangers he might face on his way back would be enough to kill him multiple times. In fact, there was a high possibility that he might bring disaster back to his tribe.

Yet if he did not say it and had to watch that item be bought by someone else, he would feel really, really disgruntled.

As the person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe continued glaring at Su Ming, a sinister smile suddenly appeared on his lips.

"That thing's name is Magnetic Wraith Stone, and it's different from what you said. The most valuable thing about it isn't the mountain rock itself but the small black humanoid inside. That thing is called a Stone Wraith and was formed naturally after absorbing the aura from the world. A person would also have to put it in the body and refine it to use it, but while it can only boost a person's power slightly, its biggest use is when we of the Enlightenment Gathering Tribe use a special method to carve it into a treasure that could defend the user!

"That treasure would be tied together with the user's life and would die in place of the user once!"

As his words traveled out, the auction hall instantly fell into dead silence. Multiple pairs of eyes turned towards the transparent mountain rock, shining with a myriad of different emotions.

"I don't have the ability to buy this item anymore, neither do I want to buy it. If you like it, then you can take it away. I'd like to see just how you'll be able to keep that treasure that can die once for you safe on your person!

"Besides, without the special method from us in the Enlightenment Gathering Tribe, that item is completely useless!" That thin middle-aged man smiled darkly and sat down.

He was feeling smug that he did the right thing. By saying that and putting up the act of giving up on that item, he just made himself more convincing. However, he did not factor in the possibility of him offending not just Su Ming with his words, which were spoken entirely on purpose.

In fact, Su Ming was not even the main person he offended, the man had just greatly offended the mysterious person who had put that item up for auction. And that person was the most important person in this!

Perhaps the people from the land of Freezing Sky would face some problems in searching for this mysterious person, but it was incredibly easy for Western Sea Clan to do so, and since that person himself was in the auction hall right then, if Western Sea Clan believed in the words of the person from Enlightenment

Gathering Tribe, then he would immediately sink into deep trouble.

A hesitant look appeared on Su Ming's face. He looked at the mountain rock, then back at the person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe before he shook his head.

"Perhaps I was wrong about this. If its use is really as you say, fellow brother, then I'll give up on this item. This thing can no longer be considered a treasure but something that will cause me to lose my life." Su Ming sighed.

The moment Su Ming said those words, the person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe was stunned, then his expression changed. He just came to understand what was wrong with his words.

At the same time, within the crowd gathered in the auction hall was a man dressed in black robes and wearing a straw hat on his head. His face underneath that straw hat was incredibly dark and he clenched his right fist instinctively. When he lifted his head, a murderous intent appeared in his eyes. That murderous intent was not aimed towards Su Ming but the thin person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe.

He was the owner of the mountain rock who contacted Western Sea Clan. At that moment, his hate towards the person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe was so strong it could burn the skies. They were practically forcing him in a dilemma, and with the slightest mistake, he would not be able to walk out of the temporary tribe built by Western Sea Clan.

He could even sense the blue-haired old man's gaze falling on him occasionally, and within that gaze was surprise.

"Nonsense!" The man stood up swiftly and, with one leap, rose in midair. His voice rumbled like thunder in the hall.

"I was the one who brought that item and handed it to Western Sea Clan for them to put it up for auction for me. I've had this item for many years and have asked many people before. I might not have a detailed answer to its use, but this item is definitely not that Magnetic Wraith Stone. It's just like what that fellow tribesmen from the ninth room said. It only has one name, and it's Soul in Stone!

"Sir, by saying those words, you have just tried to harm me, and I won't let it slide! I'd like to see just how Enlightenment Gathering Tribe will explain what happened today right before all the people in the land of Freezing Sky!"

The man took down his straw hat and revealed a gruff face. He had to do this, because if he continued hiding his face, then it would be even more difficult for him to get himself out of trouble.

"You've seen my face now. There's nothing for me to hide. Enlightenment Gathering Tribe, I will invite Western Sea Clan along with me to act as my witness to test whether what you've said is the truth!

"If it's fake, then you must give me a satisfactory answer!" There

was anger on the gruff man's face. Once he finished speaking, he turned towards Su Ming and the anger disappeared.

"My fellow tribesman from the ninth room, the uses for this item which you provided are about the same as what I understood, but there were some details about this thing that I did not know. Now I've gained a clear understanding of it.

"My fellow tribesman, thank you for stating the true use for this item. The promise I made before is not fake. Since you bought this item for 1,000,000 stone coins, I will return those 1,000,000 stone coins for you, and I will also give that black crystal to you as promised!"

As he spoke, he immediately brought out a bag from his bosom and threw it at Su Ming. Once Su Ming caught it, the man turned around and returned to his seat, looking incredibly sullen.

He felt his heart bleeding in pain, but he had to do it. If he did not pass the mountain rock and the other things he promised to Su Ming, then the persuasiveness of his words would become less.

Now all the people there had seen him pass the mountain rock and the other things to Su Ming. The people had just seen how generous he was, but at the same time, he also did this for another reason. Just in case what the person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe said was true, then he would have someone else to share his burden. Western Sea Clan's target would shift to Su Ming.

Though his thoughts could be ignored for now.

Su Ming caught the bag and cast a glance at it before he put it away in his bosom, then he wrapped his fist in his palm towards the man with a smile on his lips. After that, he brought out the correct number of stone coins and handed them to Zi Che before he pointed at the mountain rock in the auction hall.

"This item belongs to me now. Zi Che, bring it here."

With one leap, Zi Che's body turned into a long arc and he charged towards the center of the auction hall. As he stood beside the mountain rock, he swept it up with one wave of his arm and quickly returned to Su Ming.

Chapter 312: The Storm in His Heart!

The auction in Western Sea Clan ended on that day. Even though the final item that was brought out during the auction was very eye-catching, but it did not bring about a large amount of attention.

Su Ming's three acts during the three day auction had instead caught a lot more attention.

The conflict that arose due to that Soul in Stone also stirred up many different thoughts among the people. If what the person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe said was true, then that item would be priceless.

Even if it was fake, judging by how agitated he was at that time, that item was surely a fantastical treasure. However, its true use would then be a mystery.

However, there were plenty of people who were curious about it. The person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe was controlled by Western Sea Clan and could not leave alone, having to return to Enlightenment Gathering Tribe along with the gruff looking man who originally owned that mountain rock as well as someone from Western Sea Clan to see whether what he said was true.

But before that happened, there were still quite a number of people who left at night to Enlightenment Gathering Tribe. They were going to use their own methods to investigate the truth about this matter.

After all, before they acquired accurate information, most of the people did not want to offend Freezing Sky Clan. The rumors circulating about the ninth summit were also a cause for these people to act so carefully.

Once Su Ming returned to his tent, he fell into deep thought for a moment before he asked Zi Che to pack up. He had two valuable treasures on his person, and he had already brought attention to himself. For him, leaving before anyone else was better than staying here.

However, he did not want to leave alone. Tian Lan Meng had helped him during the auction, causing the both of them to have arrived at an agreement without either of them saying anything.

Besides, Su Ming did not dislike Tian Lan Meng.

‘Perhaps working together with her during Sky Mist Shaman Hunt isn’t really impossible.’

When Zi Che was putting away the tent, Su Ming stood on the snow and nodded his head as he mulled over his thoughts.

Perhaps they really had a form of mutual understanding between them in terms of their souls, or perhaps it was because of his previous associations with Tian Lan Meng through art, which had allowed them to form a faint connection between them in terms of Picture Creation.

As Su Ming was immersed in his thoughts while he stood on the snow, before him, as snow floated down from the sky, a woman in white with her hair falling down her shoulders walked slowly towards him. She treaded lightly on the snow, causing crunching sounds to ring in the air.

That woman was incredibly beautiful. Her eyes were bright and her teeth pearly white. There was a certain gracefulness and an indescribable charm about her as she walked through the snow. She looked like a drawing.

Two people followed behind her. One of them was the girl Su Ming had seen before, and the other was the man in the white mask who had given Su Ming the stone coins previously.

The man had his head lowered and not a hint of power could be felt from him. He seemed like a normal person, but when Su Ming looked at him, he sensed the same depressing feeling he had when he stood on Sky Mist Barrier in the past and looked at the land of the Shamans.

"I was wondering whether you would want to leave." When Tian Lan Meng got closer, her gentle voice floated through the wind and snow and drifted into his ears.

"When are you leaving?"

Su Ming turned around and looked at the woman walking towards him. The snow added another charm to the woman's

beauty. It was as if her existence caused the snow and wind in the area to go towards her and surround her, making her look breathtakingly beautiful.

"I've spent several tens of millions of stone coins on you, so it's only natural that I have to always follow you around. If something happens to you, my stone coins will all be wasted."

Tian Lan Meng's lips curled up in a smile, and that smile looked like a flower that had bloomed, causing the people who saw it to be unable to help but be attracted to her.

A rare awkward look appeared on Su Ming's face. He was incredibly unused to this sort of conversation, especially when he had to talk to his creditor.

"We're not in a hurry to leave. The auction this time hasn't ended yet. The real auction is about to start soon... Don't you want to go see it?" Tian Lan Meng winked at him. She found Su Ming's expression to be very interesting.

"Even if I see it, I won't be able to buy anything..." Su Ming laughed wryly.

"It's fine, I have money. You already owe me quite a lot of stone coins. I don't mind if you owe me more. Besides, being a creditor is quite fun." A hint of smugness that was rarely seen on Tian Lan Meng appeared in her smile.

However, the girl standing behind her was looking at Su Ming with disdain and scorn in her eyes. She rolled her eyes at him before she looked somewhere else.

"I'm not invited, though."

Su Ming hesitated for a moment. He had heard about the auction that would only be attended by the powerful Berserkers. Compared to the auction that lasted for three days, this small scale auction was another important part of the exchange between the two clans that only occurred once every century.

As he was hesitating, Su Ming's expression suddenly changed and he lifted his head to look into the distance. Almost at the exact same moment he lifted his head, Tian Lan Meng also looked towards that direction.

A man with an aloof face, dressed in black, was walking over from that direction. Not a single footprint was left on the ground he stepped on, but his feet were indeed stepping on the snow.

The man in black stopped one hundred feet away from Su Ming and cast a cold look at him. A powerful might seeped out of his eyes, and it was the might that belonged to those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

In the presence of that might, the snow around them was immediately thrown into the air as if it was swept by a huge gust of wind, covering their gazes and preventing them from seeing each other.

"An invitation by my master."

The man in black only said five words, his voice as cold as the freezing wind. As he spoke, he brought out a wooden plate from his bosom, threw it at Su Ming, then turned around and left.

Su Ming caught the wooden plate and found that there was not a hint of force added to the throw. He caught it as it floated into his hand, but the moment he did so, a rebounding force spread out from the plate and surged into Su Ming's body, causing six muffled booms to appear in succession beneath his feet, snow flowing into the air once again.

Su Ming cast a glance at the wooden plate calmly.

By his side, Tian Lan Meng's eyes grew bright. She looked at the snow beneath Su Ming's feet and her smile grew more brilliant.

"Nine Forces Through One Breath. That is one of the Arts in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky that won't be taught to outsiders. That person came from the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. He's one of the followers of their Elder's second son." The person who spoke was the man with the white mask standing behind Tian Lan Meng.

That person's voice sounded old. Judging by his voice, he was an old man.

"The person in the third room was Second Young Master of the

Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. You're invited to the auction now. Let's go." Tian Lan Meng chuckled lightly, and her voice was very pleasant to the ears.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and he nodded.

As Tian Lan Meng continued smiling, the two of them walked into the deeper parts of the tribe with the wind and snow blowing in their faces. Over there, they saw a golden tent located at the center of the tribe.

Zi Che and the girl followed behind them. That girl found Su Ming an eyesore, and Zi Che was also disliked in association. With a prideful look, she strutted before him and insisted on walking in front of him.

As for the person with the white mask and the old voice, he walked at the very end. Most of the time he would look at Tian Lan Meng fondly, and sometimes, his eyes would shift to Su Ming, and his gaze would turn into one of scrutiny.

"By the way, where's that little stalker of yours? I remember she came with you." As Tian Lan Meng walked with Su Ming, she looked at him with a smile, and her voice was like the lingering notes of a song echoing in the air after it finished.

"Little stalker?" Su Ming was momentarily stunned before the memory of Bai Su's ashen face when she left appeared in his mind.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he answered unhurriedly, "She left."

The smile on Tian Lan Meng's face fell away and she whispered softly, "It's better that she left. Her heart lies with Si Ma Xin. Putting her beside you must have been a form of torture for her... but it might also be a way for her to find her true self,"

Su Ming cast a glance at Tian Lan Meng and said nothing.

"Are you wondering why I know about it? Si Ma Xin can only come up with these sort of methods with his petty tricks. A person's Dao differs according to his or her own heart. Those with a great Dao can perceive the sky and earth, but those with a small Dao can only perceive others and themselves.," Tian Lan Meng stated calmly, twirling a few locks of her hair gently.

"You've gained a clearer understanding since the last time we met." Su Ming walked on the snow and listened to the crunching sounds of his feet walking on the snow.

He loved this sound.

"That is all thanks to you giving up on the grass woven crane. I can tell that it looked at you when it was flying in the air." Tian Lan Meng smiled. There was some snow stuck on her petite, smiling face, causing her soft and fair skin to look as if it was made of sparkling ice.

As the both of them continued speaking to each other, they arrived before the golden tent at the center of the tribe. The moment they stepped into the tent, an invisible wave swept past them. When it touched the wooden plate in Su Ming's hand, ripples appeared in that wave and Su Ming's vision blurred. When he could see clearly again, he was already in a dark room that was about several hundred feet in size.

There were quite a number of tables set on either side of the room. There were already around a dozen people sitting behind those tables. Their faces could not be seen clearly and everything appeared as a blur, a clear sign that their identities were intentionally hidden.

These people did not talk to each other. All of them sat silently behind the tables. When Su Ming and Tian Lan Meng arrived, their gazes traveled towards them.

Su Ming's heart thumped against his chest. All the gazes looking towards them pressured him greatly. That sort of pressure was not something a normal Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could bring on him. In fact, some of the gazes that swept towards him even made Su Ming feel shocked to the core. That sort of gaze... only belonged to those in the Berserker Soul Realm!

However, there were also some gazes that were quite ordinary when they turned towards them.

"How we see them is the same as how they see us. Unless we reveal our power on purpose, then they will not be able to tell our true level of cultivation." A gentle voice suddenly spoke in Su

Ming's mind. That voice belonged to Tian Lan Meng. She stood beside him, and her face too, was blurred out.

Su Ming stayed silent. He cast a glance at Tian Lan Meng, then the both of them sat in the chairs placed beside each other on the right side of the room and waited for other people to arrive.

Before long, more people came. Most of them were familiar with the rules and moved to the empty seats. An hour later, when all the seats were filled and there were about twenty people in the room, Tian Lan Meng's voice once again spoke in Su Ming's mind.

"It's starting."

Almost the moment that voice turned to echoes in Su Ming's mind, loud, hearty laughter came from within the dark room.

When the laughter started, a young boy walked through the wall at the very front of the room!

That boy looked like he was only about seven or eight years old, but his voice was as loud as a tidal wave, and it was dripping with experience and ruthlessness.

"Most of us here are old friends. There are some of us here who are new, but since you're here, you must know the rules. I won't take up your time with idle chatter, so we'll just do things as we did. Let's start with something not so valuable!

"The first thing I'll be bringing out is a living thing!" As the boy spoke, he lifted his right hand and waved it in the air before him. Immediately, a black chain charged out, and at the other end of it was a bound living creature.

Its speed was exceptionally quick, and the moment it appeared, it instantly started running as if it wanted to escape, but the chains were tightly fastened around its neck. When it dashed quite close to Su Ming, the chain was stretched taut and strangled its throat, causing it to let out pained shrieks.

The moment Su Ming saw that living creature, he felt as if hundreds upon thousands of lightning had just struck him. A bang went off in his head, and in the blink of an eye, everything before him except that living thing vanished!

Chapter 313: Fire Ape!

It was an ape!

It was an ape that was entirely dark red. There was madness on its face. There was a chain tightly wound around its neck, and there was pus on the skin underneath the chain. Some of its flesh had even fused with the chain itself.

That chain was stretched taut due to the ape's charge, and it cut into the animal's neck to the point that the ape had difficulty breathing, but it still continued struggling madly to break free of the chains.

Its dark red fur did not seem like the ape's original color but was because it had not cleaned itself for a very long time. If it could clean itself up properly, then its fur would surely turn into a fiery red shade, judging from the red hue at the very end of its fur!

It was not big and was only about the size of a child around three to four years of age. At that moment, it had all four of its limbs on the ground and was howling at the people around him. Hidden in its eyes were terror and hate, and as it looked around it, it trembled.

Su Ming shuddered. He stared at the fire-red ape before him and a boom reverberated in his head. He had already forgotten where he was. All he could see was the picture that was hidden deep within his memories.

In that picture, he saw a boy in beast skins laughing happily as he jumped around in the forest. On the boy's shoulders was a small monkey with fire-red fur. It held the boy's hair in a tight grip with one claw, and in its other claw it held a piece of fruit, gnawing at it while occasionally letting out delighted squeals.

"This is a new type of fire ape! This ape likes fire and it's impossible for it to live in the land of Freezing Sky. We've never seen a fire ape like this in Western Sea Clan territory before either!

"I've even checked through some ancient scrolls before and found that the climate and environment in the entire Land of South Morning isn't suitable for this type of fire ape to live, that's why I call this ape a new type!

"It's incredibly rare, and I don't know whether it's the only one of its kind in the world, but over the years, I've only ever seen this one." The boy smiled and cast a glance at the fire ape before he spoke slowly.

"It's just a monkey and you brought it here to be auctioned? You're overestimating its value," a sharp voice stated from the crowd sitting by either side of the room. The body of the person was entirely blurred out and his face could not be seen clearly.

"This is not a normal ape. It's so quick that even I have some degree of difficulty trying to chase after it... Also, the monkey's blood is good for your health and can lengthen your lifespan. If you continuously drink its blood, your power will also increase.

"But that's not the main value of this creature. Due to the rareness of this monkey, that's why if you take out its soul and put it into an enchanted Vessel, then the power of fire in that enchanted Vessel will reach astonishing heights!

"Also, this ape's physical strength is so great that it could compete against those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm! You can also use it to guard your cave abode, and that is discounting the possibility of it undergoing transformation," the boy said leisurely.

Perhaps no one else noticed Su Ming trembling, but Tian Lan Meng, who was sitting beside him, could tell with just one glance. She looked calm, but questions had already appeared in her heart.

She looked at the ape, then at Su Ming, and found herself not being able to understand what made Su Ming behave this way.

Su Ming did not hear what the other people were saying and only stared at the ape. After a very long time, he closed his eyes.

"It's a pity that this ape is too wild. I've tried everything that I can, but I still can't tame it completely. I've even subjected it to bear the weight of mountains, but the monkey has showed no signs of submitting to me...

"I wouldn't have been willing to sell it otherwise," the boy lamented. Once he finished introducing the ape, he brought out another few more items and explained their uses.

Each of the items he took out would have caused a stir if he had brought them out in the auction during the day, but it did not incite much of a reaction among the people in the room. He only managed to draw a few pairs of eyes to the items at most.

After all, the people who could join this small auction were all highly calculative people. Their faces were also blurred out and no one could see their expressions. Even if they could see them, they would not be able to see any clues there.

All those who could reach the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm or even the Berserker Soul Realm had definitely gone through multiple life and death situations. Anyone who could survive through these ordeals was definitely not any ordinary person.

Those who lacked in intelligence would not be able to survive so easily!

Su Ming did not hear the descriptions of the items the boy brought out later. He closed his eyes and quelled the vicious surge of emotions in his heart. The very first item that was brought out in the small auction had completely caught him off guard.

Its sudden appearance had caused Su Ming's heart to feel as if there were waves moving backwards and crashing against his heart. Before he even had time to accept the truth, the truth was forcefully brought right before his eyes.

‘Xiao Hong...’

Su Ming's thoughts quivered and echoed in his heart as his memories in Dark Mountain surfaced in his mind. Xiao Hong was like family to him. It had been beside him since he was young and had shouldered through all his moments of happiness, anger, and sadness with him.

The memory of him getting to know Xiao Hong, the memories of him playing with it, the memories of him talking to Xiao Hong when he was lonely... all these memories appeared in Su Ming's mind uncontrollably.

His childhood memories were filled with beautiful and happy moments. In those moments, there was always a fire-red monkey that stayed with him as he grew up, went with him when he went to search for Bai Ling, joined him as he went to steal Dark Dragon's Saliva...

There were also moments where Xiao Hong was the only listener when Su Ming started talking to himself, even though Xiao Hong would be holding onto a piece of fruit in its claw every single time and would throw away the core secretly as it listened to him. These moments were the ones that occupied his memories with Xiao Hong the most.

Su Ming would never forget any of these. He would forever remember one particular action from Xiao Hong, and that was it sniffing its right claw while putting on an intoxicated face. That expression would forever be etched into Su Ming's memories.

Su Ming still remembered himself following Xiao Hong in secret, then witnessing Xiao Hong grabbing a bit of a bear's fur... and everything else that happened.

When the change in Dark Mountain happened, when the void appeared and sucked Su Ming in it, when he opened his eyes once again, Dark Mountain was no longer there, his elder was no longer there, his tribe was no longer there... Xiao Hong... was also no longer there.

The sky was not that of the Alliance of the Western Region's, and neither was the ground. Everything reeked of unfamiliarity, and it was so unfamiliar to him that he had to grow up quickly. He had to force himself to get used to being silent, force himself to use sinister methods to kill others... only when it was dark and quiet would he sit in the corner and look at the sky alone while bringing up memories to keep him company in his loneliness...

Su Ming opened his eyes. The moment he did so, the silence around him quickly disappeared and everything in the room seemingly returned to normal in his eyes. He heard the Fire Ape's screeches in his ears, heard the boy's voice, and heard some voices of people negotiating over it.

In its continuous struggles, Su Ming saw the ape with the dark red fur beginning to suffocate, and it squatted down on the ground as if it gave up on the thought of escaping. Grief appeared in its eyes. Its gaze did not appear to be looking at anything in the room, and its soul also did not seem to be in its body any longer. It was as if its soul had gone to a place far away from here, and no one had any idea what it was thinking about.

Su Ming looked at it and felt a sharp stab of pain in his heart. That pain filled his entire body like a tidal wave that drowned him, even though he could tell that this ape was not Xiao Hong...

It possessed the same intelligence as Xiao Hong, had the same fur as Xiao Hong, had the same speed as Xiao Hong, but Su Ming had lived with Xiao Hong for many years. From the minor details, he could tell that this was a Fire Ape, but it was not Xiao Hong.

It was just like the case with Bai Su. She was not Bai Ling...

As Su Ming stared at the ape, it noticed that there was one particular person among the dozen humans it hated and despised around it staring at it since the start. It was a gaze that was different from the people around it— it wasn't filled with indifference but with a type of sorrow. The ape had seen these sort of gazes before, when it was caught. However, in its memories, there was almost always pity and compassion lying underneath those sorrowful gazes.

The ape did not need that kind of compassion...

However, this person's gaze was slightly different. It squatted down on its spot, and the highly intelligent ape turned its head around to look in the direction where that gaze came from.

The ape saw a blurred out person, saw the gaze that was looking towards it.

There was no pity in that gaze, no compassion, only pure sorrow. That sorrow made the ape shudder.

"I can't exchange anything of mine for that ape alone. Its value is either too great, or too small for my items. How about this? I'll use a ray of Starlight that I've been refining for nearly a hundred years to exchange for those two Sea Creation Stones of yours as well!"

"I may not have Starlight, but I obtained the skeleton of a sacred beast from the Shaman Tribe in the past and turned it into a puppet. This puppet's price is worth much more than all the items you showed us. If you give me another ten drops of that Western Sea Clan's Sea Marrow, then I'll exchange the puppet with you!"

This was an auction Su Ming had never seen before. The bidders did not compete using stone coins but with items, and the idea of the item going to the highest bidder did not exist. The person who brought out the auctioned items would be the one who decided who he would be trading those items with based on what he was lacking. His will could determine the results for everything here.

"I can refine Starlight myself, though it might take some time... as for the puppet made using the skeleton of the Shaman Tribe's sacred beast... If I spend some effort in this, I'll be able to get it from the Shaman Tribe myself..."

"I want rare items. If you don't have them, then forget it."

The boy shook his head. There were four items floating before

him. One of them was a jade bottle, while another one was a small umbrella, and the remaining two were two black stones.

Based on what the auctioneer said just now, the jade bottle contained Sea Marrow Liquid. While he might not have mentioned its uses, judging from the words from those around him, most of them seemed to know what it was.

The small umbrella was an enchanted Vessel embedded with some unique effects - It could make a person's aura disappear completely. The remaining two black stones were naturally Sea Creation Stones.

Its effects were just like its name. It could create an ocean out of thin air, and it contained incredible power.

The Fire Ape was also part of the auctioned items along with those four items.

However, there were only few among the people sitting on either side of the room who were interested in the items the boy brought out. Only those two people named a price, but it was not enough to make the boy satisfied.

"Does no one have anything rare? If you don't, then I'll have to let the next person bring out their treasures."

The boy was rather disappointed. He let his gaze sweep past both sides of the room and was just about to retrieve his things when a

glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he spoke.

"Wait!"

"I'll exchange for it with Sky Pearls!"

Almost the moment Su Ming spoke, Tian Lan Meng's also voice also came from beside him!

It could be said that the both of them spoke at the same time. When the boy heard it, his gaze immediately fell towards them, but the person he looked at first was not Su Ming. It was instead Tian Lan Meng, who was sitting beside him.

The boy looked at her and asked with a smile, "How many Sky Pearls?"

Chapter 314: Another Item!

"How many do you want?" Tian Lan Meng asked calmly in a moderate voice.

"Lass, you must be one of the people chosen by Sky Mist's ancestor to be one of this generation's Mist Worshipers. Your name is Tian Lan Meng, and your elder sister is Tian Lan You." The boy's eyes sparkled as he spoke with a chuckle.

"The Tian Lan family has to send one of the Mist Worshipers of each generation to Freezing Sky and Western Sea, then they would choose one among the two to receive the coming of Sky Mist's ancestor. I respect Sky Mist, so if you want these items, then I'll give it to you for ten Sky Pearls."

The boy's words echoed within the dark room, though the people who heard it did not turn their gazes over. Most of them chose to ignore what was going on.

"Ten..?" Tian Lan Meng hesitated. She looked at the four items before the boy, then at the dark red ape before she fell silent for a moment. "I can only give you two," she stated softly.

"No can do, lassy. You need at least five Sky Pearls before they can gather together. Two isn't enough. You can't get any of my items with just two.

"Unless you have some rare items with you, that is. I'm especially interested in all rare items." The boy smiled, then turned his gaze

to Su Ming. He remembered that Su Ming had spoken up just now as well.

‘Rare items...’

Su Ming closed his eyes and reopened them a short moment later. Right at the moment Tian Lan Meng was about to speak again, Su Ming pressed his palm against her arm.

Tian Lan Meng offered the price because she saw the changes that occurred on him when he saw the ape. There was in no way that Su Ming would not know that. He committed her good will into his memories.

He could also tell with certainty that those Sky Pearls were incredibly valuable items. The value of those pearls were the same for Tian Lan Meng.

He could choose to give up. After all, he was not too interested in the other things brought out by the boy, but Su Ming found himself unable to turn his eyes away from the ape.

Even if it was not Xiao Hong.

"I have a rare item, but it'll depend on you on whether you can discern the uses of this item."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the boy. The difference in their levels of cultivation was incredibly great, but he was not

afraid. This was a trade. At the very least in this dark room, both parties involved in the trade were in the same position.

If he became afraid, if he was stunned still by the boy's power, then there was no need for them to negotiate anything.

"Oh?"

The boy gave Su Ming a lazy onceover, and there was a ghost of a smile on his lips. It was really hard for him to believe that the person speaking to him could really bring out anything that he would consider as rare.

He was a member of Western Sea Clan. He might not know the people invited to this auction, but if this person could sit beside Tian Lan Meng, then either he was a powerful Berserker in the Tian Lan family, or he was just her friend.

Judging by their actions, it was clear that the person who spoke was not a member of the Tian Lan family. There was only one other explanation for his presence then - he was Tian Lan Meng's friend. By his voice, the boy could tell that he was not an old person either, so his power was definitely not very great. At most, he would only be in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

"You can bring it out and let me take a look, perhaps it's really something I don't know."

The boy did not sound too arrogant when he spoke, but that was

just the way he was. It was not because he was attaching any form of importance to Su Ming.

Su Ming no longer wasted his time on idle chatter. He put his right hand into his bosom and brought out something from his storage bag. When he held that item in his hand, he hesitated for a moment, but as his gaze swept past the items floating before the old man and the ape, he swiftly brought out the item and threw it towards the boy.

It was a round object. Once the boy caught it, he brought it before his eyes and took a closer look.

With that one glance, the boy's face instantly turned serious. He lifted his right hand and waved it before him. Immediately, the space before him became clouded. That indistinctiveness surrounded him, causing the people to be unable to see what he was doing clearly.

However, since the auction was hosted by Western Sea Clan and the specifications for this auction were very high, the possibility of someone stealing anything was practically nil. The boy's power was also very great, and he, too, was an outstanding member of Western Sea Clan in terms of both his status and position. Naturally, he would not do something as degrading to his position as snatching a junior's possessions right before the eyes of many people.

That was why while that space appeared clouded to the other people, it was not so for Su Ming and Tian Lan Meng. This was naturally the boy's doing.

Su Ming could see the boy bringing that round object in his hand to sniff it. Once he did so, his expression changed once again and he stared at the item hesitantly. During that time, his expressions changed multiple times.

Su Ming looked at the item the boy held in his hands and felt a stab of pain in his heart. That item... was his Spirit Plunder!

This was the only thing he could bring out which could be considered as a rare item.

"What... is this?" The boy hesitated for a long moment before he lifted his head and looked at Su Ming.

"Can I get the things you offered?" Su Ming asked softly.

The boy looked at Su Ming and said sternly, "You can, but that depends on the effects of this thing."

"I don't know the name of the item, but the effects are quite simple. It can absorb all illusionary entities, such as Berserker Marks. There's even a Shaman's Totem contained within it," Su Ming stated slowly after sighing inwardly.

"So that's how it is. I was wondering why I sensed a hint of Shaman presence when I was observing this thing... This thing might not be incredibly useful and there's a crack on it, which can only mean that there's a limit to how many things it can absorb

and will break once it goes past its limit, but it's indeed a rare item!

"But you can't get all my things. How about this? Besides the Sea Marrow, you can take another one of these items along with the Fire Ape!" The boy nodded his head solemnly.

Then he cast a look at Su Ming and explained, "I'm not taking advantage of you. It's just that this item can only be considered rare. Because of the crack, it can only be considered as broken goods. It won't be able to absorb many more illusionary entities. To me, it's biggest use is for research purposes."

"However, if you have more, then we can still talk." Once the boy finished speaking, he gave Su Ming a profound smile.

"I only have one of it." Su Ming swept his gaze past the items the boy offered before it eventually fell on the fire ape, then he looked away. "My Master gave it to me," he added, and once he averted his gaze from the items, he looked towards the boy.

"Oh? And who is your Master?" the boy asked casually with a smile on his face as he toyed with the Spirit Plunder in his hands.

"My Master is Tian Xie Zi. He's very protective of me."

Su Ming did not hide his identity. It was something incredibly hard for him to keep secret anyway. If Western Sea Clan wanted to know about it, learning his identity in the auction they held in this dark room was not hard.

More importantly, Su Ming had a feeling that there was something behind Tian Xie Zi's identity. This was something he sensed when he saw him in his purple-robed form, and he grew more certain of his thoughts during the trip to the land of the Shamans.

Besides, Su Ming had also found some odd things through a few clues lying here and there in the large scale auction held during the day. First, it was the actions of Western Sea Clan's Clan Elder, then there was also Second Young Master of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky acting friendly with him.

Su Ming did not believe even for a moment that all of this happened because of him.

The smile on the boy's face froze the moment Su Ming mentioned Tian Xie Zi's name. That careless expression on his face instantly turned into one of stupefied horror. He lowered his head to look at the Spirit Plunder in his hands, then at Su Ming, then a wry smile appeared on his face.

"You're Su Ming of the ninth summit..? Er... please send my greetings to Senior Tian Xie Zi... Ah, fine. You can choose another one of these items." The boy shook his head.

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. He was just about to speak when Tian Lan Meng let out a fake cough beside him.

"I want the Fire Ape and five drops of Sea Marrow!"

The boy hesitated for a moment before he shook his head and said, "I can give you the Fire Ape, but I can't give you so many drops of Sea Marrow... Three drops, and that's only because of Senior Tian Xie Zi that I'm doing this."

"Alright, then we'll go for three drops." Tian Lan Meng winked at Su Ming before she quickly spoke.

The boy no longer wasted any time with idle chatter. He lifted his right hand and grabbed the jade bottle, opened it, then with a flick of his wrist, three blue drops of liquid flew towards Su Ming. Tian Lan Meng quickly lifted her hand and an ice bottle appeared in it. The three drops of liquid accurately fell into the bottle, and the ice bottle instantly turned a deep-blue color.

The boy then waved his arm and a chain flew towards Su Ming, who caught it.

The instant he caught the chain, Su Ming's mind shuddered. A feeling as if he could determine the Fire Ape's life and death, which was connected to the end of the chain, appeared in his heart. With just one thought, that Fire Ape would instantly die.

"I'll lend you that chain temporarily, but not for too long. Search for a way to control the Fire Ape as quickly as possible, and once you do, throw the chain into the sky. It'll return to me.

"The ape is brutal, be careful." Once the boy finished speaking, the cloudiness in the space before him vanished, allowing the

others to be able to see his face and hear his voice again.

As for the dialogue between the three people and their expressions, well, no one could hear or see any of it. This was a special arrangement made by the small auction. It was a protection made in consideration of private negotiations between the parties involved.

The people on either side of the room did not pay too much heed to it. Only some of them cast a few looks at Su Ming and Tian Lan Meng, but Su Ming found it difficult to discern exactly how they were looking at him from their gazes.

After all, compared to these people, he was still a little green.

Su Ming did not join the subsequent auctions. Instead, he simply watched the people bring out rare items. Some of them made Su Ming's heart pound in excitement, but he did not have anything in exchange for those things, and there were only few of the people who would suggest using stone coins as a method of trading. Most of them preferred using the barter system.

"I won't be bringing out a lot of items. In fact, I'll only be selling one thing!"

All the people there had a chance to sell something, they could also say what they wanted to trade it for. At that moment, the person who spoke was someone sitting on Su Ming's other side.

That person's body was blurred out and his features could not be seen clearly. His voice was not old, but instead sounded as if it was drifting. There was a certain rhythm to his speech.

As that person spoke, he lifted his right hand and pointed to the space before him. Immediately, the space which he pointed to distorted, and a small bottle floated out from within.

Once the bottle appeared, it gradually became transparent and the bottle opened up by itself. A medicinal scent spread out from the bottle and filled the entire dark room. As the body of the bottle slowly became transparent and all the people's gazes turned towards it, they clearly saw four spherical shaped things the size of a fingernail in the bottle!

‘Medicinal pills?!’

Su Ming did not expect that there would be two things that would throw him into such huge shock in this small auction!

Chapter 315: Return

The medicinal scent filled the dark room and spread around, causing the people who took a whiff of it to feel refreshed. Su Ming looked at the four medicinal pills in the transparent bottle; they were green. The inside of the bottle seemed like an illusion, as if the four medicinal pills inside did not blend in with the surroundings.

Once the person beside Su Ming brought out the medicinal pills, he stated unhurriedly in his seat, "These are four second grade Shaman Cores. I've already verified their uses myself. They're used to treat wounds."

"Shaman Core..."

Su Ming looked calm, but his heart was trembling. This auction had let him get to learn of many items he never knew before. He stared at the transparent jade bottle and remained silent.

"You actually managed to snatch Shaman Cores from Shaman Priests? Interesting. But I don't really believe that those are second grade Shaman Cores!" a dark voice said. The person who spoke was someone among the people sitting on the other side of the room. While speaking, he lifted his right hand and seized at the air in the direction of the jade bottle.

That bottle instantly charged towards him, and once he held it, he poured one of the medicinal pills into his hand and brought it to his nose to sniff it.

The person beside Su Ming did not stop the other person from doing so. Clearly, doing such a thing was normal in the auction. He was not worried that the Shaman Core would be stolen.

There were also others who grabbed the bottle through the air and took out the medicinal pills inside to inspect them. Usually, they would only look at a pill for a moment before putting it back into the medicine bottle.

Quite a number of people inspected those pills. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He waited for a moment, and once he saw that no one else inspected those pills, he lifted his right hand and clutched it in the direction of the medicine bottle. Immediately, that medicine bottle flew to him. He poured out one of them and took a few close looks before also choosing to sniff it.

A medicinal scent wafted into his nose, but there was also a bloody stench contained within it. He stared at the pill, and while Su Ming was certain that this was a medicinal pill, it was not of the few types he knew about.

The quenching process for this pill was also rather crude. It might look as round as a Core, but once Su Ming took a closer look, he could see numerous small holes in the pill. It was not as good as the medicinal pills Su Ming created, which looked natural.

‘When I went to the land of the Shamans, the Patriarch of Lizard Shaman Tribe said that my Spirit Plunder was a Barren Core when he saw it... Now, by the looks of it, the Shamans do indeed have

the methods to create medicinal pills, and they are similar to mine.

‘But the products of the quenching process I learned are called medicinal pills, and the Shamans call theirs Shaman Cores... By the looks of these Shaman Cores, they are lacking compared to my medicinal pills.’

Su Ming put the Shaman Core in his hand back into the medicine bottle, then pushed it forward and kept silent.

The Shaman Cores did not incite a large scale competition, but there were some people who negotiated privately with the owner of those Cores while everyone else’s sights were obscured. Then each of them obtained those Shaman Cores in exchange for some item of their own.

The small auction lasted for a long time. Su Ming renounced the chance to bring out anything to be auctioned. He did not have anything that could be sold, anyway. Tian Lan Meng was the same. Another hour passed by before the small auction ended.

This was the first time Su Ming had joined a private auction of such high standards. Most of the items these people brought out were things he had never heard about. As the private auction ended, while Su Ming might not have obtained a lot of things from it, he had gained new knowledge about more valuable items.

If it was not for this chance, he would have needed a long time to slowly accumulate this sort of knowledge. When the private auction ended, the boy waved his arm, and the blurred out figures

of the people sitting by either side of the room started turning into illusions and slowly grew invisible before they eventually vanished into thin air.

To enter this place, people would need to step into the golden tent. There were about a dozen golden tents in Western Sea Clan, and it was not necessary for them to enter the dark room through the biggest golden tent located at the center of the tribe.

That was why when the people left the dark room, most of them would be separated, and once they left the golden tent, they would usually quickly leave the place.

Su Ming and Tian Lan Meng walked out. In Su Ming's hand was a chain with a Fire Ape with dark red fur at its end. When the ape left the tent, it lifted its head to look at the sky. As it watched the snow floating down from the sky, it shuddered.

"Brother Su, this bag of mine can store living things. Quickly, put that Fire Ape in there. We must leave this place immediately."

The moment they walked out of the golden tent and Zi Che as well as Tian Lan Meng's followers went back to them, Tian Lan Meng quickly spoke to Su Ming. At the same time, she brought out a small white bag before handing it to him.

Su Ming did not hesitate. He took the small bag and scanned it with his divine sense. Once he did so, he patted the bag gently, and instantly, a mighty and great power of absorption shot out from within it, sweeping away the Fire Ape and sucking it into the bag in

an instant.

"Let's go!"

Tian Lan Meng turned into a long arc and rose into the air. Su Ming took a step and bounded forward. Even if Tian Lan Meng had taken off first and was charging forward, with that one step, Su Ming could stay by her side in midair.

Zi Che and the girl followed behind them while the man with the white mask stayed at the very end of the team. His footsteps were paced moderately and he looked rather relaxed.

They turned into several long arcs in the air and traveled into the distance gradually.

No one spoke on the way. Su Ming was caught in his thoughts. Sometimes, he would lower his head and look at the small white bag. He still did not know how to describe that feeling within himself. The very first moment he saw the Fire Ape, he had been shocked, and mixed feelings had even arisen in his heart.

He had hoped that the ape was Xiao Hong but found it hard to accept the possibility of it being the truth. When he saw that the ape was not Xiao Hong, his heart was filled with melancholy and longing for him.

With those complicated feelings in his heart, Su Ming flew silently with Tian Lan Meng. When the sky started becoming

bright and they were some distance away from the temporary tribe built by Western Sea Clan, Tian Lan Meng turned around and gave Su Ming a look.

"The thing you used in exchange for the Fire Ape was also a type of Shaman Core." Tian Lan Meng's voice was gentle and no one else could hear it, because it appeared in Su Ming's mind.

Su Ming was on the receiving end of this method of communication before in the private auction. It had been a very strange experience.

"This is a simple Art belonging to the Immortals. It's easy to describe it, but it's difficult for Berserkers to master it." Tian Lan Meng smiled at Su Ming. She could tell that Su Ming was baffled by this sort of Art that could transmit sound.

"You don't need to tell me. I don't know whether you know its origins. If you know, it's fine, but if you didn't, well, now you do.

"But that Shaman Core of yours was very special. It was very different from the ones I've seen before. If it wasn't because I had seen plenty of Shaman Cores in my life, it would have been difficult for me to identify it. The boy from Western Sea Clan thinks he's very knowledgeable, but he still didn't manage to discern the origins of that thing at first glance."

Tian Lan Meng's smile was very beautiful. As she smiled, her eyes turned into the shape of a crescent moon, and it added a charm to her that would make people's hearts flutter.

Su Ming carefully sensed the way Tian Lan Meng's voice echoed in his mind. By using his divine sense to observe it, he could tell somewhat that the voice was transmitted through an aura. This aura was not the power of Qi that was contained in the flesh and blood, but it was another sort of power that was contained in the world.

It would have been difficult for other people to notice this aura, but it was not so for Su Ming. There was another path that had been opened up within his body, and that same aura was contained within that path!

He had sensed it before and given it a name himself - Aura Refinement Art.

After a moment of deep thought, a gust of aura started circulating within the opened path in Su Ming's body. The instant it surged out, it fused together with his divine sense. When his divine sense spread out and the instant it touched Tian Lan Meng, Su Ming gained an epiphany, and a smile appeared on his face.

"Perhaps it's not so." Su Ming did not use his mouth to say those words. His voice had instead traveled directly into Tian Lan Meng's mind.

"Oh? ...Eh?"

Tian Lan Meng had originally not discovered that he was talking to her without using his mouth, but very soon, she was stunned.

She widened her eyes and turned around swiftly to look at Su Ming, and on her face was shock and disbelief.

"You... were you speaking just now?" Tian Lan Meng asked after a moment of hesitation.

"That's right, I said 'perhaps it's not so'." Su Ming sent his voice into her head.

"...You learn too quickly..." There was a strange look on Tian Lan Meng's face when she glanced at him before continued moving forward.

After a long while, Tian Lan Meng finally could not help it and asked, "How did you do it?"

"I did it just the way you did it. It wasn't anything difficult to begin with. Once I got the gist of it, it was easy," Su Ming answered, smiling.

"Oh well, it's fine if you don't want to say it. But it's a good thing for us if you can speak with your mind. Su Ming, I need your help during Sky Mist Shaman Hunt." A stern look appeared on Tian Lan Meng's face.

"Details." Su Ming sighed internally. There was no way he could refuse this now. After all, the things that happened during the auction had turned her into his creditor...

Tian Lan Meng looked at Su Ming and said after a moment of hesitation, "I can't tell you the details now. This isn't a good place to talk. When Sky Mist Shaman Hunt begins, I'll tell you everything in detail. Once you help me, not only will you not owe me stone coins, but I'll also reward you greatly in other ways."

"Alright, but I'll say this beforehand. I don't care how dangerous this is, if it exceeds my abilities and endangers my life, then I will choose to give up. I'll think of another way to return the stone coins I owe you," Su Ming said in a low tone.

"Alright." Tian Lan Meng smiled and nodded towards him.

Time trickled by as the two of them talked to each other with their minds, and it lasted until evening. They arrived back in Freezing Sky Clan without running into any danger. As Tian Lan Meng looked at the nine summits on the ground, she brought out a deep-blue ice bottle from her bosom, then poured a drop of the blue liquid in there into another ice bottle.

"I'll take one of the three drops of Sea Marrow as an interest, and I'll return the other two drops to you. This item is very valuable. Once you take in one drop, it'll produce a large life force within you. It's a life saver," Tian Lan Meng said and gave the ice bottle containing the two drops of Sea Marrow to Su Ming.

"With this thing around, our chances of survival during Sky Mist Shaman Hunt will increase." As she spoke, Tian Lan Meng smiled once again before she flew back to the seventh summit in a long arc. The girl followed behind her. The man with the white mask had already gone somewhere else.

Su Ming looked at Tian Lan Meng's departing figure, lowered his head to look at the ice bottle in his hands, turned around, and flew back to the ninth summit with Zi Che.

There were now less than two months until Sky Mist Shaman Hunt began...

Chapter 316: Xiao Hong

The battle was practically hanging over Su Ming's head now!

Two months was incredibly short for him. That amount of time might even naturally pass while waiting to obtain an epiphany. That amount of time was not enough for him to isolate himself to train either.

Besides, there was not even two months. More accurately, there was only about one and a half month left.

The entire Freezing Sky Clan was in a state of silence akin to the calm before a storm. That was not to say that people were being quiet, it was just a condition formed by everyone's mental condition. It was a feeling.

All those who were going to enter Sky Mist Shaman Hunt were making their final preparations restlessly. Either they were going to cause a stir during the battle, or they were going to die in foreign lands.

The great Shaman battle that only happened once a century usually ended with blood-soaked Sky Mist City...

Once Su Ming returned to the ninth summit, he made a decision. He would not leave the ninth summit before the start of Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. He would use the remaining time to make his final preparations.

He had too many things to do.

He Feng's fusion with the Wings of the Moon had reached its critical stage. This was his final transformation. Once he succeeded, He Feng would become a strong guard for Su Ming during Sky Mist Shaman Hunt.

There was also the creation of Spirit Plunder as well. He had enough materials now, so all Su Ming needed was the aura of death, and once he had enough Spirit Plunders on standby, he would be ready for the battle in the land of Shamans.

He also needed to examine the Barren Cauldron he had obtained. After all, if he did not open it, then he would not be able to use it to create other medicinal pills. The battle in Sky Mist this time would last for years or even longer, that was why he needed to prepare a large amount of medicinal pills, or else, once an accident happened, he would die.

There was also the matter about Su Ming's own training. He had to spend more time on turning the black mist into Runes for his Divine General Armor and make it even sturdier.

Su Ming also had to train and refine his body even more for when he used Picture Creation's second Style and activated the Golden Roc's speed. Only by doing so could he be able to withstand even faster speeds.

He had also sensed the key for him to go from the later stage of

the Awakening Realm to great completion in the Awakening Realm. He had to go and retrieve his repaired xun and play the song from Dark Mountain so that his cultivation base could reach great completion in the Awakening Realm.

Su Ming had to prepare all of these things. As for Si Ma Xin... well, he did not have time to care about him. The moment that person had failed to plant the Berserker Seed in him, he had already lost his courage to face Su Ming head on.

‘Bai Su...’ Su Ming sat on the stone platform outside his cave and Bai Su appeared in his head. She started to gradually fade away in his head, and eventually disappeared.

Once Su Ming calmed his mind, he brought out a small white bag from his bosom when it was dark and the moon hung high in the sky. He looked at the bag and sorrow appeared on his face.

It was a deep sorrow that was usually hidden deep within Su Ming’s heart, only revealing itself occasionally, albeit rarely. Every single time that sorrow appeared, the scar on Su Ming’s face would turn as red as blood.

After a long while, Su Ming patted the bag gently. Instantly, a layer of mist spread out from the bag, clinking of chains coming from within it,, and as it did so, a dark red shadow charged out of the mist with a speed so quick it was difficult to see with the naked eye.

That dark red shadow came to an abrupt halt several dozens of

feet before Su Ming. Its body became clear—it was the Fire Ape. It squatted down before him and glared at him with hate and disgust, along with a strong desire to not submit to him.

From its gaze, Su Ming could sense the pride within the ape's heart and its hatred towards all the living. Clearly, it had gone through an endless amount of suffering and torture in the boy's hands. Yet not only did his actions not subjugate the ape, they instead fuelled it with a maddening killing intent towards all the people around it.

Even Su Ming, who had looked at him slightly differently previously, was completely hateful in its eyes as he sat before it at that moment. Once the ape had the chance, it would tear its body apart.

Zi Che stood up in the distance and took a few steps forward as he glared at the Fire Ape coldly. He could sense the intense rage and madness from the ape. If it was not for the chain binding it, it would probably have instantly jumped on Su Ming and killed him, and once it did so, it would roar towards the skies before running away.

Zi Che could also sense a powerful, threatening feeling from that animal. That ape might be weakened now, but there was a mighty pressure that was equivalent to the power of those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm coming from within it. That pressure might be faint and weak right then, but it was there, and it was a clear sign on just how strong the ape was when it was at the peak of its health.

The speed just now had especially shocked Zi Che.

Almost the instant Zi Che took a few cautious steps forward, that Fire Ape immediately turned around and glared at him with bloodshot eyes before charging towards him with a murderous aura. He only managed to see a dark-red shadow charging out, and in an instant, it was already only thirty feet away from him.

With a bang, that chain was stretched taut, causing the Fire Ape's speed to come to an abrupt halt and its claw swipe through the air twenty feet away from Zi Che. It might not have touched Zi Che, but it still stirred a strong gust of wind that stunned him where he stood. The wind against his face was so strong that it caused a faint stab of pain.

The Fire Ape that was tied down by the chain around its neck was howling at the sky at that moment. Its voice was filled with despair, resignation, and resentment. The flesh under its neck was also torn into a bloody mess because the chain was wound too tightly.

"Zi Che, stand down." Su Ming was staring at the Fire Ape when he whispered.

Zi Che bent his body down and bowed towards him. He took a few steps back but kept his eyes trained warily on the Fire Ape. That creature's savage presence was shocking, and he could already imagine that it would definitely turn into a huge disaster once it broke free of the chains and regained its freedom.

Though Zi Che retreated some distance away, the madness in the Fire Ape's eyes did not diminish, it instead became stronger. It could be seen from the ape's expression alone that it did not believe in anyone and harbored an intense repulsion and hatred towards everything around it. Su Ming could also tell... that it was using its savageness and madness to hide the loneliness in its heart.

These were the things Su Ming saw.

"I once had a companion," Su Ming whispered softly.

The moment he opened his mouth, the Fire Ape turned around and stared at him. The red glare in its eyes appeared once again. As the murderous glint appeared in its eyes, it turned around, squatted down, and ruthlessness appeared on its expression.

"Its name..."

When Su Ming said the last word, the expression of Zi Che, who was standing not too far away, changed.

The Fire Ape let out a piercing howl, and it rushed so quickly that it only left behind a shadow. It charged towards Su Ming so quickly that it arrived before him in an instant, its murderous aura burning so strongly that it could burn the skies. By the looks of it, it seemed as if the ape wanted to tear a hole through Su Ming's chest, tear out his heart, and eat it raw.

Sorrow appeared on Su Ming's face. The Fire Ape saw that

sorrow, but not only did it not slow down, it became even faster. Yet the moment it was about to touch Su Ming's body, the ape suddenly let out a shrill cry. Its neck was bound tightly by the chain, causing it to be unable to breathe. The chain also jerked backwards, causing the ape to be dragged away and thrown against the wall beside Su Ming.

A bang echoed in the air, and cracks appeared on the wall. The Fire Ape's body fell down, but the beast immediately climbed up and continued howling at Su Ming with madness and ferocity.

"Uncle master, be careful!" At that moment, Zi Che's voice buzzed in Su Ming's ears. Everything had happened too quickly, and all of it only lasted for an instant.

"...was Xiao Hong..." Su Ming did not stop speaking, finishing his sentence. If anyone was going to describe the scene just now, then it could be said that everything happened during Su Ming's first sentence.

"When we became acquainted with each other, I was just a naive teenager, and it lived in the forest..." Su Ming spoke softly as if he was mumbling, but it also seemed as if he was speaking to the Fire Ape.

The brutality on the Fire Ape's face became stronger, as if it did not understand Su Ming's words. It charged towards him once again, even though it knew that it was useless. Still, it continued charging towards Su Ming.

It closed in on him in the span of a breath, but before its claw could tear through his skin, the chain around its neck instantly threw him back again and it crashed on the ground.

Zi Che let out a sigh of relief only then. He took a few steps back and looked in the direction where Su Ming and the Fire Ape were with wariness. That Fire Ape was very strong and its strength had delivered a large shock to Zi Che. Not only was it fast, it was also incredibly powerful, so powerful that the murderous aura in it was still burning intensely even though its body had already sustained such heavy injuries.

"I was weak, and besides being agile, there was nothing else good about me... but I was very familiar with that forest, that's why I usually ran around there. I thought that I was really quick..."

"Until I met Xiao Hong..." As Su Ming mumbled, that Fire Ape let out a piercing screech and charged towards him once again. Yet once it arrived before him, it was still thrown back by the chain. A crashing sound reverberated through the air, and it covered Su Ming's voice.

"I remember that when we first met, it was sitting on a tree branch with a piece of fruit in its claw. It was laughing at me from that tree... It had fire-red fur just like yours..."

Nostalgia appeared in Su Ming's eyes. As he spoke, the Fire Ape appeared before him once again, yet what awaited it was it falling to the ground once again. This time, it coughed out a mouthful of blood.

Yet the madness and ferociousness on its face did not dwindle.

"It was very beautiful and I really liked it... I wanted to catch it, but it was just too fast... perhaps it was fate, but after that, every single time I entered that forest, I saw it..." A smile appeared on Su Ming's face. It was a nostalgic smile brought about by reminiscence.

The moment that smile appeared, the Fire Ape charged towards him once again. However, this time, before it could even get closer to Su Ming, it saw the gentle smile on his face and trembled.

It possessed high intelligence and could differentiate good intentions from bad. It had also never believed in people, be it their smiles or their words, because from its experiences, they were never true.

It did not believe in anyone. It only believed in its own instincts.

That was why while it had understood Su Ming's words, it chose to ignore him and instead used violence to fight against him. However, right then, at that very moment it saw the gentle smile on Su Ming's face, for a reason it did not know itself, that smile touched its soul, which was hidden deep inside.

There was not a hint of ill will in that smile, but neither was that smile aimed towards it...

Nonetheless, there was sincerity within that smile, and even a hint of sorrow that was hidden underneath joy.

That Fire Ape stopped and squatted down ten feet away from Su Ming. It looked at the person before it, and a hint of hesitation appeared on the brutal expression on its face.

"I gave Xiao Hong its name..." Su Ming mumbled and closed his eyes.

Chapter 317: Familiarity...

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the Fire Ape that was squatting down ten feet away from him. He whispered softly, "I always wanted to catch it..."

Perhaps there would be someone who could truly tame this Fire Ape in the Land of South Morning, but all their taming methods would be related to brute force, because it was just like the boy had said, that Fire Ape was a new type!

That was why no one had any experience in taming Fire Apes. They could only use the taming methods they applied on other fierce beasts. Only Su Ming and Su Ming alone had the experience of befriending a Fire Ape.

Because when he was young, there was a Fire Ape that had been with him for his entire childhood.

"But I never managed to catch it..."

Su Ming stood up, and as he shook his head, he walked towards the Fire Ape. Almost the same moment, wariness appeared on the Fire Ape's face. It let out a low growl, and as it did, the savage look appeared on its face once again.

"This lasted for several years before it let me catch it on purpose... At that time, I was really happy, but it was not until a long time later that I realized that it let itself be caught on purpose, because it was also very lonely in the forest... just like me," Su

Ming mumbled, walking towards the Fire Ape.

A fierce light appeared in the ape's eyes, and the moment Su Ming walked over, it suddenly leaped up and swiped its claw at his face. It was so fast that in the blink of an eye, a huge gust of wind blew against Su Ming's face.

Yet this time, almost the moment its claw was about to touch Su Ming, Su Ming's body turned to the side. It looked as if he was ripped apart by the Fire Ape, but in truth, the beast had only torn apart an afterimage.

"Only then did I know that it was not me who found it, but that it chose me to be its friend... a friend for eternity..." Su Ming mumbled and shifted his body to the side before he took a step to stand behind the Fire Ape. He lifted his right hand and brushed the fur behind its head lightly. His touch was very gentle, just like how he petted Xiao Hong in the past. This particular action made Xiao Hong the most comfortable.

The Fire Ape shuddered and turned around. It bared its teeth and anger appeared on its face to hide that thump of its heart during that instant.

Su Ming looked at the Fire Ape snarling at him and said softly, "You're very fast. If you weren't tied down by the chain, you'd be even faster... just like Xiao Hong. It's also very fast. When I was young, I could never catch up to it..."

"This place isn't suitable for you to stay. Perhaps the land of the

Shamans is a more suitable choice for you. I won't harm you. Once I go to the land of the Shamans, I'll release the chains, and I'll... return your freedom to you..." Su Ming mumbled and looked at the Fire Ape.

The ape took a few steps back and looked at Su Ming warily, as if it did not understand what he had just said.

"Let's make a bet and see who is faster."

Su Ming suddenly smiled. That smile contained a sense of naivety that was rarely seen on his face since he arrived in the Land of South Morning. It was a smile that belonged to a young boy, not a man.

"If you win, I'll unchain you right that instant and return you your freedom, but if you lose, then you must brush your fur. You look far too dirty right now." Su Ming looked at the Fire Ape, and the Fire Ape also looked at Su Ming.

"We'll race from here to the top of the mountain. Let's see whose speed is faster... You have to follow the rules."

Su Ming pointed towards the top of the ninth summit, then at the Fire Ape, before he let go of the chain in his left hand.

The moment he let go of the chain in his left hand, the Fire Ape charged forward, but it did not run towards the top of the mountain. It instead seemed to have jumped into the air and flown

towards the world in the distance. It howled, and its voice was filled with mockery.

Zi Che was shocked still where he stood by the side. A wry smile appeared on his face. He had always thought that Su Ming was a bright person, but he could only smile wryly at the things he was seeing right now.

"At the very least, its first thought is to escape, not to attack me."

Su Ming looked at Zi Che with a smile, then took a step towards the sky. The moment his foot landed, booming sounds came from his body. Four of the sixteen ice hoops on his legs had exploded!

Because of it, Su Ming's speed instantly increased. In the blink of an eye, he rushed after the Fire Ape and even closed the distance between them. Once he did so, booming sounds came from his body once again, and four more ice hoops exploded. The moment that happened, his speed reached a level as if he could warp through space itself. With one step, his body seemed to have disappeared, and once he reappeared, he was already less than one hundred feet away from the Fire Ape!

The Fire Ape swiftly turned its head around, and disbelief appeared on its face. It let out a piercing screech, then as it charged forward at its full speed, two more booms fell into its ears.

Two more ice hoops exploded on Su Ming's body. His speed increased to the point that he appeared before the Fire Ape in the blink of an eye and blocked its path forward.

"You have to follow the rules," said Su Ming with a smile.

The Fire Ape widened its eyes and snarled, then it swiftly went backwards to run in another direction. Su Ming looked at its retreat, and praise appeared in his eyes.

Even the Fire Ape itself was not certain why it chose to change directions instead of brutally tearing apart Su Ming's body like it had wanted to do previously.

Perhaps Su Ming's words had had an effect on it, or maybe his smile had touched it, perhaps it was that gentle touch from Su Ming's hand that made it hesitate, or it could have been something else...

When the Fire Ape changed its direction, Su Ming took a step forward, and when he reappeared the next instant, he stood before the ape once again. It was not until the Fire Ape changed its direction a few more times, his path repeatedly blocked by Su Ming, did the savageness return to its face.

It let out a piercing howl and no longer changed its direction. Instead, with bloodshot eyes filled with madness, it lifted both its claws and swiped them at Su Ming with full intention of tearing apart the person that was blocking its path.

Almost the moment the Fire Ape swiped at Su Ming, black mist surrounded his body and his Divine General Armor instantly appeared as an illusion. That armor may look as it did usually, but

if anyone took a closer look, they would see that the black mist had gathered into a large amount of lines that criss-crossed against each other to perfectly form the armor.

The instant the Fire Ape's claws were about to touch the armor on Su Ming's body, a booming sound echoed in the air and a powerful force spread from within the Fire Ape. That force was so great that it was definitely not something a Berserker in the Awakening Realm could summon. It was one equivalent to those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

This was also when it was tied down by the chain, weakened. If the ape was at the peak of its health, then the force of that strike would definitely surpass what it could summon now.

With the booming sound echoing in the air, Su Ming took a few steps backwards, but his expression did not change. Yet the Fire Ape did not continue with its attack. It instead used the bounce created by that boom and leaped backwards, charging... right towards the top of the ninth summit!

As it dashed forward, a smug expression appeared on the Fire Ape's face. Although it was still snarling, that pleased expression was still as clear as day. It only used the span of several breaths before it reached the top of the ninth summit. It stood there and pounded its chest with its fists, then scanned the area. Judging by its actions, it was looking for Su Ming to boast to him.

Yet the moment it saw him, it was very clearly stunned, because it saw two Su Mings. One of them was smiling while looking at it from where they clashed, and the other was standing by its side

while picking up the other end of the chain binding its neck that had fallen on the ground.

"You lost..."

Su Ming smiled faintly as he held the chain in his hands. At that moment, the shadow of his in the air far into the distance turned into black fog. That fog tumbled about before turning into a Phantom Shadow that charged towards the platform outside Su Ming's cave. When that fog descended on the platform, it turned back into a three pronged fork, then with a buzzing sound, it stabbed into the platform.

Zi Che was also baffled by the scene before his eyes. He had clearly seen Su Ming himself chasing after the Fire Ape, but he hadn't managed to see when he swapped places with the Phantom Fork.

Anger appeared on the Fire Ape's face. It turned towards Su Ming swiftly and growled at him with its teeth bared.

"We're not redoing the match, I didn't cheat," Su Ming said with a smile. The moment he finished speaking, he was suddenly stunned.

He was not the only one who was stunned. The Fire Ape was also stunned.

Su Ming was stunned because during that instant, he had

naturally understood what the Fire Ape wanted to say when it growled and bared its teeth at him. It was as if that Fire Ape had turned into Xiao Hong.

The years together with Xiao Hong had allowed them to reach a level where they could understand what the other wanted to say just by their actions and expressions alone.

But this ape was... clearly not Xiao Hong...

The Fire Ape was stunned, because in its memories, there was no one in the world who could immediately understand what it was trying to say as if they'd know what it was thinking. Just then, it had indeed expressed that it wanted to redo the match...

It suddenly began to somewhat believe that this person who was slightly different from the other humans and who also happened to be a person that it did not especially hate and despise did indeed have a friend called Xiao Hong...

Su Ming remained silent for a moment and looked at the Fire Ape with a dazed expression. After a long while, he shook his head.

"You lost. Let me clean your fur."

As Su Ming spoke, he walked to the Fire Ape's side and was just about to use snow to wash its fur when the Fire Ape shuddered. Clearly, it was not used to the cold, but after a moment of hesitation, it chose not to move away and simply allowed Su Ming

to start rubbing snow on its body.

After a few rubs, the white snow turned black, and the Fire Ape was also clearly uncomfortable. It hissed and growled at Su Ming before retreating several dozens of feet away. Its eyes sparkled, and immediately, a ring of fire erupted and surrounded the Fire Ape. Cracking sounds echoed in the air, and after a moment, when the flames disappeared, the Fire Ape's body immediately returned to its fire-red shade.

The fire-red color overlapped with the red in Su Ming's memories...

Just when a dazed look appeared in his eyes, suddenly, low growls came from his cave located lower in the mountain. Those growls were filled with pain and spoke of someone struggling, and that voice... belonged to He Feng!

He Feng's final fusion had just begun at that moment!

Su Ming immediately snapped out of his stupor and swiftly looked towards the cave. With one leap, he charged down, and the Fire Ape followed behind him with an impatient look on its face. Yet when it looked at Su Ming, that expression on its face was clearly different from before.

That different look had never appeared on its face ever since it could remember.

That look was one of bafflement, of puzzlement, of uncertainty, of ... bewilderment it did not understand.

Chapter 318: Shadow under the Moon!

Su Ming rushed into the cave like the wind and charged towards the room where He Feng was fusing with the Wings of the Moon. The moment he arrived before the stone room, a ferocious aura instantly came crashing against him. Su Ming's footsteps came to a halt, and he saw He Feng's body floating in the stone room. A gigantic pair of wings was growing on his back, and that pair of wings... belonged to the Wings of the Moon!

At the center of He Feng's brows was a picture of a ball of flames. It looked as if it was blazing and burning, caught in a state between reality and illusion. When he saw that picture of the ball of fire, Su Ming sucked in a deep breath.

He was not unfamiliar with that picture, it was the symbol of the Fire Berserker Tribe!

The entire stone room was engulfed in a sea of fire. An intense wave of heat spread through the area, but even under that intense heat, Su Ming remained still, as if the fire did not affect him at all. It was the same for He Feng, but growls continuously spilled out of his mouth, and the pained look on his face made it seem as if he was struggling against something.

Every single time the picture of the fire shone, it would cause He Feng to sink into more pain. Veins popped up on his face, but he simply had his eyes closed as he continued bearing through the pain.

The fusion between the Wings of the Moon and He Feng was a test. Su Ming did not know what would happen, but the previous few fusions were successful, and by what he could tell from this final fusion, the amalgamation between He Feng's body and the Wings of the Moon was already close to perfection.

‘So the final fusion shouldn't be about the body, but... about memories!’

Su Ming's eyes sparkled and he looked at He Feng, ready to take action at any moment.

Time trickled by. He Feng's growls grew softer and softer, but the picture of the flames still could not be imprinted completely at the center of his brows, as if something was missing.

As time passed by, gradually, more veins popped up on He Feng's face. His new body swelled up, as if he was about to explode at any moment.

His growls had already turned into pained howls. As his body shuddered, the pair of wings on his back started showing signs of being separated from his body. The sea of fire in the stone room became dimmer, as if it was about to be extinguished at any moment.

If the sea of fire was extinguished and He Feng's wings became separated from his body, then it would mean that the final fusion had failed, He Feng would die, and the souls of the Wings of the Moon would also vanish.

Su Ming would absolutely not allow such a thing to happen, especially when Sky Mist Shaman Hunt was about to begin. This was something he could not accept.

Without hesitation, Su Ming took a step forward into the stone room. The instant his foot landed on the ground of the sea of fire, the dimming sea of fire blazed up as if a barrel of oil had been thrown into it. A large amount of flames surrounded Su Ming as if he was their king and his appearance could make them stronger.

Su Ming walked towards He Feng through the blazing sea of fire and lifted his right hand. The moment He Feng's head swelled up as if it was about to explode, he tapped his finger against the picture of the ball of fire at the center of He Feng's brows.

The instant Su Ming's finger landed on the picture, a powerful rebound swiftly shot out from it and bounced off Su Ming's finger, forcing him to a few steps back.

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. He could feel that this rebound was not from the Wings of the Moon but He Feng's will rejecting him!

That rejection could be said to be a repelling force that seemed to be a declaration from He Feng that he did not want Su Ming to do anything. Instead, he wanted to use the moment of success in the final fusion to break free from Su Ming's control!

However, there was in no way that Su Ming was unprepared for

this. When he helped He Feng in his previous fusions, he was also observing this. Through those fusions, he had continuously strengthened his methods to control He Feng. After all, he had no idea what would happen once the man succeeded. Su Ming might look forward to it, but the outcome of the fusion was also an unknown entity to him.

When he saw He Feng rejecting him for the first time, Su Ming gave a cold snort and a fiery red light swiftly appeared in his eyes, the faint shadow of the moon appeared in his pupils! It was the burning moon, the fire-red moon!

The moment the blood moon appeared, He Feng lifted his head and roared. Immediately, countless Wings of the Moon surfaced on his skin and let out submissive screeches, worshipping Su Ming.

"He Feng, are you the one who refuses to obey me, or is it the souls of my Wings of the Moon who are doing so..?"

Su Ming stood in the sea of fire and stared at He Feng's pained expression. A bewitching feeling came from the blood moon in his eyes.

"You were the one who wanted to fuse with the Wings of the Moon, are you regretting it now..? If you're regretting it, then I'll release you!"

Su Ming's voice reverberated in the air. The moment he spoke, the blazing roars of the sea of fire around him grew stronger once again. That fire burned everything around them and covered every

single corner of the stone room.

The Wings of the Moon on He Feng's skin howled as if they wanted to charge out of He Feng's body.

He Feng trembled even more viciously. He looked as if he wanted to open his eyes, but he did not have the strength to do so. As his lips trembled, couple words spilled out of his mouth.

"Mas... please... don't be... angry..."

Su Ming lifted his right hand, but this time, he did not go straight to tap the center of He Feng's brows. Instead, he bit down on that finger, and when a drop of blood appeared, he pressed his finger at the center of He Feng's brows.

The instant Su Ming's index finger touched the center of He Feng's brows, his blood also touched the picture of the ball of fire. In the blink of an eye, a large amount of veins that looked like a spider's web appeared at the center of He Feng's brows. The color of those veins was blood-red, and they rapidly spread throughout the entire body. Even the ball of fire at the center of the brows turned red.

Once those red veins covered He Feng's entire body, the souls of the Wings of the Moon in his body fused into him once again. As He Feng trembled, he opened his eyes.

Right as he did so, the blood moon appeared in his pupils. He

stared at Su Ming, and a conflicted look appeared on his face. Su Ming was also staring at him with a regal look in his eyes.

Their gazes met. After a moment, He Feng closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he slowly knelt down on the ground on one knee. Right till the moment his knee touched the ground, he still made sure the center of his brows was connected to Su Ming's finger.

When he knelt down, He Feng no longer trembled. The sea of fire crackled and surrounded him and Su Ming. He slowly tucked in his spread out wings and had them hang behind his back.

A powerful presence was contained within He Feng's body. That presence was so powerful that Su Ming felt as if he was going up against a powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

"I swear by the moon that I will follow you, my Master... With the wings as my honor... I will bring back the scene of the Fire Berserkers burning the skies... I am the Fire Berserker He Feng. Greetings, my King..." He Feng lowered his head.

"I can grant you the power of the Fire Berserkers... and I can also take it back!" Su Ming said calmly, lifting his finger away from the center of He Feng's brows.

The instant he did so, the sea of fire around them immediately surged up as if rejoicing and charged towards He Feng to fuse into his body. Those flames eventually gathered at the center of his brows, causing the picture of fire over there to become a real

entity!

However, that color remained a blood-red hue. That red was Su Ming's color, and within it was Su Ming's will!

"The Fire Berserkers worship the moon and treat the moon as their honor. From now on, you will be my shadow. My shadow created under the moon will be your dwelling place."

Su Ming turned around and walked out of the stone room. As he walked out, He Feng's body, which continued kneeling on the ground, gradually faded out, eventually turning into a mere illusion. Once he disappeared, Su Ming's shadow became slightly different.

When Su Ming walked out of his cave, Zi Che looked over from his position not too far away. There was uncertainty in his eyes. Clearly, this was not the first time he had heard He Feng's roars. He already had a few guesses regarding the secrets contained in Su Ming's cave.

Compared to him, the Fire Ape who had been originally squatting outside the cave grooming itself lifted its head once Su Ming walked out of the cave and let out a few growls whilst snarling as it stared at Su Ming's feet.

A wary expression appeared on its face, as if the thing under Su Ming's feet was making all its fur stand on end. It even took a few steps back, the growling sounds becoming louder.

Zi Che immediately looked at Su Ming's feet, but no matter how he looked at it, he could not see anything different. There was nothing under Su Ming's feet besides his shadow created by the moonlight.

"His shadow..?"

Zi Che shuddered, and his gaze immediately fell towards Su Ming's shadow. A shocked look gradually settled on his face. Su Ming's shadow was not of a human but someone with a pair of tucked in wings, and during the instant Zi Che looked over, he seemed to have seen a pair of blood-red eyes staring coldly at him from the shadow.

Zi Che felt shaken, and he quickly moved back.

"Don't look at my shadow," Su Ming stated unhurriedly and sat down on the platform outside his cave before he lifted his head and looked at the moon in the sky.

Zi Che quickly obeyed and took a few steps back. He had his head lowered, but he could not calm down. He had a feeling that his eyes had not been playing tricks on him just now. There was something strange about Su Ming's shadow, especially that pair of blood-red eyes that had looked towards him just now.

Not only did they shake Zi Che to his core, they also gave him a feeling that the distance between him and Su Ming was becoming wider, and that distance between would only continue increasing for an eternity.

Once that distance arrived to a certain point...

‘Uncle master will no longer need me to protect his cave...’ Zi Che lowered his head quietly, and as he sat there, resolution appeared in his eyes.

‘My level of cultivation has been stuck at the same stage for a long time. Am I really unable to break through into the Bone Sacrifice Realm?!’

While Zi Che was occupied by his thoughts, Su Ming looked at the moon in the sky, and the Fire Ape stared at Su Ming’s shadow with a hostile look on its face.

Su Ming turned around and looked at it before he spoke softly. "Stay by my side until we go to the land of the Shamans. Let’s call you... Xiao Hong... Once we go to the land of the Shamans, I’ll return your freedom to you... Remember not to be captured by anyone anymore."

The Fire Ape rolled its eyes and gave Su Ming a stink eye. The words ‘I-don’t-believe-you’ were written blatantly on its face.

There is a saying that goes that the people who are lonely may be different from each other, but all of them stare at the moon. At that moment, there was a girl basking underneath the moonlight in the seventh summit. She had released the red string of straw tying up her black hair, released the braids, and was no longer wearing white clothes.

Neither was there any glittering crystals on her forehead anymore. The bone earrings had also been taken off her ears. She sat on a mountain rock with her chin placed above her hands as she stared blankly at the moon in the sky...

Chapter 319: Lightning at Dawn!

There were still some unshed tears at the corners of Bai Su's eyes. She had no idea who she was crying for... Yet as she was basking under the moonlight, she remembered many things. She remembered the things that had happened when she was young. She remembered everything that had happened once she grew up. She met Si Ma Xin, she met Su Ming...

She had no idea how long she had been looking at the moon in this manner. Eventually, when she wiped away her tears, she heard a sigh behind her.

When she heard that sigh, she shuddered and turned around to see a middle-aged man who seemed to have been born with a stern look on his face. That man was incredibly tall and was like a hill as he stood there dressed in a long grey robe. There was a kind, loving look in his eyes.

"Father..." Bai Su teared up even more. She stood up and hugged the middle-aged man.

"Ever since you grew up, you seldom hug and refuse to let go of your father like this anymore..." the middle-aged man said softly and patted Bai Su's back gently.

Bai Su originally did not want to cry, but the moment she heard his words, she could no longer contain herself and started bawling.

"There now, everything has ended. Come home with me. You're

already at the age where you should begin your training after all..." said the middle-aged man softly.

"You're still too young to understand the love in the world." The man sighed and his gaze landed on the ninth summit. A frown appeared between his brows.

"This has nothing to do with anyone. It's my fault. I don't know what I should do, I just don't know..." Bai Su said softly and lifted her head from her father's bosom to wipe away her tears.

"Then don't think about it anymore. I've already sent Si Ma Xin to Freezing Sky Cave. Whether he lives or dies now depends on him. I don't like him." The middle-aged man lifted his hand and wiped away the remaining tears from Bai Su's face.

"I've also suppressed the injuries he sustained from failing to create the Berserker Seed. If he doesn't walk out of Freezing Sky Cave, then he'll die. If he manages to come out, you'll have a servant by your side. It's not a bad thing either."

The middle-aged man looked at Bai Su fondly and a smile appeared on his face.

"But..." Bai Su hesitated for a moment. "I kind of hate him..." she whispered softly.

"I've already punished him." The middle-aged man ruffled Bai Su's hair and took a step forward with her before they gradually

disappeared. Before Bai Su vanished, she turned around and cast a glance at the ninth summit with conflict, regret, and well wishes shining in her eyes...

"If I could redo everything..." Bai Su mumbled and averted her gaze bitterly before she vanished into the night from the seventh summit with her father.

At that moment, right underneath the Great Frozen Plains, within the endless layer of ice that no one knew just how deep it went, was a maze like world where moonlight could not shine through.

There was no light in that place, only cold. Yet there was a strange wind in there. That wind should not have existed in that place, but it was there, and it continued blowing endlessly.

In a corner of the maze like world was a person curled up into a ball, shivering.

A weak mumbling voice came from the person's lips, "Freezing Sky Cave... Freezing Sky Cave..."

After a long while, a ripping sound could be heard. The shivering person lifted his right hand and made some unknown signs. Immediately, light appeared before him.

It was from a ball of fire burning on a stone that was about the size of a baby's fist.

As the fire burned and the dark world was lit up by a flickering light, that light illuminated the person's face, and it was a terrifying sight to behold!

It was a rotten face. There were thousands of scars marring that face, rendering that person's appearance completely ruined. Only the light in his eyes showed a faint sign of familiarity to anyone who might catch a glimpse of him.

His entire body was covered in frost. The stone on which the flames were burning was gradually shrinking as the fire continuously heated the surroundings. The moment the stone disappeared, it would mean that there would no longer be any other way for the person to obtain warmth.

Once that time came, all forms of power would not be very useful in the freezing wind...

"Su Ming... Su Ming!" That ugly person gritted his teeth, and as he shivered, he hissed in a voice that was filled with hate so deep it was engraved in his bones.

He... was Si Ma Xin.

Only he himself and Bai Su's father knew exactly what had happened on him. Yet judging by his looks, it was clear that this was a path he was forced to choose...

Moonlight continued shining on the ground. There was also a woman sitting outside her cave abode on the third summit. She was not afraid of the cold. As she breathed, freezing aura blew against her face. An old man sat by her side.

"You've already accumulated enough freezing aura, and your Qi has already changed because of it. You can already Awaken, so why do you continue gathering it..?" the old man asked languidly.

"Master, if I Awaken, I must definitely have more than 990 blood veins!" The woman opened her eyes and a clear light appeared within them. She was Han Fei Zi!

"Must you compete against him?" The old man frowned.

"He's a Divine General, then I too must become a Divine General!" Han Fei Zi nodded her head with a determined face.

"But if you persist, then you won't make it to Sky Mist Shaman Hunt." The old man gave his disciple a look.

"Even if I can't make it to the start, I can still join the battle halfway through." As Han Fei Zi spoke, all her Qi started circulating and blood veins manifested on her body, shining through her robes with a blood-red light while also giving off a shockingly cold air.

"981 blood veins. I can still continue!"

Han Fei Zi took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and continued immersing herself in the process of breathing in freezing aura to stimulate her blood. Her expression was calm, but only she and the old man beside her knew just what sort of intense pain she had to endure by breathing in the freezing aura.

Yet no one could see any signs of that pain on her face. It was as if her entire person had almost turned into... a block of ice!

Night gradually went by. When a hint of light appeared in the horizon in the distance and a new day arrived, Su Ming opened his eyes. He had already recovered from the depletion caused by helping He Feng. Once he returned to normal, he got up and went back into the cave when the day arrived.

Days went by. Su Ming seldom went out of his cave, and during the times he did, he would only get out during the night to look for his second senior brother. Only his second senior brother had the aura of death required to create Spirit Plunder in the ninth summit.

Half a month later, once he had enough aura of death and there was less than a month left until Sky Mist Shaman Hunt, Su Ming left the ninth summit alone at night. He did not bring Zi Che, neither did he bring the Fire Ape. He left alone, only in the company of his shadow born under the moon.

Three days later, above an ice mountain located far away from Freezing Sky Clan, thick clouds collected. Thunder rumbled in the sky and bolts of lightning struck down, causing that mountain to turn into a pool of lightning.

The bolts of lightning continued raining down for several hours before gradually disappearing. When the tribes around the area sent people to check the place, they found nothing.

Three days later, Su Ming returned to Freezing Sky Clan. Lightning swam on his body, and when he stepped on the ice mountain, cracking sounds rang out. His Origin Vessel that was hidden within his body had grown stronger, and he had gained further understanding towards controlling lightning.

When he returned to his cave abode, Su Ming brought out the completed Spirit Plunders. Four Spirit Plunders floated before him, shining with a light that could suck in gazes.

There were only twenty days left until the commencement of Sky Mist Shaman Hunt...

Changes also gradually appeared in the nine continents floating in the air above Freezing Sky Clan. The distance between them shrank, and people could see others moving at each hour.

That strange sight attracted quite a large amount of attention, but most of those who had gone through Sky Mist Shaman Hunt before knew that the war was about to start!

The oppressive feeling that filled Freezing Sky Clan from the upcoming battle reached its peak at that moment. The movement of Heaven Gate also meant one thing - one of Freezing Sky Clan's greatest treasures, Frozen Sky, had appeared!

Frozen Sky was the treasure that the disciples of Freezing Sky Clan were most familiar with among the greatest treasures in the clan, because every single time the battle of Sky Mist was held, the treasure would appear, and it symbolized Freezing Sky Clan!

The number of Shamans who died under its hands could not be counted. Every single time it appeared, it would turn all the ice mountains in Freezing Sky Clan red. That was not because they were dyed red, but they turned red due the light shining on them!

"A part of it will be revealed fifteen days before the battle. Five days before the battle, its full form will show up, and two days before the battle, it would break free from the illusion it was sealed in and descend upon us...

"What we see during the battle of Sky Mist that occurs once a decade is just its projection. It's not the real deal.

"It will only appear in its true form during the great battle that occurs once a century. With it around, those of us from Freezing Sky Clan fighting in the battle will have a much greater chance of survival, and we can experience the life and death crisis in our growth...

"There are a lot of rumors regarding its origins, and the one that is the most widely accepted is about it being created when Freezing Sky Clan was formed. As one of the three greatest treasures of Freezing Sky Clan, it's main function... is to kill!

"Of our three greatest treasures, this is the treasure we use primarily to kill!

"It constantly changes, and from what I can tell, the projection it uses each time it comes in battles every decade is always different from the others. In fact, its form is also different each time it descends upon us with its true form during the battles that occur once a century... It's as if its true form is constantly changing..."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the nine continents of Heaven Gate that were moving slowly while Zi Che's pious voice fell into his ears.

"All those who are joining the battle will follow it... and head to Sky Mist City... Uncle master, the war is about to start... Even if it has been a very long time since Sky Mist Barrier's was broken through, but during the great battle that occurs only once a century... well, such a possibility still exists," Zi Che looked at the sky and mumbled.

"I can already imagine ferocious beasts so great in number they cannot be counted gathering under the skies in the land of the Shamans. There's also the matter about those powerful sacred beasts..."

"The Shamans are also preparing for it... as if we're fulfilling an ancient promise..." Zi Che closed his eyes.

Su Ming and Zi Che were not the only ones looking at the sky at that moment. Almost all of the people in Freezing Sky Clan, even

the superior Heaven Gate disciples living within Heaven Gate, were watching the sky.

Yet then, during that morning, at the top of the ninth summit, Tian Xie Zi, who had his palms flat on the ground while counting something, suddenly shuddered. He lifted his head swiftly, and at that moment, his expression turned incredibly stern as he stared at the sky in the distance.

From that piece of sky, a shooting star with blue and red colors criss-crossing against each other whistled through the air at an unbelievable speed. The size of that shooting star was like a small hill. The blue light symbolized protection, while the red light symbolized murder!

It was a shooting star from Sky Mist City!

It was not alone. There were... nine of them!

When Tian Xie Zi saw the nine shooting stars, his expression changed drastically, its intensity at the level that had never been seen on him before! He was not the only one to react like that. At that moment, dozens of people flew out from Heaven Gate and charged towards the nine shooting stars.

"Five shooting stars mean a great disaster... seven mean that there is a change among the Shamans... eight means that the Berserkers in the Land of South Morning face the threat of total annihilation... nine... nine mean..."

Tian Lan Meng's face was deathly pale as she stood on the seventh summit. The jade bottle in her hands fell to the ground as if she could not hold onto it properly...

Chapter 320: Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands!

With a presence that shocked the sky and earth, the shooting stars from Sky Mist City stirred up a huge gust of wind and brought with them a deafening rumble as they traveled through the sky. This happened while the nine continents of Heaven Gate continued moving, Frozen Sky, the primary killing tool of the three greatest treasures of Freezing Sky Clan, had not fully revealed itself, and the moment when all the people had their gazes trained on the treasure.

The blue and red lights criss-crossed each other in the nine shooting stars in the sky. When they flew over, the sky seemed to be tremble as if it could not withstand the pressure of the nine shooting stars flying on its body.

They also left behind nine long scars that seemed endless. An intense murderous aura spread towards the earth from the nine shooting stars.

Su Ming was stunned. Zi Che was stunned. Almost everyone within Freezing Sky Clan were stunned at that instant. Even the disciples from Heaven Gate were also stunned.

The nine shooting stars appeared too suddenly, and no one was prepared for it. More importantly, Su Ming saw Tian Xie Zi going towards them, saw long arcs flying out from the other summits at shocking speed, and even saw a dozen people quickly walking out of Heaven Gate.

He might not be able to see these people's faces clearly, but when they appeared, an indescribable pressure swiftly enveloped the world around them. Ripples spread out and distorted the space around them. It was as if the sky had turned into the sea and there were huge and fierce waves rocking the sea as of then.

Once the nine shooting stars got closer to Freezing Sky Clan, they came to an abrupt halt, causing ripples to spread through the sky. They floated around Freezing Sky Clan's Heaven Gate. It was as if they had formed a strange, interconnected Rune; the blue and red lights continued shining brilliantly.

Su Ming lifted his head, his eyes were glued to the shooting stars. He had a bad feeling about this. In truth, he was not the only one with that feeling. Almost all the Freezing Sky Clan disciples who were looking at the sky at that moment had the same feeling.

"Nine shooting stars..? Why did they appear? What do they mean..?" Su Ming mumbled and immediately looked towards the seventh summit. He could faintly see Tian Lan Meng over there.

"Perhaps she knows..." Su Ming fell silent.

Yet at that moment, a shrill sound came once again from the sky in the distance, attracting all the eyes of the people,

A rarely seen grim look appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face. Around him, the people who originally had dark expressions on their faces when they arrived became terrified and shocked when they heard

that shrill sound.

That shrill sound from the sky in the distance... came from a shooting star!

It was yet another shooting star with red and blue lights criss-crossing each other as it traveled forth. It was... the tenth shooting star!

The instant the tenth shooting star appeared, Tian Lan Meng's face turned stark white where she stood on the seventh summit. Horror gradually appeared on her face. It was an expression that was rarely seen on her, the polar opposite compared to her usual grace. She shuddered as if she could not stand properly. There was terror on her face, and sorrow too appeared in her eyes.

"Ten..." Tian Lan Meng staggered a few steps backwards, then gritted her teeth and flew up, then charged towards the sky.

The moment she flew into the sky, the tenth shooting star had already arrived and joined together with the previous nine shooting stars to form a gigantic circle.

Soon after that shooting star completed the picture of the circle, a deep voice spoke from within the ten shooting stars as if it came through time and space itself.

"Sky..."

The ancient voice echoed in the air. That voice might only have uttered one word, but that one word alone caused the ice on the ground to rumble and the sky to distort. It made Su Ming's ears buzz, and besides that one word, he could hear nothing else.

Su Ming was not the only one who could not hear anything else. Zi Che, who was standing by his side, was the same, even Hu Zi, who was in the ninth summit at that moment, could not hear anything else as well. Their ears were filled with only buzzing sounds.

That buzzing reverberated incessantly in the air. Almost no one from the eighth summit, the seventh summit, and all the nine summits on the Great Frozen Plains could hear anything else after the first word was spoken clearly. All they could hear was the buzzing in their ears.

This was not limited to the disciples in Great Frozen Plains. Those within Heaven Gate were the same. All of the disciples could only hear buzzing sounds and could not hear any other sound clearly. That was a type of subjugation done using the power of cultivation. It was a mystical ability that was used intentionally.

That mystical ability was not harmful. Its only use was to allow only those who were qualified to hear it, and those who were not qualified could not hear the voice!

Those who wanted to hear the voice carried within the ten shooting stars had to be at least at the Berserker Soul Realm. From that alone, it was clear that the message in that voice was an incredibly shocking secret.

There were only around a few dozens of people who could hear that voice in the entire Freezing Sky Clan, and almost all of them were the true powerful Berserkers in Freezing Sky Clan!

Su Ming's ears rang incessantly. He could hear nothing else around him, but his mind was clear. He looked at the dozen people standing around the ten shooting stars and watched as their expressions changed rapidly. Among them was Tian Lan Meng, who was shivering; she was so pale her face was bloodless.

Su Ming knew that something shocking must have happened... A glint appeared in his eyes. Even if his ears could not hear, but perhaps if he used his divine sense, he could.

Without a hint of hesitation, Su Ming spread out his divine sense and shaped it into a thin thread before he stretched it out towards the sky. During the process of him extending his divine sense, Su Ming shuddered. He felt a strong force repelling his divine sense, causing it to be unable to stretch out any further once he arrived at a certain distance.

Nonetheless, even so, he could still hear some faint murmurs in his head.

"...This thing... 3,000 years... Observe..."

The voice was very faint, but Su Ming could indeed hear it. He lifted his right hand quickly and grabbed a few golden stone coins from his bosom before clenching his fist. Those stone coins were

immediately crushed, and as they scattered into the wind as dust, a vast amount of spiritual aura surged into the opened path within Su Ming's body. Once he circulated that spiritual aura in his body, his divine sense rushed forth and went further, closer to the stars.

"Others... Will be terrified... But... Alarm..."

Su Ming saw that the expressions of the people in the sky changed once again. Tian Xie Zi's robes even started showing signs of changing. Su Ming's heart trembled, and he quickly brought out more golden stone coins.

No one noticed his actions at that moment. All those who could hear the words were paying full attention to the voice, and those who could not hear had their minds turning blank as their ears continued ringing.

Su Ming brought out a large amount of stone coins, and once he crushed all of them, spiritual aura surged into his body, causing his divine sense to stretch out madly until it got closer to the area covered by the ten shooting stars.

"Western Sea... Freezing Sky... 100 years... Suffering... Land..."

Every single time he heard new words, the uneasiness within Su Ming's heart would grow stronger. He wanted to know the truth! So he lifted his hands, and immediately, a large number of stone coins flew out and surrounded his body. Once they all crumbled into dust, a powerful force was gathered onto Su Ming's divine sense. With a bang, it stretched right into the territory surrounded

by the ten shooting stars!

At that instant, for the first time, the ancient voice appeared within Su Ming's mind in its complete form without stopping and without sounding muddled.

"This is the catastrophe of the Land of South Morning, and the only ones who need to know about it are those in the Berserker Soul Realm. The others should remain in the dark about this for their own good... once the ten shooting stars disappear, I will go forth to the land of Shamans for one final check. If it's truly the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands... then you must all quickly decide on whether you are going to move..."

Once that ancient voice spoke the last word, it let out a long sigh. Once it sighed, the ten shooting stars shuddered and shattered into dust before they rushed above the ninth heaven and disappeared without a trace.

Once they disappeared, the buzzing sounds no longer rang in the disciples' ears. Their hearing returned to normal, and all of them looked at the sky confused.

Tian Xie Zi walked back from the sky and went straight back to the top of the ninth summit. The others returned to their own mountains and to Heaven Gate with dark expressions on their faces.

Tian Lan Meng staggered back to the seventh summit with a pale face.

At the same time, an old voice came from Heaven Gate and reverberated in all the ears of Freezing Sky Clan's disciples.

"There is a change within the Shaman Tribe. We will march out before the scheduled date... That was the reason why Sky Mist City sounded the alarm. This is nothing major, do not panic... All those who want to enter the battle, hear me! By tomorrow morning, gather at Frozen Sky, and we will move immediately to defend Sky Mist City!"

That old voice was very calm. As if it contained a calming effect, when the voice spread out and landed in the disciples' ears, it made all of them recover from their shock and stop making assumptions so that they would not think too much.

"The Berserkers have fought many times against the Shaman Tribe. This sort of thing has happened quite a few times in the past. Marching out before the scheduled date is not an uncommon thing during the great battle that only occurs once a century. That is why, all of you who are going forth, you must be careful... You must prevent all the actions of the Shamans, because the land of the Berserkers lies behind you..."

As the old man's voice echoed in the air, the disciples of Freezing Sky Clan fell silent. They were no longer running wild with their thoughts in paranoia, their battle spirits were instead ignited.

"Tomorrow morning, we will go to war!"

Once that old voice shouted out his last words, all those within Freezing Sky Clan who wanted to fight bowed towards the sky together and roared with their strongest voices.

"To war!"

"To war!"

The voices came one after another and turned into a wave of sound that reverberated through Freezing Sky Clan.

Su Ming stood there with a pale face. He might not have heard all the words contained within the ten shooting stars, but he had indeed heard of some secrets here and there. Because of that, he knew that the voice from Heaven Gate was lying!

Or perhaps more accurately, that person was not dwelling on the crux of the matter. He did not tell them the true problem.

"The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands... what does it mean..?"

Passionate shouts resounded in Su Ming's ears as he looked towards the seventh summit, then at the top of the ninth summit. In his silence, he took a few steps back and returned to his cave abode.

"If Master refuses to say it, he won't tell me even if I go and ask him... Besides, Master is not the only one who can tell me about it.

There's also Tian Lan Meng."

Su Ming sat down in his cave. The passionate shouts ringing in his ears had died down somewhat.

"Are we about to go to war now..? But I still have something important I haven't done."

He closed his eyes.

Chapter 321: The Ninth Summit He was Unwilling to part With

Ten shooting stars also appeared within Western Sea Clan. The stars that were sent out by Sky Mist City told both Freezing Sky and Western Sea to prepare for the worst.

During the final night before the battle, compared to the silence within the mountains in Freezing Sky Clan, the sky was rife with rumbling sounds. Those rumbles came from Heaven Gate's nine continents moving.

To many people, this was a sleepless night. Once dawn arrived and the first rays of the morning sun appeared in the sky, many people would leave the land and head to Sky Mist...

What awaited them would perhaps be glory, a step to fame, or perhaps... death in foreign lands.

Most of them could not sleep that night. Even if they were training, quite a lot of them found themselves unable to calm down. Some of them stared at the darkness and let their minds wander, some started wiping their enchanted Vessels, some brought out the items given to them by their families and started praying.

The rumbling sounds continued traveling through the dark world outside. The shift in Heaven Gate and the offset in the placement of the nine continents gradually turned into a spread out picture. There was a distortion right at the middle of the

picture. Occasionally, lightning would swim about within, as if it had turned into a mirror. The treasure that was used primarily to kill among the three greatest treasures was slowly appearing from within the distortion.

Su Ming walked out of his cave abode at midnight. The rumbling sounds had become stronger in his ears. In fact, when he lifted his head, he could even vaguely see the shape of Heaven Gate's nine continents in the dark, as well as the faint shape of something coming out slowly as if it was emerging from another world as it came from the swimming lightning.

Su Ming stood there for a long time, and his shadow looked bizarre under the moonlight. He averted his gaze and turned to walk towards the peak of the mountain. As he stepped on the ice covering the ninth summit, a look of reluctance to leave the place appeared in his eyes.

He knew that once he left tomorrow morning, there was no way he could know when he would come back, perhaps... he would not even be able to come back, but there were some things that he must do.

Only in battle could he grow up quickly. If he shied away due to fear, then what right did he have to search for a path to go home? The path to his home was much harder than the battle this time.

However, Su Ming still found it difficult to part with the ninth summit.

He found it hard to leave the plants here, leave Hu Zi's snores, leave his second senior brother's smile, his eldest senior brother's silent but loving care, and his Master's occasional crazy antics.

All of these things he treasured.

What he found himself unwilling to part with the most was the feeling from the ninth summit, the feeling of warmth here. Even if the weather here was freezing cold, but the warmth born within his heart amidst the cold made him value and treasure it even more.

He wanted to stay here. He wanted to stay here forever and not think about Dark Mountain, about the underlying meaning within that 'Destiny', about the years that had gone by when he was within the crack, and about the aloof pair of eyes and those words of disappointment.

He wanted to give up on solving all these mysterious, stop thinking about them, and to just spend the rest of his days here within the ninth summit.

Yet Su Ming was not willing to give up. He could not forget Dark Mountain. He could not forget everything that had happened.

He remained silent as he walked up the ninth summit. Once he reached the top of the mountain, he looked at the dust covered hall and bowed towards it with his fist wrapped in his palm.

"I, Su Ming, would like to meet Master."

His words traveled out, but they were swallowed by the rumbling sounds in the sky and swept away by the cold wind blowing around him, making his voice sound as if it could not exist in the air.

Su Ming stayed in that bowed position, unmoving.

Time trickled by. When the time taken for the burning of an incense stick passed by, a sigh came from beside Su Ming.

"Your third senior brother is not going, your second senior brother is not going, your eldest senior brother, too, is not going back... Are you... really going to leave?" Along with the words came Tian Xie Zi, dressed in long blue robes.

Su Ming straightened his body and turned around to look at Tian Xie Zi. There was uncertainty on his face, but it quickly turned into resolution.

"I have to go. If I don't even dare to go to the land of the Shamans and wait till I become stronger, then some day, even if I manage to reach the Berserker Soul Realm, I still won't dare to step out of the Land of South Morning.

"It's just as you said. It's still incredibly dangerous to leave the Land of South Morning even for the powerful Berserkers within the Berserker Soul Realm..."

The blue robed Tian Xie Zi looked at his disciple, stayed silent for a moment, and a melancholic look appeared on his face.

"This battle will be different from the previous battles... Perhaps you made the correct choice. We can't run away from this battle... Ah, fine. If you want to go, then go. Perhaps you might even run into me and your senior brothers there." Tian Xie Zi shook his head and sighed.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he asked softly, "Master, just what happened?"

"Didn't you hear some of what happened?" Tian Xie Zi gave Su Ming a look.

"Not all of it." Su Ming was momentarily stunned, but he still answered.

"That's enough. It's not necessarily a good thing for you to know more of something." Tian Xie Zi was silent for a moment before he cast a conflicted look towards the dark sky and grabbed the air with his right hand. Immediately, a wooden slip appeared in his hands and he handed it to Su Ming.

"The reason you came to me is because of the old xun maker which I brought you to see last time, right? This is the location of his tribe. Take this with you, and once you've traveled three nights on Frozen Sky, you can leave with this thing on you. That spot is the closest to where that person is."

Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming deeply before he lifted his hand and patted Su Ming's head. A kind and loving look appeared on his face.

"Walk down the path you desire, just like how I did to prove to my Master that the path I chose is correct. Go and prove that the path you chose is even better than mine." Tian Xie Zi moved past Su Ming and walked into the air before he gradually disappeared.

Su Ming stood there, silent for a long time, before he bowed towards the dust covered hall. He walked down the stairs and returned to his cave abode.

He looked around inside the cave. He did not sit down to meditate but chose to look at everything around him. All of these things were familiar, so familiar, so, so, familiar...

When dawn arrived and the first sliver of light was just about to appear in the horizon, Su Ming finished packing his belongings. He did not take away anything from the cave and let it remain as it was. In a few years, he would still return to this place. He believed it wholeheartedly.

Because this place... was also his home...

Once he was out of the cave, Su Ming suddenly lifted his right hand and pressed it on the ice wall by his side before he dug out an ice block and put it in his storage bag.

‘This is a sign of the ninth summit...’

Su Ming stood on the platform and looked at the dark sky. He looked at the gigantic thing that was already mostly revealed in the middle of Heaven Gate, but the space around it was so distorted that its form could not be seen clearly.

He sucked in a deep breath of the ninth summit’s air before Su Ming walked down the mountain stairs. When the sky started brightening up slightly, he arrived outside Hu Zi’s cave abode. SnORES could be heard coming from within the cave. A smile appeared on Su Ming’s face and he entered Hu Zi’s cave.

Hu Zi was lying sprawled on the ground, in a deep sleep. Drool slipped down the corners of his mouth and gathered into a puddle on the ground. There was a large amount of wine gourds by his side, and many of them had fallen to the side.

Su Ming looked at Hu Zi for a long time before he picked up a gourd that was filled with wine and left.

The sky was beginning to brighten up, but the earth was still in darkness. Su Ming saw his second senior brother wandering about like a ghost on the mountain. He paused in his footsteps momentarily. The moment he stopped, second senior brother floated towards him in the dark. He stopped still before Su Ming and stared at him.

"Second senior brother..." Su Ming opened his mouth and said softly.

"Youngest junior brother, I suspect that Shamans are stealing my plants at night. Once you get there, remember to help me search for the perpetrator and find out who did it," second senior brother said sternly.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned before he nodded his head with a wry smile.

"Bring this with you, and take care..." Second senior brother exuded a chilling presence during night. He took a few steps forward and placed something in Su Ming's hand before he floated past him.

Su Ming dipped his head and looked at his palm. There was a black piece of grass there that was glowing with a dim light.

"This thing grew up with my Phantom aura. It'll turn into Phantom mist once you place it down. It can be anywhere you like... When you're tired, you can rest at ease inside." Second senior brother's cold voice fell into his ears from the distance, but Su Ming did not feel cold. His heart became warm instead.

Morning arrived without anyone's knowledge. The sky brightened up and the darkness in the land was chased away. A large number of people walked out of their cave abodes from the nine summits and lifted their heads to look at the sky.

Heaven Gate's nine continents had positioned themselves into the shape of a ring in the sky. At its center, lightning swam about,

and they looked like a web. Within that web was an object that was about 1,000 feet in length.

It was entirely black and its edges were sharp. By the looks of it, it was a giant sword!

That revealed part of the sword was already 1,000 feet in length, and its breadth was about 100 feet, making it look like the top of a mountain! There were complicated runic symbols flashing on it, and every single time they shone, a gigantic amount of pressure would descend upon the land.

Rumbling sounds continued reverberating in the air, and Su Ming saw that gigantic sword rapidly coming out from within the web. As it came out, the rumbling sounds grew stronger.

Soon, when the morning sun shone on the ground with a piercing light, the sky trembled, and with a loud crash, that sword was now completely out of the web created in the middle of Heaven Gate.

It was a black sword. The length of it was about 1,000 something feet, and it was 100 feet in breadth. It floated in midair with a shocking murderous aura. It would have been fine if that was all there was, but the moment the sword appeared, it started swelling up rapidly, and in the blink of an eye, in a bizarre fashion, a large shadow was formed on the ground!

That sword swelled to several hundred times its size. Its length had become nearly 10,000 feet, and it had turned into a gigantic

object floating in the sky like a giant mountain!

It looked like a sword, but if anyone took a closer look, it would then look like a ship!

The gigantic shadow on the ground had practically covered all the nine summits on land. As that sword appeared, an intense pressure fell upon the minds of all those who had lifted their heads to look.

"I am Jing Cheng Rong, the leader of the army!"

Nine people flew out from Heaven Gate's continents. All of the nine wore white robes, and eight of them sat down cross-legged at different corners of the giant sword. Only one of them stood at the tip of the sword. As his gaze swept through the land, he spoke slowly.

"All those who want to fight, step onto Frozen Sky! Once you step on it, you'll be branded, and if you die during battle, that brand will disappear! All you disciples of Freezing Sky, come forth now for the Shaman Hunt!"

Chapter 322: To War!

Come forth now!

Those words stirred up a large amount of echoes that sounded as if there were countless people howling at the same time. That voice spread throughout the entire area, and when those words fell in the people's ears, they could turn into a form of mind control that stirred up an endless amount of battle will within the people's hearts!

In the span of a breath, people started charging forth from the mountains on the ground towards Frozen Sky. The moment they stood on it, they instantly turned into small white dots on that gigantic black sword.

The white dot symbolized their life force, and its position would not change. Once it disappeared, it meant that the person had died.

Soon, more people flew towards Frozen Sky, and as more people landed on the sword, the white dots increased.

An overflowing amount of battle spirit erupted forth within Freezing Sky Clan, twenty days earlier than the promised date.

"The battle of Sky Mist, the Shaman Hunt. This is the pride of all Berserkers. This is the most important battle in our lives. In this battle, we might die, but even if we die, we would die for the Berserker Tribe!

"Perhaps we will not die, but if we don't die, then we will live in glory!" The old man standing at the tip of the sword shouted, and his voice reverberated through the air. That strange power in his voice roused all those who heard his words.

Even more people charged towards Frozen Sky. There were even some who came from Heaven Gate's continents, and the number of disciples from Heaven Gate who stepped onto the gigantic sword wasn't small.

"We already know that the Shaman Tribe will march out before the promised date. We saw the shooting stars from Sky Mist, and I will tell you this! What you saw was not an ill omen! To me, that is the signal of the start of the battle! I will tell you this. I have been waiting for this... for a hundred years!" the old man roared, and his voice reverberated furiously through the air.

Even more people flew towards Frozen Sky and stood on top of the sword to be branded with the mark that symbolized their life force.

"Freezing Sky Clan has not reached 10,000 years of age since its creation, but do you know how many Shamans Freezing Sky Clan has killed over the thousands of years?! I will tell you this! We've killed a countless number of them!

"Freezing Sky Clan has come to its current state from a weak clan. We kill the Shamans to show our power, and now, we are one of the only two great clans in the Land of South Morning!

"That is because we always win!"

The old man's voice echoed in the air once again, and once more, a large number of people charged towards the sword. At that moment, there were thousands of Freezing Sky Clan disciples standing on Frozen Sky.

"There are 100,000 Berserkers in Freezing Sky, and now, the Berserkers in Freezing Sky... will be in Sky Mist!" The old man let out a huge shout, and that shout shook the sky.

Su Ming stood on the ninth summit. Even if he knew some things the others around him did not know, the old man's words still stirred up an endless amount of battle will within his heart. Yet soon, a glint appeared in his eyes and he regained his senses.

"What incredible persuasive abilities..." Su Ming mumbled. If he did not possess divine sense, it would have been difficult for him to recover from being enticed and regain his senses just now.

He took a deep breath and turned around to cast a glance at Zi Che. Zi Che's battle spirits had already been ignited, and he looked as if he just needed one word from Su Ming to immediately rush out.

"Zi Che, since you chose to join the battle, I'll return your freedom to you! You don't have to stay by my side during the battle..." said Su Ming.

Zi Che was stunned, then turned to look at Su Ming as if he wanted to say something.

"I've already made up my mind about this! If you follow me, you'll be exposed to more danger, and if you can't control your own actions during battle, it'll be far too easy for you to die... You're free now," Su Ming said calmly.

"Understood!" Zi Che remained silent for a moment before he bowed respectfully to Su Ming.

Su Ming turned his head back and gave the ninth summit a final look before he turned around. Just when he was about to walk towards Frozen Sky, a gust of black mist suddenly appeared behind him. That black mist appeared too suddenly, and before Su Ming could react to it, it encircled his wrist and turned into a black bracelet!

At the same time, his eldest senior brother's voice echoed in Su Ming's mind.

"Youngest junior brother... Your journey to the land of the Shamans will be perilous. I'll give you a slave of mine... Her name is Fa Zang..."

Su Ming cast a glance at the black bracelet on his wrist before his gaze fell on the glacier underneath the ninth summit. Once he bowed towards that direction with his fist wrapped in his palm, he turned into a long arc and charged into the sky.

Zi Che followed behind him, and the two of them fused into the long arc that was formed by the other people of Freezing Sky Clan. Together with the other people, they stepped on the gigantic sword.

The instant Su Ming's foot landed on the sword, he immediately felt a surge of power fuse into his body through his foot before it swiftly returned to the sword. Soon, even if he could not see the brand that symbolized his life force on the sword, he could clearly feel its existence.

As time passed by, more of those from Freezing Sky Clan came forth and stepped onto Frozen Sky. When there were 10,000 Berserkers gathered on the gigantic blade of the sword, the sword trembled and slowly rose into the sky.

"Send off our warriors!"

An old voice came from within Heaven Gate, and soon, numerous people flew out of Heaven Gate. A large number of people from the nine summits on the land also flew out or stood at the peaks of their mountains and looked towards the gigantic sword and the 10,000 people gathered on it!

These people stood densely packed against each other, and they numbered to several tens of thousands.

"With our first bow, we pray the souls of our Gods of Berserkers will protect our people from Freezing Sky and grant us victory!" As

the old voice reverberated in the air, all the people wrapped their fist in their palms and bowed towards the gigantic sword in the sky.

Once they bowed, the 10,000 people on the sword were immediately stirred up. They stared at the ground, at the many familiar faces gathered there, at their clans, and fell silent.

"Once more, we bow to send them off to battle. We pray to our ancestors in Freezing Sky to protect them so that you can all return safely!"

Su Ming stood at the edge of the blade with Zi Che by his side. Besides Zi Che, he did not know anyone else. He looked at the ground, at the ninth summit, and he could see the faint shadow of his Master appearing at the top of the mountain, and Hu Zi waving at him as he drank wine at the side of the mountain, and his second senior brother smiling at him gently as he stood under the sun with the light shining on him.

He also saw Han Cang Zi standing on the seventh summit while staring at him.

And there was also Han Fei Zi standing on the third summit with freezing aura emanating from her. She, too, was looking at him.

Then one particular gaze attracted Su Ming's attention. When he lifted his head to look at one of the continents in Heaven Gate, he saw a girl dressed in white staring at him.

"This is our final bow! All you warriors of Freezing Sky, in this battle, slaughter the Shamans!" That old voice shouted in a low roar that reverberated in the air and stirred up almost all the people on the sword to begin roaring back.

"Slaughter the Shamans!"

"Slaughter the Shamans!"

Su Ming's ears rang with these voices. He stood silently and closed his eyes.

The instant he closed his eyes, the sword that was Frozen Sky trembled once again under his feet and slowly turned its tip in another direction. As the people staying in Freezing Sky Clan roared with the people on the sword, the sword charged swiftly towards the direction of Sky Mist City.

The moment it charged out, a screen of light surrounded the sword and turned into an oval shaped mantle of light. With a piercing whistle and a loud bang, the sword charged into the distant world.

It traveled at a speed so quick that in the blink of an eye, they could no longer see Freezing Sky Clan. In an instant, the ground underneath them was no longer a layer of silvery white snow but was instead covered in green.

Su Ming opened his eyes. He could clearly sense that the sword's

speed could almost rival his when he took off half of his ice hoops. And while Su Ming was confident that he could surpass the sword's speed for a short distance once he took off all his ice hoops, but if he had to travel a slightly longer distance, his body would immediately break down because he could not endure it, and he would be unable to compete against the sword.

Since this was one of the greatest treasures of Freezing Sky Clan, with its speed, it could arrive at Sky Mist City just in a few days.

"Are you afraid?!" When they left Freezing Sky Clan and the 10,000 feet sword continued charging forward, the old man standing at the tip of the sword turned his head around and laughed boisterously.

"No!" Someone from among the 10,000 people on the sword immediately roared back.

"You lie! The Shamans are brutal, it's okay for you to be afraid, but once you cut off the heads of those Shamans, you will realize you're not the only ones afraid, those damn bastards are also afraid of you!" The old man's laughter was very spirited and hearty. The previous persuasive tone in his voice was no longer in his voice.

"Also, we have quite a large number of people fighting with us. We might only have 10,000 people on the sword, but those bastards from Western Sea Clan will also have nearly 10,000 people joining the battle, and a large number of Berserkers from all the other tribes will go to Sky Mist City during the next few days!

"At that time, our men will not be few! This is what is meant by a great battle. This is the great battle that occurs only once a century!

"If you don't die in this battle, then through your experiences, you will all transform into powerful Berserkers!" The old man's laughter rang heartily throughout the entire sword.

"Now sit down and meditate. Make sure you are at the peak of your condition. We still need four days before we reach Sky Mist City!" As the old man spoke, gradually, a large number of people chose to sit down and meditate while they waited on the sword whose end could not be seen. Four days later, they would step onto Sky Mist City.

Right till the end, Su Ming never spoke one word. He sat down at edge of the sword, the endless sky right before him. He could see the screen of light that surrounded the sword, and behind the screen were white clouds tumbling about in the clear blue sky.

"What are you looking at?" a delicate voice came from behind Su Ming. He did not turn his head back, because the person who spoke had just sat down by his side.

"I'm looking at just how big the Land of South Morning is..." Su Ming said softly, then turned his head to the side to cast a glance at Tian Lan Meng, who was sitting beside him.

Tian Lan Meng's face was still stark white. She was also looking at the sky beyond the sword, immersed in her own thoughts.

"What did the ten shooting stars mean?" Su Ming suddenly asked in her head.

"It's nothing. Don't ask anymore." Tian Lan Meng then stayed silent, and after a long while, she shook her head.

Su Ming stared at Tian Lan Meng and sent his question to her. "Then... what is the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands?"

Tian Lan Meng's body jolted, she turned her head around, and with shock in her beautiful eyes, she stared at Su Ming.

Chapter 323: Harmonious Morus Alba's Wings!

Su Ming looked at Tian Lan Meng calmly. Their gazes met not too far away from each other on the edge of the 10,000 feet sword.

Tian Lan Meng remained silent for a moment before she opened her mouth and said, "I don't know what you're talking about..."

"Why do you find the need to hide it from me?" Su Ming frowned, then turned around to look at the blue sky beyond Frozen Sky.

Tian Lan Meng hesitated for a moment, looking as if she wanted to say something, but hesitated.

"How did you learn of the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands?" After a long while, her gaze fell on Su Ming's face and she asked him in his mind.

It was not quiet around them. There were low whispers occasionally appearing in the air, but the sword was too huge and there were 10,000 people sitting on it. That's why if the people were further away from each other, they would not be able to hear what the other was saying clearly. The loud whistling sounds from the sword as it sliced through the air also drowned out voices.

"When the ten shooting stars appeared, I heard some of what they said." Su Ming did not hide anything because he had to know

the truth. In his mind, this piece of information that was only privy to those in the Berserker Soul Realm was very important. It might even affect some of his actions in the land of the Shamans.

Tian Lan Meng averted her gaze and looked at the sky beyond the sword. After a long while, she spoke gently.

"Have you ever heard... of the legend of the Harmonious Morus Alba..?"

Su Ming was taken aback for a moment then shook his head. He did not speak.

"Harmonious Morus Alba is a butterfly of legend. It will only flap its wings three times in its life... The first time it flaps its wings, it will cause the mountains to crumble and the earth to shatter in the east," said Tian Lan Meng softly, looking at the sky beyond the sword.

"It's just a legend," Su Ming retorted.

"A legend, hmm..? Right now, in our world, no one has ever seen the first God of Berserkers, but could you say that the first God of Berserkers is also a legend? We don't know whether the Harmonious Morus Alba exists..." Tian Lan Meng shook her head.

"Nine shooting stars mean that the Great Patriarch has appeared within the Shaman Tribe. That is an entity that exceeds all life forms, a thing that exceeds what we can understand with our

Realms of cultivation."

Tian Lan Meng's voice in Su Ming's head was gentle, but there was a hint of fear within her words. Su Ming could clearly feel her fear as her voice reverberated in his mind.

"Great Patriarch?" Su Ming turned around and looked at Tian Lan Meng.

"You should know that the great Berserkers of the Land of South Morning fought against the Great Patriarch thousands of years ago. The three great Berserkers won in the end, but the Great Patriarch did not die. He simply went into deep sleep.

"He is an indestructible entity... Now, he woke up again. That is why Sky Mist City sent out those nine shooting stars to tell Freezing Sky Clan and Western Sea Clan." Tian Lan Meng bit her bottom lip and spoke gently in his head.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. He remained silent for some time before he asked.

"What about ten shooting stars?"

"In the Land of South Morning, nine shooting stars should have been the limit of what Sky Mist City can send to Freezing Sky and Western Sea. From what I can remember, ever since Sky Mist City was formed, they have never sent out ten shooting stars...

"Today is the first time they did so," Tian Lan Meng's face was stark white as she mumbled under her breath.

"By logic, five shooting stars mean a great disaster, eight shooting stars mean that the Berserkers of the Land of South Morning are faced with the threat of annihilation, nine shooting stars mean that the Shaman Tribe's power has reached its peak... Then ten shooting stars might mean..."

Once Tian Lan Meng spoke to that point, she stopped, and when she put on a look as if she was thinking about how she should phrase her next sentence. Su Ming softly spoke beside her.

"South Morning will fall..." Once Su Ming said those words in her mind, Tian Lan Meng shuddered and her face turned stark white. After a long while, she nodded her head bitterly.

"Just what sort of thing could cause the Land of South Morning to fall?" Su Ming found it a little hard to believe that idea. He simply could not fathom what sort of power could possibly exist in the world that could do such a terrifying thing.

"If the Great Patriarch truly possesses such power, then there's no need to fight in this battle," Su Ming said in her head, his voice low.

"He might have such incredible power that it exceeds our understanding, but... he can't do that. Still, even if he can't do it, it doesn't mean that no one else can. Didn't the battle between the second God of Berserker and the Immortals from the other worlds

divide the continents of the land of Berserkers..?" Tian Lan Meng said softly.

"Do you still remember me mentioning the Harmonious Morus Alba..?" Tian Lan Meng looked at Su Ming, and he could clearly see the fear in her eyes.

"The first time the Harmonious Morus Alba flaps her wings, it will cause the mountains to crumble and the earth to shatter in the east..." answered Su Ming.

"The eastern continent is the Eastern Wastelands. Between the five continents belonging to the Berserkers is the endless Dead Sea that is filled with water that looks like an ocean but is not an ocean, looks like ink but is not ink, and looks like blood but is not blood... No one can pass through the Dead Sea.

"Ever since the five continents were separated, we lost all contact with each other. It's as if our messages were intercepted." Tian Lan Meng's voice echoed in Su Ming's head.

"If someday, the Dead Sea extends to our lands like a tidal wave that drowns out the entire Land of South Morning, at that time, how many people would be able to survive...?" Tian Lan Meng dipped her head down.

"Perhaps there would be some who would survive, but when the Land of South Morning is flooded, the mountains crumble and the earth shatter, and the entire Land of South Morning is destroyed... at that time, how many people would survive..? Will the both of us

survive?" Tian Lan Meng closed her eyes.

"That's the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands? Is it connected to the Eastern Wastelands?" Su Ming was shocked to the core. His breathing quickened, and a thought that to him was ridiculous gradually appeared in his mind.

"The Dead Sea won't expand without reason. It has existed since forever. It won't change without reason." Tian Lan Meng remained silent for some time before she spoke bitterly.

"Unless there is a power that could move that endless Dead Sea and make its waters surge like the waves in the sea..." Su Ming mumbled.

"You heard the words the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands, but you didn't hear what was spoken before them. My ancestor mentioned that more than 10,000 feet of the area close in the eastern part of South Morning, which belongs to the Shamans, has been flooded by the Dead Sea...

"This is the first time such a thing has happened in the Land of South Morning. It is also precisely this change that prompted the Shamans to panic and attack Sky Mist Barrier before the promised date.

"The Dead Sea won't grow bigger for no reason. It would only grow bigger because the Eastern Wastelands, a continent that is located really far away from the South Morning, is pushing the Dead Sea towards the Land of South Morning... at an inconceivable

speed."

Tian Lan Meng finally told Su Ming the secret. The secret from Sky Mist City that was originally only privy to those in the Berserker Soul Realm, and the one they had been forbidden to spread to others!

"Eastern Wastelands and South Morning crashing into each other..." Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath. He understood what was going on now, but he still could not imagine how such a huge continent could move at such a high speed.

"Perhaps it'll take one year, perhaps ten, or perhaps less than that... but eventually, when Eastern Wastelands crashes into the Land of South Morning at that high speed it's traveling now, what do you think will happen to South Morning?"

"From what the ancient maps tell us, the mass of land belonging to the Eastern Wastelands is several times the size of South Morning's..." Tian Lan Meng stared at Su Ming, and despair appeared in her eyes.

Su Ming shuddered and closed his eyes. He could somewhat imagine the horrors that would happen the instant two continents of different sizes, one big and the other small, crashed into each other at an indescribable speed.

"First, the edge to the east of the Land of South Morning would instantly shatter, and the impact that caused the land to shatter would continuously spread out. In a very short amount of time,

that crack would extend to Sky Mist Barrier...

"Then, Sky Mist Barrier would crumble and the land of Berserkers would be destroyed along with it... Even if we escape to the westernmost part of the land, it'll still be difficult for us to escape the fate of being destroyed.

"When the continent crumbles and tilts to the side, the part of the Dead Sea that came with the Eastern Wastelands will drown out everything... Perhaps some of us will survive. When the land under our feet has turned into pieces, we will continue living on one of the pieces as if it was an island floating in the endless Dead Sea...

"But it's clear that it's very difficult to find such an opportunity when you live close to the borders, and especially once they knock into our land, the Land of South Morning will definitely start moving west... At that time, the west part of South Morning and all its coasts will suffer the worst damage.

"And the Shamans live at the outer parts of South Morning... For the sake of their survival, you can surely imagine just how devastating the Sky Mist Shaman Hunt this time will be...

"The Shamans want to invade Sky Mist Barrier and occupy the center of the Land of South Morning. Only if they stay there can they have a hope that their race can survive through the disaster when it comes.

"But would you be able to let the mortal enemy of generations of

your race walk into your home..? Besides, if they move into Sky Mist Barrier, then we have to divide a part of our land to them. The result of us providing a piece of land to the Shamans that might or might not remain safe during the disaster... is us wiping away the lives of the Berserkers who were originally living in those places...

"And it stands that no one can be certain which part of the center of South Morning will remain safe till the end. If the Shamans aren't around, then the Berserkers can spread out, and the possibility of us continuing our line will surely exist, no matter how small, but once we make the wrong choice and give up the safe place to the Shamans..." Tian Lan Meng's voice became weaker until she eventually fell silent.

"The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands..." Su Ming's face turned pale. All of this surpassed his imaginations. In fact, even if he heard the truth now, he still found it a little hard to believe all of it.

Yet at the same time, he also instantly understood why the information could not be shared with everyone. Once that happened... it would definitely bring about an unimaginable disaster brought by human hands...

"Harmonious Morus Alba." Su Ming committed that name to memory even though he knew that this was a legend, a legend that just might be coincidental to what was happening now.

"You won't be able to hide this for too long. As time passes by, more and more people will know about it." Su Ming sent his

message to Tian Lan Meng, and his voice was solemn in her heart.

"During this disaster, many people will die... We live in this day and age, and we have no choice." Tian Lan Meng stood up and went to stand at the edge of the sword as a profound look appeared in her eyes.

"Thank goodness we're not alone..." Tian Lan Meng turned her head to the side and looked at Su Ming with her beautiful eyes. There was a strange light flickering within them.

"Su Ming, do everything possible to increase your power before the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrives. If you do, then even if you lose the Land of South Morning, even if you lose everything, as long as you're alive, then you still have your powers to keep you company and support you..."

Su Ming stared at the sky beyond the sword and did not say a word.

Chapter 324: Not Convinced?

"It's not necessarily a good thing for you to know more of something..." Su Ming stood at the edge of the sword and his Master's words before he left appeared in his head.

That was what Tian Xie Zi had said when Su Ming asked him about the ten shooting stars.

Su Ming finally understood what he meant now. It was truly not necessarily a good thing to know more of something. Right then, the one thing that occupied his mind most of the time was the scene the Eastern Wastelands moving the Dead Sea.

In his mind's eye, he saw the continent rapidly traveling forth under the sky. He saw mountain ranges rising and falling. He could even see some tribes, but in the blink of an eye, the mountain ranges before his eyes crumbled. The ground was flipped into the air as if it was lifted up. Plenty of people died and were injured, and at the same time, the black Dead Sea spread out and drowned all signs of life.

Tian Lan Meng sat beside Su Ming, also having fallen silent. She could be thinking about something, but her mind might be blank as well.

Time passed by, and soon, the first night arrived. The sky turned dark, but Su Ming could see a white line in the distance. It was as if it was still bright over at that place.

The disciples of Freezing Sky Clan on the sword started moving about after meditating for an entire day. The people who were close to each other formed groups of three to five. Laughter rang in the air, as if they were using this sort of method to calm their minds before the start of Sky Mist Shaman Hunt.

Laughter appeared on top of Frozen Sky. Looking at them, at the people who did not know the truth, Su Ming could already imagine just what would happen once all these people learned of the truth. Then... how many of them would be able to laugh? How many of them would be able to fight in the coming battle...?

Just as Su Ming looked towards the disciples of Freezing Sky Clan, he also saw some people from Heaven Gate sitting at the edge of the sword, and each of them was distanced quite evenly from each other.

The old man sitting at the tip of the sword had a calm expression on his face, but he would occasionally frown. Su Ming could sense that the old man's mind was perhaps not as calm as his words were and how he presented himself to be.

‘He knows the truth... perhaps all nine of them from Heaven Gate know the truth.’

When Su Ming sized up Jing Cheng Rong, who was sitting at the top of the sword, that old man suddenly opened his eyes and looked towards Su Ming with a gaze like lightning.

Su Ming closed his eyes. He could feel the old man's gaze falling

onto him like sharp needles. After some time, that feeling slowly went away.

"Is your name Su Ming?"

An old voice suddenly appeared by Su Ming's ears. As Su Ming opened his eyes, he immediately saw that Jing Cheng Rong had still not averted his gaze and was still staring at him, but that piercing gaze was no longer there.

Su Ming nodded his head.

"Come to my side." Jing Cheng Rong looked at Su Ming and his voice echoed by Su Ming's ears. The method in which he sent his voice to Su Ming was different from Tian Lan Meng's, but the effects were similar.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he stood up. Tian Lan Meng cast him a glance by his side, but she did not speak.

Su Ming moved forward and walked past the crowd. When he walked past his fellow disciples, he heard their laughter and their voices, some of which sounded close to him, and some far away, he heard the different sounds of breathing coming from those who were meditating, and he continued hearing all these things until he traveled a long distance and arrived at the tip of the giant sword. He had arrived before Jing Cheng Rong.

The distance between them previously was not really far away, or

else it would have been difficult for the two of them to see each other. However, Su Ming still needed quite some time to walk over.

"Sit down." Jing Cheng Rong looked at Su Ming and spoke with a raspy voice.

The tip of the sword was positioned right before the space that spanned endlessly before them. It was also the spot where the whistling sounds were the strongest. In fact, as he stood there, Su Ming could even somewhat feel the wind blowing against his face and feel the power of the sword breaking through space with that intense speed.

Jing Cheng Rong was the only person sitting over there, and there was an empty space of about one hundred feet around him. Without being summoned, no one was allowed to go into the area.

Su Ming did not speak and sat down beside the old man. The moment he sat down, a feeling as if a huge gust of wind was blowing against him, causing his breathing to quicken and his body to tear apart appeared within him. That sensation came too suddenly, and Su Ming even had the feeling as if his body was about to be blown away by that huge gust of wind, as if he was about to be blown off the giant sword.

His hair was blown into a mess and fluttered about behind him rapidly. Su Ming could not remain sitting. Once he staggered a few steps backwards, a glint appeared in his eyes, and with one stomp on the sword, he stopped his body from moving away. His face was flushed red as he took a few steps forward once again and returned

to the spot where he originally wanted to sit down; he did so slowly.

The moment he sat down, that feeling as if he was being torn apart appeared once again, but this time, Su Ming was prepared. Banging sounds came from within him, and even though he did so slowly, he sat down.

As he sat there, Su Ming's body trembled. All his blood was rapidly circulating in his body, the power of Awakening within him was also activated, and even his divine sense chose to spread out around him. At that moment, his body had automatically started resisting the power of the gust of wind even without his control.

"This is what it means to train your body by refining it!" When Jing Cheng Rong saw Su Ming sit down, praise appeared in his eyes.

"Even if you're wearing twenty incredibly heavy ice hoops, it's at most superficial training." The praise within the old man's eyes disappeared and was replaced with scorn.

Su Ming was having trouble breathing and could not speak, but there was a dubious look in his eyes. This was the method he came up with, and this method had indeed allowed him to endure much faster speeds rapidly. In fact, once he moved at full speed, he could surpass Frozen Sky's speed for a short distance.

"Not convinced? I'll let you have a chance to prove yourself." Jing

Cheng Rong let out a cold snort and suddenly lifted his right hand to grab Su Ming's shoulder before he flung him to the side.

The old man's actions were too quick and Su Ming could not dodge them. He only felt his vision blurring, and with that one throw, he was flung off Frozen Sky!!

In fact, the force of that throw not only flung Su Ming off the sword, he was also cast out of the protective screen of light outside the giant sword. It caused him to instantly break away from the sword and be thrown into the darkness, the mad gust of wind whistling towards him.

Only at that moment did someone on the giant sword notice what had happened, and they immediately let out cries of surprise.

The instant Su Ming was flung off Frozen Sky, rumbling sounds immediately rang throughout his entire body. That sword traveled so quickly that in the blink of an eye, it had already covered another distance of 100,000 feet. Once Su Ming could see his surroundings clearly, he saw the sword hilt passing by in a flash, and the gust of wind that appeared as it swept past blew him away, causing him to be unable to stand still.

Anger appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He did not offend that old man, yet he still did such a thing. However, he did not have time to ponder about it. The sword was about to disappear further into the distance. Rumbling sounds immediately begun in Su Ming's body. All the ice hoops instantly shattered at that moment, and his speed reached a terrifying state. He charged towards the departing sword.

With his speed, he could surpass that sword if it was for a short distance. As if he warped through space, he appeared 1,000 feet behind the sword. Wind tore against Su Ming's body, and red appeared in his eyes. He charged forward once again, and when he reappeared once more, he had already caught up to the sword, but he was only at the sword hilt. Blood trickled out of Su Ming's mouth. Then with one step, he moved through the protective layer and landed on the very end of the rapidly flying sword's hilt. The moment he landed, Su Ming coughed out a huge mouthful of blood and his face turned stark white.

He wiped away the blood at the corners of his mouth and walked with huge steps forward. As he passed through, all the gazes of the people looking at him were filled with awe and respect, and they moved away to open up a path for him. Just now, they had seen Su Ming catching up to the sword from behind with their own eyes.

However, the sword was too big, that was why there were only a few who saw the entire process. Su Ming charged forth, and in a moment, he had already traveled 100,000 feet in distance to stand once again at the tip of the sword. Jing Cheng Rong sat there and stared at Su Ming coldly.

"Still not convinced? Do you think you're really great for catching up to the sword?"

"Just what exactly constitutes as body refinement?" Su Ming stared at the old man and let out a long breath.

"Letting your body bear extra weight, then suddenly becoming lighter when you activate your speed is extremely foolish. How does that make you any different from a leaf? Or do you perhaps want to be like a leaf and be blown far away when the wind blows, just like the leaf, because it's light?"

"But even a leaf can't last long in the wind. A little longer and it will be torn apart. In fact, once it runs into headwind and these two gusts of wind crash into each other, the leaf will be instantly destroyed, do you believe me? The faster you go, the faster you die, do you believe me?" the old man spat out coldly.

Su Ming lifted his head in shock.

"If it wasn't for Bai Cang Zai, I wouldn't have bothered enlightening you. Come here and sit down!" With a scowl, Jing Cheng Rong shouted at Su Ming.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he walked to the old man's side and bowed towards him with his fist wrapped in his palm, then he sat down respectfully beside him.

To the easternmost part at the edge of the Land of South Morning was a cliff that looked like a ladder. Now, a large part of the cliff was already covered by dark seawater. As Jing Cheng Rong taught Su Ming, that seawater was releasing a strange presence. The surface of the sea was not calm. Waves were rising and falling.

There were seven to eight people wearing red robes standing on the only part of the cliff left. These people's faces were pale, and

there were very colorful Totems on their faces. One of them crouched down and took a scrutinizing look at the waves slapping against the spot around 100 feet underneath the cliff.

"It just rose by another ten feet... Before long, this cliff will be covered by seawater, and once it is, a large part of the Dead Sea will move into our lands...."

The moment this person spoke softly, immediately, roars came from within the endless and black Dead Sea before them. It was soon followed by the waves increasing in size, and from the sea in the distance, a tail that was about 1,000 feet in size shot out from the sea before slapping the surface of the Dead Sea, causing more waves to appear.

More tails slapping against the sea likes these appeared further away... and they numbered in the hundreds!

The faces of the Shamans over there turned pale. One of the old men who had his eyes closed opened them slowly at that moment.

"I can sense their fear... These Soul Alligators that should be staying at the depths of the Dead Sea were forced to come here due to their fear... The prophecies of the Berserker's Realm Mountain are not an ancient legend. It... came true..." the old man mumbled.

He lifted his right hand and waved it at the sky, and immediately, a speck of light flew out from his palm and charged towards the dark sea. Once it traveled far into the distance, the speck of light exploded, causing an area of several hundreds of thousands of feet

within the Dead Sea to instantly brighten up!

"That is..."

The crowd immediately let out cries of surprise, and their expressions changed drastically.

Chapter 325: New Method to Refine the Body

No one knew what the Shamans saw. During that night, they disappeared from the edge of South Morning. Their people could only find some broken enchanted Vessels on the land several hundreds of lis away from that spot. Other than that, there were no other clues about them.

All eight of them disappeared.

In fact, there was a Shaman Tribe that was located not too far from the Dead Sea from that place. During the night these Shamans disappeared, no one from the tribe heard anything, not even the sounds of fighting or the casting of Spells, neither did any of them notice anything.

It was as if these Shamans were swallowed by the void.

The Shaman Tribes had been enveloped in terror since several months earlier. This terror was no longer hidden by now and had become increasingly stronger as time went by. That fear spread far, causing a large amount of Shaman Tribes near the Dead Sea to start migrating.

That place was no longer suitable for living.

Sometimes, there would be a long arc flashing through the land of the Shamans. In that long arc was a ferocious beast with a dragon head but with the body of a horse. That creature was not big, and although it was only several hundreds of feet in size, the

murderous aura coming from it instilled fear among people when people got closer to it.

Its most distinct trait were the balls of blue flames blazing under its hooves. As it passed through the sky and the long arc disappeared as it left, it would leave behind a trail of fiery hoof prints that gradually vanished into the air.

All the Shamans who saw that creature would put on a look of reverence and wrap their arms around their chest before bending their backs down to bow. There were even a number of them who knelt down with looks full of respect.

Because this creature had a special name. Its name was Shaman Stallion, and only the Temple of the God of Shamans could possess this creature in the entire land of the Shamans.

Yet during the past few months, creatures with the head of a dragon and the body of a horse had been appearing quite frequently in the Shamans' sky. There were about hundreds of ferocious beasts like these charging through the sky in long arcs. They traveled to the corners of the land of the Shamans to deliver sealed orders to the tribes and also to perform their duties.

As the Dead Sea expanded according to the legends in the land of the Shamans and as the Shaman Stallions brought the sealed orders to the tribes, the Shamans began to execute the planned migration.

The storm was about to arrive!

In truth, disaster had already come to the spot near Sky Mist Barrier. Sounds of battle and slaughter shook the sky and earth. The sky there was dark, and the land was filled with a stench coming from the blood that had seeped into the earth.

The war came suddenly upon the Berserkers, quick as lightning, and in a manner the Berserkers were still not completely prepared.

Right then, the sounds of battle echoed in the air on many spots on the gigantic Sky Mist Barrier that stretched far into the distance, and sounds coming from Sky Mist City were the strongest.

Behind the walls of Sky Mist Barrier was the land of the Berserkers. The sky in the distance was covered in ripples and the clouds were spread out like the scales on a dragon's back. It was as if that was a sign that said there was a great sword that was about 100,000 feet in size slicing through the air and stirring up a loud and shocking whistle. As that whistle spread out, the sword charged towards Sky Mist City.

Compared to the anxiety and terror that filled the air in the land of the Shamans, the land of the Berserkers was peaceful. Even if they were about to face the great battle that only occurred once a century, most of the Berserkers were already used to these type of battles, hence they did not treat it as truly a battle to the death but merely a trip to gain experience.

They believed that the existence of Sky Mist Barrier could keep

the Shamans out.

They believed that the battle would end several years later, and once it ended, they would continue living in their land, which was filled with their tribes.

Even a large part of those on the giant sword that was charging through the sky while it stirred up piercing bangs also had the same thought. This was just an experience, a battle that could make them instantly famous.

"Refining your body is not what you think. No matter how much extra weight you place on yourself to train, besides allowing yourself to become lighter in your imagination, it has no other uses!"

Su Ming sat at the tip of the sword. His face was pale, but he still gritted his teeth and endured through it. There were huge gusts of wind blowing at the spot where he was, and it was blowing against almost all parts of his body, causing his body to tremble. In fact, even his blood seemed to be going up against a lot of resistance just trying to flow in his veins, causing his heart to feel as if it was a challenge to keep pumping.

Behind Su Ming, Jing Cheng Rong sat calmly, speaking languidly.

Su Ming's lips trembled and his breathing was rapid, but he still gritted his teeth and hissed out his words, "But the birds in the sky fly because they're light. That's why they can have unlimited speed. Doesn't that mean that training my body by adding extra

weight is working?!"

"What a joke. Do you only look at birds? Then have you seen ferocious beasts with gigantic bodies flying in the sky? They're so fast that even us Berserkers cannot compare to them. Are they light now?" Jing Cheng Rong gave him a cold sneer before he asked.

Su Ming was silent and could not find any way to retort even after a long moment. The Golden Roc appeared in his mind. It was definitely incredibly heavy because of its big body, but it could travel at incredible speeds.

"Training your body by adding extra weight to it is not right but not wrong either. We can even call it the first step in body refinement, but there are simply too many drawbacks to this. True body refinement means for you to control the patterns of the wind and the direction of the wind resistance. You use these two forces to push your body and continuously fuse them together so that you can walk in the skies as if you're traversing on even ground.

"However, not even I have fully understood this method, so you don't have to think about it for now. Still, this is a direction for you. Only when your direction is correct can you chase after your path. If your direction since the start was wrong, then you'll only be wasting your time." As Jing Cheng Rong spoke in a low voice, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards the spot before Su Ming.

With one point of his finger, a small tear instantly appeared on the protective light screen before Su Ming at the tip of the sword. The moment that tear appeared, Su Ming's body started trembling

viciously. He could feel that the thin layer of wind had instantly become several times stronger. The intense pain that made him feel as if he was being torn apart also became stronger.

"If you want to pursue this path, then you must walk down that path with the right direction. Now, think of yourself as a gust of wind and feel the resistance of the wind coming against you. Sense the reaction in all parts of your body when the two forces collide against each other."

Blood flowed down the corners of Su Ming's lips. The sharp pain in his body made him unable to endure through it. The wind coming right against him felt like blades cutting through his flesh. There was not a part of his body that did not hurt. His body swayed as he sat there, as if he was about to be swept away by the wind at any moment and be blown backwards.

Jing Cheng Rong scowled and said with a cold snarl, "You useless piece of trash!

"If it wasn't for [Bai Cang Zai](#), I'd definitely not give you even the slightest bit of my attention! I may need to respect senior Tian Xie Zi, but you're not that worthy of becoming his disciple." Jing Cheng Rong snorted.

Su Ming trembled and blood trickled out of the corners of his lips once again. His body was forced back five feet even though he was still seated. His face was pale. The pain in his whole body made him feel that even the strength required for him to stand up was gone. The circulation of his Qi had become incredibly difficult under the assault of the wind. Even the circulation of his power of

Awakening within him had become much slower, as if it was going up against an incredible resistance.

Under this sort of premise, it was very difficult for him to keep his body in the same spot.

"Trash is trash, you're so dumb!"

Jing Cheng Rong lifted his right hand and pointed at the protective light screen before Su Ming at the tip of the sword once again. Immediately, the tear that was previously formed let out a loud rip and became a little larger.

By doing so, the wind blowing against Su Ming instantly became much stronger. Before Su Ming could even get used to the previous wind, he was forced back once again, and he even coughed out a mouthful of blood.

That mouthful of blood was immediately scattered away by the wind, but strangely, at the same time the blood was scattered away, one small drop that had turned into blood mist stayed before Su Ming's body for the span of several breaths before it gradually disappeared.

"Still a useless piece of trash. One incense stick later, I will open up the protective screen a little wider again. If you can't endure it, then get your butt back to the edge of the sword." Jing Cheng Rong scowled and his expression turned icy cold.

Su Ming's face was pale. The act of opening and closing his eyes was already difficult enough in the wind, much less breathing. His body trembled and he was already at his limit, but he kept his eyes glued to the part where the blood mist was just now and did not move his gaze elsewhere.

‘Imagine myself to be a gust of wind... It’s easy to say that, but how am I supposed to do it...’ Su Ming felt troubled, but he did not give up. He simply gritted his teeth and persevered.

Yet he also knew that this sort of perseverance was not of much use.

‘That blood mist... how did it manage to stay for several breaths under that wind before it disappeared...’

In his silence, Su Ming suddenly bit the tip of his tongue and coughed out blood once again. Without care for the consequences, he stared at the blood he just coughed out into the wind, and then, everything in his sight seemed to slow down. With his own eyes, he clearly saw his blood turning into mist and tumbling backwards once it came into contact with the wind.

Yet there was a small part of that blood mist that was only scattered away once the wind blew through the fine gaps in between the drops of blood.

At that instant, understanding appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He closed his eyes, and his body gradually moved back once again as wind blew against him.

"Why does Bai Cang Zai place so much value on a useless piece of..." Jing Cheng Rong had already grown impatient, but before he could even finish speaking, he widened his eyes abruptly.

Su Ming was originally moving from the wind, but he had stopped, and that was not all. Right before the old man's eyes, Su Ming, while still having his eyes closed, stood up and took a few steps forward. Once he came back to his original spot, he sat down cross-legged without any hesitation.

The moment he sat down, Su Ming's hair started flying rapidly while his robes danced madly in the air, but his body was not forced back by the wind. Although he was trembling, he was already in a completely different state than he was previously.

"Hmm?"

Jing Cheng Rong observed him for a moment, and amazement gradually appeared on his face. He lifted his right hand and once again pointed at the protective light screen at the tip of the sword right before Su Mig, causing the tear to widen a little more and the wind to blow even stronger.

Before, Su Ming would definitely not have been able to endure it and would have been blown tumbling backwards, but now, he continued sitting on the spot firmly, simply allowing the wind to blow against the front of his body... Then, the gust of wind pass through his body and came out from his back...

Bai Cang Zai: A guard on Sky Mist Barrier, a Bone Sacrifice

Divine General. Su Ming and he had a sense of closeness to him the moment they met each other, and he gave Su Ming his divine clone when Tian Xie Zi brought him to the land of the Shamans last time.

Chapter 326: Old Man

When he saw a part of the wind blowing against Su Ming exiting his body through his back, a serious look instantly appeared on Jing Cheng Rong's face. He suddenly understood why Bai Cang Zai placed so much value on this youth.

"Not bad, Su Ming..." Jing Cheng Rong mumbled.

'I originally wanted to provoke him through words so that he could endure through the wind a little longer. After all, the wind blowing against us is definitely uncommon due to Frozen Sky's speed. It's wind that is excellent for body refinement...

'And only one person can obtain the chance of body refinement over here at the tip of the sword. It's only because of Bai Cang Zai that I'm allowing this person to train here.

'But... I didn't expect that this person's comprehensive abilities had reached such a level! He actually managed to reach this state through his epiphany!'

Jing Cheng Rong's eyes sparkled as he looked at Su Ming.

'I told him to think of himself as the wind, and by doing so, he could sense the power of wind when both gusts of wind run into each other. By doing so, he could refine his body by using wind to refine wind... but his epiphany had allowed him to surpass that state. He made it so that wind would pass through his body, and then... even if he ran into wind, there is no wind. If the person is

there, but at the same time not...'

Jing Cheng Rong was stunned for a moment, then his gaze as he looked at Su Ming became strange.

Su Ming sat there for a long time before he opened his eyes. The moment he did so, a calm look settled within them.

"Senior Jing, this wind is a little too weak. Could you open up the tear a little more?"

Jing Cheng Rong let out a harrumph, but he did not call Su Ming a useless piece of trash anymore. Instead, he lifted his right hand and pointed in the direction before Su Ming. Immediately, the tear widened up a little more, causing the wind blowing in to become stronger.

The instant the wind blew against Su Ming, he closed his eyes, and all the pores in his body opened up. In his head, he imagined his body to have turned into the blood mist. Within him were numerous fine gaps that allowed the wind to pass through. It was as if he did not exist.

It was as if his pores could breathe, and when the wind blew against him, it would be sucked into his pores in a bizarre fashion. Then, it would be rapidly exchanged with something else within his body before being released from the pores on his back.

However, this method of breathing could not replace Su Ming's

true breathing. Even with this, he still felt as if he was about to suffocate. In fact, when he was exchanging the air within his body, a sharp pain that grew increasingly stronger came about.

Nonetheless, this method could indeed allow him to achieve and maintain a higher speed that surpassed that of when he took off all the extra weight on him, even as wind blew strongly against his face. In fact, it could even lengthen the duration of the time he could stay in that state.

Time passed by. When the second night arrived, Su Ming opened his eyes and took a few steps back swiftly. He took a few large breaths of air, and the color of his face gradually returned to normal. He had repeated this particular action several times during the day.

Jing Cheng Rong still did not speak. He was instead sizing up Su Ming with a strange glint in his eyes and observing the act of Su Ming using his pores to breathe.

"From what I know, there are some creatures in the world that do not need to use their mouths or noses to breathe. They use their skin to replace their mouths and noses... If I didn't know that you were a Berserker and you didn't occasionally look like you were about to suffocate, I would definitely think you were one of those creatures taken up human form." Jing Cheng Rong spoke with a strange tone in his voice.

He fell into contemplative silence for a while before he commented languidly, "That method of yours is different from the idea I gave you previously. But judging by your looks, you can't

stay in that condition for too long. It's still... not perfect."

"But my speed has indeed increased by a huge margin compared to last time, and I can even last a much longer time than before. I'm already satisfied with this result.

"As for searching for an even better method... I'll need to survive through the battle before I have the right to try and gain an epiphany for that." Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he said softly.

Jing Cheng Rong did not seem to agree with him, but once he looked as if he had just thought of something, he did not offer any retorts. He simply turned his words into a sigh.

"Perhaps you're right. Only when you survive will you have a chance. Train on your own. I'm a little tired now..." He shook his head and closed his eyes to start meditating in silence.

The sky during night was filled with stars, but Su Ming did not have the time to look at them. After a moment of rest, he took in a deep breath, then he went to the spot where the wind was coming from at the tip of the sword. Once he sat down, he started refining his body with the method not even Jing Cheng Rong himself understood fully.

In truth, Su Ming himself did not really understand the method either. He simply used the inspiration he gained from the part of the blood mist that had not disappeared immediately. This method may look as if it was not difficult, but controlling all his pores to

breathe in required fine control, and it was something difficult for any ordinary person to do.

Even Su Ming himself had to continuously try before he gradually found a pattern to it, only then could he slowly start with the refinement that was completely different from training his body by adding on extra weight.

‘I can’t give up on the training of adding extra weight to myself. Other people’s words are not necessarily completely true. Besides, this battle might last for several years. The level of devastation would be unbelievable. Surviving... is the most important thing!’

A determined look appeared in Su Ming’s eyes and he closed his eyes.

Night slowly went away. When the third morning came and the morning sun peeked its head out of the horizon, Su Ming saw a different sunrise in the sky.

The sunrise was so magnificent that it attracted his attention. After a long while, he closed his eyes and immersed himself in refining his body. Night arrived once more, and when the third night went away to welcome another new day, Su Ming stood up and went to Jing Cheng Rong, who still had his eyes closed, looking as if he was deep in sleep.

The moment Su Ming walked towards him, the old man opened his eyes.

"Senior Jing, thank you for your guidance." Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards him with gratitude shining in his eyes.

"Don't thank me now. If you can survive through the battle, you can thank me then."

Su Ming was already a little used to the way Jing Cheng Rong spoke. When he heard the old man's words, he simply smiled and brought out the wooden slip Tian Xie Zi gave him before he handed it over to the old man respectfully.

Jing Cheng Rong took the wooden slip and cast it a glance. Then a frown appeared between his brows.

"Senior, I would like leave at this place," Su Ming requested calmly.

"You can leave at any time you want with senior Tian Xie Zi's plate, but there's still a little over a day before we reach Sky Mist City. If you leave now, you will need to head to Sky Mist City yourself." Jing Cheng Rong lifted his head and gave Su Ming a look. "If it isn't really important, I'd suggest that you don't do it."

"This is really important to me." Su Ming looked at the old man.

"I'll give you seven days. With your speed, you'll be able to reach Sky Mist City by then. You can get the city's approximate location by sensing the brand on your life force left on the sword.

"If you don't return after seven days, I will punish you as according to how we punish deserters!" Jing Cheng Rong waved his arm and threw the wooden slip back to Su Ming before he closed his eyes once again and no longer paid any attention to him.

Yet when he waved his arm just now, a spot on the protective light screen behind him started to distort. Clearly, that was the exit he temporarily opened for Su Ming.

Su Ming caught the wooden slip and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards the old man. He turned around and cast a look at Zi Che, who was watching him at the edge of the sword from the crowd. Su Ming smiled and nodded at him with encouragement in his eyes.

Zi Che was silent as he looked at Su Ming, then he gave him a nod as well.

Tian Lan Meng remained sitting at the edge of the sword with her back turned towards Su Ming. Her hair cascaded down her shoulders, and she seemed to be looking at the sky, immersed in her thoughts.

Su Ming averted his gaze, and right under the people's curious gazes, he charged towards the temporary door behind the old man. In a flash, he passed through that distorting light screen.

The instant Su Ming left the screen of light, a deafening roar reverberated in the air. That roar persisted as Frozen Sky charged

past him into the distance. When Su Ming turned his head back, he could only see a black dot disappearing into the distance.

Disappearing along with it was that loud rumble he had heard just now.

Silence gradually returned to the vast sky. Su Ming stood alone in the air as he looked in the distance. He only averted his gaze after a long while and took a step towards the ground.

Due to the ice hoops on him exploding some time ago, the instant he took that step, his speed immediately reached an astonishing level. As he charged forward, he felt a strong blast of wind crashing onto his body, and the moment that blast of wind closed in on him, Su Ming activated that breathing method he came up with through his own understanding.

In a flash, he disappeared without a trace.

That speed had already reached a state that would startle all those who saw him. After a moment, at the top of a mountain in a mountain range on the land of the Berserkers, a gust of wind charged through the air. Distortions appeared in the air as well, and Su Ming stood on top of the mountain looking as if he was a series of afterimages overlapping with each other.

His face was pale. Once he appeared, he took a few deep breaths in succession, and only then did he gradually start to recover, but his eyes were bright, and his heart pounded rapidly against his chest.

"I'm much faster than before... and I could even last an hour in this state!"

A smile appeared on Su Ming's face, and he waited till his Qi calmed down before he lowered his head to look down the mountain range. Not too far away, he saw a small Berserker tribal village that was surrounded by a forest.

Chimney smoke rose from the tribe in the morning. He could even hear the faint sounds of children playing. As he stood on the mountain, Su Ming saw the people within the small tribe working on starting a new day.

This was the second time Su Ming came to the tribe. His gaze fell on a normal looking house within the tribe.

He walked down the mountain and towards the tribe.

Su Ming arrived without a sound. With his current level of cultivation, he could step into the small tribe without letting any of its people notice him. When he appeared within the tribe and stood right outside that ordinary house, he heard a song played by a xun coming from within the house.

That song was filled with a serene tone that made those who heard it feel peace within themselves.

Su Ming stood there and closed his eyes to immerse himself in

the song. After a long while, the notes slowly disappeared, and an old, raspy voice came from the house.

"You're here..."

"I am Su Ming, and I would like to request an audience with you, Senior." Su Ming opened his eyes, and they were calm. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed.

"Come in. I've already finished repairing your xun."

Su Ming lifted the flaps to the house respectfully. The instant he stepped into the house, he saw that everything was the same as before. In fact, the old man had not even changed the position of where he was sitting. It was as if the old xun maker had not gotten up in those days. As he turned his eyes towards Su Ming, there was a kind smile on his face.

His eyes... were empty.

Chapter 327: Deserter

Su Ming might not feel any hint of power from the old man before him, and in fact, the old man felt as if he was just a candle flame that would be extinguished by a gust of wind, but Su Ming was still filled with respect in his heart towards him.

He respected this old man, but not because even Tian Xie Zi had to sit down quietly before him when he came to him.

He respected this old man, but not because he was mysterious, neither was it because of Tian Xie Zi, whose robes even had to change its color when he came before him.

Su Ming respected this old man for one reason alone - He repaired that ordinary bone xun for him. That xun contained all of Su Ming's memories, and the act of repairing his xun was an act of kindness to him.

He was grateful to this old man, that was why he respected him. For this alone, no matter how high Su Ming's level of cultivation would become, and even if the old man was truly just an ordinary person, that respect would never change.

"I will forever remember the kindness of you repairing my xun!" Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm towards the old man and bowed deeply towards him.

The old xun maker continued smiling, then groped about at the straw mat beside him with his right hand. Very soon, he brought

out the bone xun that belonged to Su Ming.

"There are some things that can't be considered as acts of kindness. Since you believed that a blind man like me could repair your xun and trusted me with it, then it was tied to me through fate, and you were also tied to me through fate.

"This is fate, it is not an act of kindness." The old man lifted the bone xun with his right hand, and with his left, he brushed against the surface of that xun lightly.

"Come. Sit before me... The xun is incomplete, but the broken parts on its body aren't the main cause for it. The main cause is that it no longer has a soul. Did its previous owner pass away when he was playing a song?" the old man asked softly.

Su Ming sat down silently before the old man. He looked at the bone xun in the old man's hands, and a hint of sorrow appeared in his eyes.

"That should be the case then..." The old man sighed.

"Its owner's life was not the only thing that disappeared, what went with it was the xun's soul. That is why it is no longer willing to make any sound. That is the main cause for it being broken." The old man lifted his hand and pushed the bone xun in the direction before Su Ming.

It was only during this moment that Su Ming could tell from the

details that the old man was indeed blind.

"Can it... Can it still produce sound?"

Su Ming took the bone xun. There were cracks on that thing before, and now they had all turned into red, blood-like lines. It looked as if the cracks were sewn together, and the xun was much heavier. It felt heavy in his hands.

"I can only repair what is broken outside. As for the fact of its soul refusing to sing, that is not something I can change with my power. The only person who can change it is you," said the old man softly.

"I have always believed that xuns have songs, that is why they moan when they sing... If xuns didn't have souls, how could they bear the weight of the people's emotions? How could they produce sound and let people get immersed in their songs?"

"However, there are some who can sense the xun's soul, and others who cannot." The old man trained his eyes on Su Ming, but the emptiness in his eyes made it seem as if the world he saw was different from the people around him.

"Xuns have souls..." Su Ming mumbled. He remembered holding that xun during many nights when he felt lonely while quietly playing a song that only he could hear. The sorrow in the song was like moonlight falling down onto the ground, and it allowed Su Ming to recount his memories time and again.

"The xun's soul is dead... That death is vague and cannot be explained with words, but right when I saw it, I knew that its soul was no longer present.

"If you want it to sing once again, and sing with a voice that belongs to you, a voice that you want to hear, then you will need... to give it a new soul!" The old man's voice echoed in the house with an ancient tone.

The children's playful laughter occasionally traveled in from the tribe outside. Sometimes, they sounded close, and sometimes, they sounded as if they were far away, causing Su Ming to feel a little dazed as he continued listening to it.

"How can I do that?" Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the old man.

"Forget it." The old man remained silent for some time before he closed his eyes.

Su Ming looked at the xun in his hands blankly for a long time before he got up and bowed deeply towards the old man. As he turned around and was just about to leave, he suddenly stopped in his tracks.

"Senior, the Land of South Morning will be plagued with a lot of disasters, especially where the tribe is located, since it's not too far away from Sky Mist City... If you can, please migrate to the center of the land. The battle this time might not be like the previous battles that only occur once a century," Su Ming said softly and

lifted the flaps to the house before he went out.

The moment one of his feet stepped out of the house, the old man's ancient voice came from behind him.

"There is no place in the world that is absolutely safe, but similarly, there is no place in the world that is absolutely dangerous. Do plants have a choice where they grow?"

Su Ming stopped for a moment. He had a somewhat hazy notion of what the old man meant. In silence, Su Ming walked out of the house and into the small-sized tribe.

As he looked at the bright sky, a conflicted look appeared on his face, but there was a firm resolution within his heart. He knew that he was about to face a disaster the likes of which the Land of South Morning had never seen. He also knew that there might be countless people dying in this disaster.

He could also choose to run and find a place to isolate himself, so that when the disaster arrived, he might be able to escape from the crisis. Yet he could also choose not to run and make himself stronger as he went through the baptism of the disaster!

If he trained normally, then during the span of time that would last less than a decade, his growth would slow down. If he wanted to live and make himself stronger, then he must have a heart that did not fear death.

If he could not find any serendipities, then he would battle till he found himself a serendipity. If he could not get any fortuitous encounters, then he would kill until he obtained a fortuitous encounter. If he ran into a wall during his training, then he would use fresh blood to solve that problem. If his life was in danger, then he would use the desperation that would appear within him during the crisis and create a path of survival for himself.

"There is no place in the world that is absolutely safe, but similarly, there is no place in the world that is absolutely dangerous..." Su Ming mumbled, and as he walked further into the distance, his footsteps grew increasingly more firm.

Su Ming continued walking down the village this way. He did not activate his speed, neither did he circulate even the slightest bit of his power, not even his Qi. With just his body, he walked through the mountain range and the forest within, just like an ordinary person.

He walked in the direction of Sky Mist City.

His destination was Sky Mist City, but the destination within his heart was Dark Mountain. He might be walking down this path, but in his mind, the path he saw... was still Dark Mountain's.

He was walking on his path back to his home. He was walking through his memories, as if he was reminiscing.

The mountain range rising and falling, along with the humidity, as well as the swamps in the forest, did not make Su Ming stop for

too long. Three days passed by as he continued walking this way.

In truth, if Su Ming activated his speed, the distance which he had just traversed during those three days could be instantly traveled, but he did not do it.

In the beginning, he was intentionally trying to forget his own power, and to forget everything. Yet gradually, as he walked through the mountain range, the forest and the plains, when he could not see anyone else in the vast world before him, he slowly began to be able to get into a condition as if he had forgotten everything.

He forgot his power, forgot that he was walking on the lands of South Morning, forgot his own goals, forgot many things... and when the fourth night arrived, Su Ming became tired in that forest.

He leaned against a big tree, exhausted, and lifted his head to look at the night sky, at the moon that was partially hidden behind the many leaves within the forest, and as he looked at them, Su Ming brought out his xun.

He placed the xun by his mouth and closed his eyes before gently blowing into it. Yet even after a long time, no sound broke the calm of the forest. Still, nostalgia appeared on Su Ming's face, as if he was immersed in the xun song playing in his memories.

In this silence, there were three people charging towards the edge of the forest from Sky Mist City, to a spot in the forest that

was rather far away from where Su Ming was, but not too far away.

Those three people were incredibly careful as they moved forward. The person leading the team had his eyes closed. Around them, in an area of several thousands of feet was an invisible wave of ripples that was echoing in the air. When those ripples touched the trees, they would bounce back a little, only when they touched the small beasts in the forest would a large amount of ripples gather.

Under the moonlight, the picture of a bat could be seen carved onto the leader's face. It was not a Berserker Mark... It was a Totem!

It was the Totem of the Shamans!

One of the two people following behind that person was incredibly brawny and looked as if there was an enormous power stored within his body. The bulging muscles made him seem like a small hill. With every single step he took, he would make the earth seem like it was trembling, but strangely, not one sound was made.

That person carried a gigantic battle axe on his shoulders. There was a dark reddish brown stain on the blade of the axe, and that was the stain left behind when blood dried up.

The other person was a petite and thin figure. Judging from the curves of the person's body, it could be seen that it was a woman. She had a normal looking appearance, and the skin tone of her face

leaned on the darker side. Her gaze was electrifying, like lightning. Of the three of them, only the woman was relaxed at the speed which they were using to travel at that moment. It was as if she even had to slow down to achieve that speed so that she could move with the other two.

There was a poisonous snake tattooed on the woman's face, causing her to look rather ugly.

Before long, as the three people charged forward, they stopped within the forest. At that moment, they were only 50,000 feet away from Su Ming. Yet clearly, these three people had not noticed his existence, and Su Ming was immersed in the soundless song. None of them knew that their race's mortal enemy lay 50,000 feet away from them, and should they run into each other, they would definitely fight to the death.

"This is the place. According to our promise, we have to wait here for about two hours for Wu Duo. Ying Huan, you're the fastest among us. Patrol the area 100,000 feet around here once to make sure that this place is safe.

"From what the map says, there should be no tribes here. The closest tribe is still a little far off from this place. There should be no Berserkers appearing in this place, but we still need to be careful."

"If Wu Duo doesn't appear two hours later, I will leave." The woman among the three people turned around and cast a glance at the person who spoke just now, then said those words before she disappeared into the darkness.

"Wu Duo likes killing. If he doesn't come, I will leave as well." The man with the battle axe on his shoulders sat by the side and cast a cold glance at the person with the bat tattoo on his face.

"Don't worry. He needs the Shaman Crystals we brought with us. He'll definitely come. Then it won't be a waste for us sneaking into the land of the Berserkers after so many of our people died. With his Spell, we can turn into Berserkers and avoid... the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands."

The man with the bat tattoo on his face spoke with a gruff voice. The moment he mentioned the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands, his breathing quickened slightly.

Chapter 328: There is Something on my Back!

"Speaking of which, it's all thanks to your people in Shamanic Bat Tribe, or else we wouldn't have been able to sneak into Sky Mist Barrier." The man placed the battle axe by the side and brought out some medicinal salve before he smeared it on the wounds on his body. There were a lot of blood stains on his body.

"You're indeed a merciless one to have sacrificed hundreds of your tribesmen for this one chance." The man smiled.

"If we don't enter the land of the Berserkers, we will definitely die when the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrives. To survive, this is nothing, especially compared to you pretending you died to escape."

The man with the bat tattoo on his face let out a cold snort.

"We should be the first batch of people using this method to escape into this place. It's a pity... that the risk for this method is very high, and only three to five people at most can come in, or else, if we presented this method to the Temple of the God of Shamans, we would be able to obtain quite a large amount of rewards." The man frowned, then avoided the topic of just now.

"It's useless even if you hand it to the God of Shamans Temple. Do you think they don't know about this method? With the strength and how terrifying Sky Mist City is, they must have seen through this as well, but they didn't seal the wall off. There's a

very 'profound' reason for this." The person with the bat tattoo laughed coldly.

"Oh? I thought that Wu Duo was the one who first discovered this method. He has already disappeared for more than a decade and has been living among the Berserkers. I wonder what is his level of cultivation now." The man lowered his head, his eyes sparkling.

As the two people chatted with each other, they would occasionally look around them carefully. If there was even a hint of movement around them, even the slightly rustle of grass, they would attack immediately. After all, to them, this was the land of the Berserkers, and all the people in this land were their enemies.

Even with their levels of cultivation that were equivalent to the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, they still did not dare venture too deeply into the land of Berserkers. They had already paid a large price to be able to enter this place, and they could no longer return to the Shaman Tribe. Right now, they only wanted to find a small Berserker Tribe, hide their identity, then follow the tribe as they migrated, which would allow their chances of surviving through the catastrophe to become higher. They did not want to die in battle.

At that moment, there was a shadow slicing through the forest around 20,000 feet away from the two people. That incredibly fast thing was the woman of the three people patrolling the area. She was searching through the forest incessantly, and gradually, she came to be at a spot that was less than 30,000 feet away from Su Ming. With her speed, even if she was patrolling through the area

while going in a circle, she would still discover him within less than the time taken for an incense stick to burn.

Once she ran into Su Ming, a Berserker, when they had yet to conceal their identities as Shamans, they would be engaged in another battle to the death.

Su Ming was leaning against a big tree with his eyes closed. There was nostalgia on his face, and in his hands, he held the bone xun while he played that soundless song. If anyone took a closer look, they would be able to vaguely see that there were some faint and barely indistinct ripples around Su Ming. The ripples spread out around him and echoed in a circular area of several hundreds of feet.

"Xuns have souls, that's why they can produce sound... What I blew in is wind, but what comes out is the notes produced by the soul..." Su Ming mumbled and opened his eyes to look at the bone xun in his hands. After a long, long time, he closed his eyes once again and immersed himself in the soundless song.

Gradually, once he managed to forget everything on the way to this place, he forgot about himself holding that bone xun under the big tree during the dark night. He no longer tried to see whether the xun could produce any sound but started searching for the feeling of home as he listened to the song in his memories.

On his face, Dark Mountain Mark gradually appeared. The trees and plants in Dark Mountain Tribe gradually surfaced on his chest hidden under his robes, and falling snow slowly appeared around that tribe, causing his closed right eye to turn red, little by little.

The ripples around him became stronger, causing the area of about hundreds of feet around to become distorted. Even as his presence was hidden away as he stood within the area.

It was as if Su Ming no longer existed.

He was immersed in the song, in his memories, and he leaned against the big tree unmoving.

Time trickled by, and soon, the time for an incense stick to burn passed by. A shadow dashed past an area that was 3,000 feet away from Su Ming. That shadow stopped, revealing a petite figure, and the Shaman woman appeared on the spot. She swept her gaze around the area, then disappeared in a flash.

Time continued trickling by, and in a manner not even Su Ming himself noticed, the distorted ripples around him started rising and falling like waves. As they reverberated in the air, they started spreading out, and once those ripples reached an area of nearly 500 feet, suddenly, a mournful song begun in the silent night!

The sound of the xun was originally rather weak and sounded like the first whimpers of a baby, but soon, that sound gradually stabilized and turned into a mournful sound that contained an endless amount of sorrow. It filled the air in the area, and even spread out further into the distance.

Su Ming's eyes were still closed. He was leaning against the big tree with the xun held beside his mouth, still, unmoving. Yet the

moment the xun produced its very first sounds available for others to hear, a white storage bag that was tied to Su Ming's robes suddenly let out a red glare. That red glare flew out from the bag, then right before Su Ming and amidst the large amount of distorted ripples, the Fire Ape appeared.

It squatted on the ground with a curious glint in its eyes as it stared at Su Ming. In truth, that storage bag could not hope to keep it locked within. If it wanted to, it could come out at anytime it desired. This was what Su Ming promised it, that was why he never sealed the bag tightly.

It stared at Su Ming blankly. That sorrowful sound within the song made it feel horrible, but it continued squatting and listening in silence.

Su Ming's shadow casted under the moonlight started swaying. A pair of red eyes appeared at the shadow's eyes, and within those eyes was bafflement.

Almost the moment the first notes of the song came out from the xun, the female Shaman who disappeared from the spot 2,000 feet away from Su Ming suddenly appeared as if she had just walked out of thin air. A wary look appeared on her face as she stared in the direction where Su Ming was, which was also the direction where the song was coming from.

Murderous intent appeared in her gaze, but she hesitated for a moment and decided not to act rashly. Instead, she chose to gradually move backwards.

The sound of the xun started spreading out to an even wider area, and lingered in the air even as the notes resounded in a circular area of several thousands of feet. In fact, some lingering notes from the song even spread out to further distances in the quiet night.

The melody of the song sang of sorrow and solemnness, making those who heard it feel their emotions stirring within them. It was as if there was some sort of strange power within those notes and they could touch souls.

Several tens of thousands of feet away in the forest, the two Shamans who had sunk into silence after their short exchange lifted their heads at almost the same time and wary looks appeared on their faces.

"Did you hear that?" That brawny man tightened his grip around the battle axe, and murderous intent appeared in his eyes.

"The sound of a xun..." The man with the bat tattoo on his face stood up grimly.

"This is already night time, and to the Berserkers, this place should be quite far away as well. There aren't any Berserker Tribes around this place, and the sounds from a xun suddenly appeared..." At the same time the murderous look appeared in the man's eyes, anxiety bubbled within him as well.

The man hesitated for a moment before he asked softly, "Could it

be Wu Duo?"

Before the man with the bat tattoo on his face could answer, an aloof voice belonging to a woman came from the patch of forest beside them.

"No, he's a Berserker." Along with that voice came the female Shaman, who had been at the spot 2,000 feet away from Su Ming just a moment ago and had now returned to her companions.

"What is his level of cultivation?" the man with the bat tattoo on his face immediately asked.

"He didn't seem strong to me. Besides that song of his, which was a little strange... this person's level of cultivation should not even be at the Bone Sacrifice Realm," stated the woman coldly.

"Not even the Bone Sacrifice Realm?" The man with the battle axe let out a sigh of relief, then started laughing ominously.

Yet the man with the bat tattoo on his face frowned and turned his gaze towards the female Shaman.

"Since he's not even in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, why didn't you kill him off?"

"This is the land of Berserkers. If we're going to attack, then we're doing it together. I'm not doing it alone." The woman's voice was still as aloof and indifferent as ever.

"Wu Duo is about to be here. Come on, we'll finish off this person quickly, and once we kill him, we need to search the area and see whether there are any other Berserkers around, or else there'll be trouble." The man with the bat tattoo on his face charged into the forest with a glint in his eyes.

The female Shaman followed behind him. When she moved, her body was like a wisp of smoke, making her seem as if she was drifting through the air.

"Since he's not even in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, I'll rip his skin off and see whether I can wear it on myself." That brawny man licked his lips in a bloodthirsty and cruel manner as he followed closely behind them.

The three of them could be said to be moving incredibly cautiously. Even if they were about to fight against a Berserker who had not even reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm, they still chose to act together. From this alone, it could be seen that they did not have even the slightest feeling of safety within the land of Berserkers.

"Ying Huan, you're fast. Launch the first strike later, but don't kill him. Keep him alive. There's something off about him, and I have some questions to ask that Berserker." The man with the bat tattoo on his face instructed the female Shaman by his side as they dashed forward.

The three of them traveled incredibly quickly, and before long, as

they ran in a straight line over those 50,000 feet, they arrived at a spot not too far away from Su Ming. Yet as they got closer, the mournful song became clearer, and in that silent night, that song made them feel incredibly uneasy.

When Ying Huan heard his words, she nodded. She too thought that there was something odd about that Berserker.

3,000 feet, 2,000 feet, 1,000 feet, 500 feet, 300 feet... Like long arcs, the trio stirred up piercing whistling sounds in the air as they traveled at full speed. When they arrived at the spot 300 feet beside him, they saw Su Ming leaning against the big tree, still and unmoving. They also saw a Fire Ape with fiery red fur squatting down before him.

Almost the moment these three people arrived, the Fire Ape turned around abruptly and bared its teeth while glaring at them. Right then, the woman, who excelled in speed among the trio, charged forward suddenly. She was originally 300 feet away from Su Ming, but in the next breath, she appeared right beside him. A cold glare appeared in the woman's eyes and she lifted her right hand. Five black needles could be seen in her hand, and she thrust them towards Su Ming's jugular notch.

Yet the moment this woman was about to swing her lifted right hand down, she suddenly let out a shrill, pained cry and started trembling while coughing out blood. On her face was shock and disbelief.

"There's something on my back!" The woman's shocked scream was filled with utmost terror, and her body started withering away

rapidly, as if her flesh was going to be instantly devoured.

The man with the battle axe widened his eyes, and terror could be seen within them. By his side, the man with the bat tattoo sucked in a sharp breath. He just saw clearly that there was a black shadow that looked like a layer of skin behind Ying Huan. It was stuck to her, rapidly spreading all over her as if it wanted to envelop the woman's body within.

Chapter 329: He Feng's Thoughts!

That strange sight shocked the male Shaman with the bat tattoo on his face. He had never seen such a bizarre Art before. In fact, he did not even know what that shadow was.

All of this happened too quickly, and he only managed to see the shadow immediately appearing behind him the moment Ying Huan got closer to the young man playing the xun while leaning against the big tree. That shadow got closer to her without a sound, and what came next were Ying Huan's screams.

The man with the battle axe came to an abrupt halt as he was moving forward, and his heart started pounding against his chest. The things that happened before them right then made him and his companion's skin crawl.

Almost the moment the female Shaman let out that shrill cry, the shadow behind her opened its mouth wide and covered her entire body completely, making it seem as if the woman was swallowed by it.

It would have been fine if that had just been the case, but once the female Shaman was swallowed up by the shadow within the area that was filled with the song's ripples, the fire-red ape that was squatting before the young man leaning against the tree glared at them with a murderous look.

The ape had originally not bothered the Shamans, but at that moment, as it let loose its murderous aura, a brutal sensation came

crashing into them. That ape moved and turned into a dash of fire-red that charged towards the man with the bat tattoo.

It was so fast that it arrived almost instantaneously, and as the Fire Ape swiped at him, the pupils of the man with the bat tattoo shrank. As he tumbled backwards and coughed out a mouthful of blood, his chest was turned into a bloody mess, his face was filled with shock. As he retreated, a sharp whistle came from his mouth, and his entire body instantly turned into a layer of mist. Only then did he manage to avoid the Fire Ape's fatal strike.

"Meng Heng! Kill that Berserker!" That sharp cry tumbled out of the male Shaman's lips, who had now turned into mist, and as his body moved back, the Fire Ape chased after him furiously.

Meng Heng was the brawny man with the battle axe. There was not a hint of hesitation in him. He knew well that this was the Berserker Tribe's land, and every single step they took here was filled with danger. If he cared about his own safety at this moment, then once the other two died, it would be difficult for him to survive. It would be better if he tried and fought for his life!

This was a battle none of the three Shamans had expected. They had originally thought this to be an easy battle. Their opponent was just a Berserker in the Awakening Realm, not even one in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Yet he had not even struck, his body had not even moved an inch, and one of their own had already been swallowed bizarrely by a black shadow, while the other was currently being hunted by an ape. They were in grave danger.

"Just what is this person's status within the Berserker Tribe?!"

The brawny man let out a low growl and charged towards Su Ming like a cyclone with his battle axe in hand.

‘His status within the Berserker Tribe must be really high, or else why would he possess that treasure that could swallow Ying Huan and own that ferocious beast that can even fight against Fu Ge when he’s just a Berserker who hasn’t even reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm?!

‘This person must be really weak and can’t even hold his own in a fight. Fu Ge must have asked me to kill him because he saw through this. Once this person dies... all his treasures will be ours!’

A fierce glare appeared within the man’s eyes. He was so quick that with just one step, he had already closed in on Su Ming, who was by the big tree while playing the xun, seemingly oblivious to everything around him.

"Die!"

A strange green light appeared all over the man’s body. As that green light flashed, his lifted right hand swelled up, and a bloodthirsty aura spread out from the battle axe. With one swing, the axe sliced through the air, straight down towards Su Ming’s head.

Not too far in the distance, shrill, pained screams rang out from the mist, which had been ripped apart several times by the Fire Ape once it caught up to it. The mist’s speed increased as it escaped once again, and the male Shaman who had turned into the mist

saw the axe swinging down on Su Ming as he hastily retreated.

"Kill him!" that male Shaman shouted, then withdrew once again.

The brawny man laughed ominously. That blow contained all his strength, and he was confident that even if he ran into a Berserker in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, if they were just like this young man, who would not even dodge and just allowed him to cut him down, they would surely die.

Yet when the Shaman-now-turned-mist looked on eagerly and the brawny man began envisioning Su Ming being cut in half with a savage look on his face, Su Ming remained unmoving, a black bracelet on his wrist. It suddenly dissipated and broke off from Su Ming's wrist in the form of black mist, which rolled together and turned into the form of a woman's body. She appeared before Su Ming, right in front of the man, and lifted her right hand to receive that strike.

The woman appeared too quickly, so quickly that she almost materialized in the span of a breath. Her whole entire body was black and her face could not be seen. They could only see her curvaceous body, and as her hand touched the axe swinging down, a loud bang abruptly rang out.

The man holding the axe shuddered, and his right hand instantly exploded, causing the axe to fall back with a humming sound in the air before it turned into an arc that fell into the forest in the distance. That man trembled, and blood mist burst forth from his body. He staggered backwards and coughed out a huge mouthful of

blood with a pale face. Without any hesitation, he retreated, and once he did so, shock appeared in his eyes.

He was not the only one shocked. The male Shaman who had turned into mist was also stunned. As he continued retreating, the Fire Ape, which had been incessantly chasing him down, suddenly froze. That distance was the limit of the chain wound around the Fire Ape's neck. It could not continue onward. It bared its teeth and let out a low growl, then slightly backed off at a very slow pace.

Using that chance, the male Shaman changed back into his physical form from the mist. His breathing was quick as his heart pounded with lingering fear, but when he saw Meng Hao coughing out blood, withdrawing in haste, his breathing stilled.

The woman formed by the black mist standing before Su Ming glared at the two Shamans coldly. She did not speak, but her gaze alone was enough to make their hearts tremble.

‘The middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm!’ The male Shaman with the bat tattoo on his face felt a bang go off in his head the moment his gaze met the woman's.

The brawny man's entire right hand had exploded and was now a bloodied mess. His direction as he fell back was different from the male Shaman with the bat tattoo on his face. He did not dare go to where the male Shaman was, the Fire Ape was there.

Between them was Su Ming, leaning against the big tree with his

eyes closed.

The short battle became silent. The Fire Ape squatted on its spot and swept its gaze at the two people coldly. The woman formed by the black mist did the same thing.

‘He possesses a valuable treasure that could swallow Ying Huan, owns an ape that has the power equivalent to that of those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm with a speed that is shocking, then has a Spirit Slave that is in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm protecting him... How could he be so powerful? He’s supposed to just be in the Awakening Realm!’

The man with the bat tattoo on his face was pale. He knew that there was no hope for him to win this battle, and he was just about to leave...

In the other direction, the brawny male Shaman’s heart was also racing in fear. The dangers in this battle made him lose all will to continue fighting. Now he only wanted to leave this place as soon as possible. He had gone through many trials and tribulations before he finally managed to get into the land of Berserkers. He did not want to die here.

To the brawny man, that young man leaning against the tree with his eyes closed was filled with enigma. He did not want to get closer to that mysteriousness. He just wanted to get out of this place.

Yet the moment thoughts of escape appeared within him and his

fellow Shaman with the bat tattoo and they were just about to run into two different directions, their bodies suddenly froze.

With increasing fear, they saw a figure gradually appearing out of thin air, right at the spot before Su Ming and behind the Fire Ape, where Ying Huan was swallowed up previously.

That figure had a curvaceous body but leaned on the slightly petite side. It was a woman with a tattoo on her face that made her look ugly. That woman... was the Shaman, Ying Huan!

She reappeared!

However, the originally empty eyes of the newly appeared Ying Huan were suddenly filled with a lively glare. Standing there, she lowered her head to look at her own body. Then, as the other two Shamans were stunned still, she moved her limbs. By the looks of it, it was as if she was not too used to this body and needed time to get used to it.

"She's... not Ying Huan!"

The male Shaman with the bat tattoo on his face instantly turned stark pale. He just saw very clearly, coldness and unfamiliarity showing up within the newly appeared Ying Huan's eyes.

The brawny man also noticed this. Terror appeared within his eyes, and he retreated hastily without any further hesitation.

Almost the moment he started retreating, the Shaman with the bat tattoo on his face also instantly fell back. The two of them ran in opposite directions, but right as they took their very first steps, the newly appeared Ying Huan smiled with a hint of darkness on her lips. She charged towards the man with the bat tattoo.

The black figure that was given to Su Ming by his eldest senior brother and was floating before him also moved and turned into a gust of black smoke that charged towards the brawny Shaman.

Only the Fire Ape remained around Su Ming while it let out displeased growls, because it was tied down by the chain around its neck.

Before long, from another side of the forest came wisps of smoke that looked like a person. A woman appeared right before Su Ming, and a human head fell from the wisps of smoke before they charged towards Su Ming's right hand and turned into a black bracelet.

Some time passed by, and a muffled screamed echoed in the air. After a moment, from another side of the forest came a man. This person was the Shaman, Fu Ge, who had been running away. As he walked forth, he kept shaking his body as if he was trying to get used to it. In his right hand he held a human head, and it belonged to Ying Huan.

His eyes sparkled, and he stopped a hundred something feet away from Su Ming. His gaze fell on him, and his eyes sparkled, a murderous gleam evident within them. It was as if he was hesitating and being unsure. His eyes shone with killing intent as

he continued observing Su Ming.

Pitter...

Patter...

The blood from the human head in his hand let out pattering sounds as it fell on the ground, and the sound was incredibly distinct in that quiet night.

Almost the instant he stopped moving, the Fire Ape turned around and glared at the thing with the Shaman Fu Ge's appearance. It snarled and growled at him, because it could sense it. Even though this person's form was different, it was still that shadow that the ape despised.

That person's hostile gaze made the Fire Ape's growls turn increasingly more murderous.

Chapter 330: Punishment!

The bat tattoo on the man with Fu Ge's appearance was originally dark, but at that moment, dim light started shining on it. He lifted his foot slowly and took one light step towards Su Ming.

The instant he took that one step, the Fire Ape stood up swiftly, lifted both its arms towards Fu Ge, then struck its chest repeatedly with madness shining in its eyes, looking as if it would immediately strike should Fu Ge take one more step into its territory.

The man who looked like Fu Ge was not bothered by the Fire Ape. He kept his gaze trained on Su Ming, who still had his eyes closed, and lifted his right foot once again, but hesitation appeared within him once more.

As he hesitated, he had his eyes fixed on Su Ming and stared at him with a piercing gaze as if he wanted to see whether there was anything off about him. After a long while, killing intent appeared within his eyes. Yet the instant he was about to put his foot down on the ground for the third time...

"He Feng, are you tired of living?" a calm voice suddenly asked.

The instant that voice spoke, the killing intent within the eyes of the man who looked like Fu Ge disappeared. He shuddered slightly and instantly knelt down on one knee.

He saw Su Ming, who had been leaning against the big tree, open his eyes. The xun in his hands was already placed on the ground, and he was looking at him coldly. Strangely, even though Su Ming was no longer playing any songs on the xun, the mournful notes from the song still echoed gently in the area.

"Master, you're mistaken. I only wanted to return to your side."

He Feng's heart shuddered, and he quickly lowered his head. He looked calm, but the emotions in his heart were surging wildly due to that one sentence from Su Ming, along with Su Ming's gaze.

Su Ming did not speak. He only stared coldly at the man before him, who had the appearance of a Shaman but was in truth He Feng. This was the first time he saw He Feng's mystical ability. That mystical ability was incredibly strange, and it was enough to make Su Ming feel a little alarmed.

He Feng had a rebellious bone within him, and that was something Su Ming knew since a long time ago. This person was not willing to be used by him, that was why he harbored unfaithful sentiments. If Su Ming wanted to use this person, then he must dominate He Feng using extreme measures, forcing him down beneath him forever, have terror fill his mind. Only then would Su Ming be able to control him.

He had to control He Feng using fear!

Su Ming closed his eyes, and the instant he did so, He Feng, who had been kneeling on the ground, suddenly started shuddering

viciously. As he trembled, He Feng let out shrill and pained cries that were filled with intense agony, as if he was going through an unimaginable amount of suffering.

He continued screaming, and as He Feng trembled, he found himself not even being able to keep his body upright. He fell to the side, and as convulsions wrecked the body he had just obtained, the body started withering away and drying up rapidly.

A large amount of black smoke could even be clearly seen coming from the body's skin as it continued to rot and wither away. There was a countless number of Wings of the Moon within that black smoke devouring the body madly.

The sudden change did not make He Feng surprised. He was incredibly intelligent, and right from the start Su Ming said those words, he knew that he was definitely going to be punished.

Yet he was not at all bothered by this punishment. In his mind, there was in no way Su Ming would kill him. Even if he wanted to kill him, he would not do it now. After all, He Feng would be of incredible help to Su Ming during the battle in Sky Mist.

He believed wholeheartedly... that Su Ming would not dare to kill him!

‘It’s just going to be a light punishment, and it’s just to let me know that he’s my owner so that I won’t have any rebellious thoughts. Judging from such an immature tactic, Master, you’re still too naive. You might have changed a lot during these years,

but compared to me, you're still lacking!

‘I’ll just show a pained face so that you’ll be happy when you see it and feel relaxed, then I’ll make some promises and it’ll be enough to deceive you.

‘This is just a show, and I’ll act it out with you.’ He Feng laughed in his heart coldly, though he was still screaming out in pain while begging for mercy.

He Feng might be rebellious, but the Wings of the Moon were not. To the souls of the Wings of the Moon, Su Ming was their king. Su Ming’s will was their everything, and with just one thought, he could let them willingly do anything, even if he was demanding them to self-destruct.

Hence, even if He Feng had fused together with the Wings of the Moon, and by spreading out his will had become the main body after the fusion, but everything that he had was from the Wings of the Moon!

That was why, He Feng, who had never gone through any sort of punishment before, had still underestimated the pain.

As his newly acquired body continued trembling and he kept screaming, He Feng went through two different pains coming from his body and his soul. He felt his body rotting away, sensed the pain of his soul being ripped apart, and the indescribable agony of his entire being, his body and his soul, being devoured by the Wings of the Moon.

‘Damn it, why does it hurt so much?! Su Ming, you as*hole, you bastard, once I regain my freedom, you’ll be the very first person I devour. Remember that!’ He Feng raged in his heart, but his face was filled with pain, and his voice became increasingly agonized.

"Master, I did wrong... I did wrong. Please forgive me, please spare me this once..." He Feng’s body convulsed on the ground, and his pained screams made even the Fire Ape’s eyes change. His screams reverberated in the air and intersected with the mournful notes of the xun.

"Master, I won’t dare to do it again. Ah... please spare me... Please spare me..." The new body He Feng acquired had already completely withered away and turned into a dried up corpse. Its flesh had completely rotted away, and the black wisps of air coming out of the corpse started tumbling about like smoke. The shrill screams were also coming from the shadows of the Wings of the Moon that were occasionally appearing in the smoke.

Su Ming had his eyes closed as if he could not hear anything and did not bother about him one bit. Time trickled by, and once He Feng’s screams reached their peak, his voice slowly started to weaken.

‘Su Ming, I’ll never forgive you!’

"Master... please spare me..."

‘Su Ming, I’ll return this pain I suffered back to you several fold

in the future! You won't kill me, I know that!'

"Master... I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, please spare me this once... just this once... just this once..."

He Feng's thoughts and words were two complete opposites, but gradually, the curses in his mind slowly dwindled down, and the pleads for mercy increased, because gradually, He Feng discovered something terrifying.

Wisps of smoke started drifting out of the ball of black smoke floating in midair. Once every wisp of smoke separated itself and drifted out of the ball, they would turn into a Wings of the Moon that would wander about in the area. Gradually, the black smoke became less until eventually, there was only one wisp left from that black smoke, and within it was He Feng's shivering soul.

"Master, please spare me!"

He Feng's soul looked as if it was about to dissipate, and as that black smoke was continuously dragged out, his soul became weaker, but that was not the true cause of what made him terrified. Occasionally, He Feng lifted his head and looked at the sky, and when he did, the anxiety in his pleads for mercy grew increasingly stronger. By then, the curses in his heart were gone without a trace.

The sky had already started to brighten up. The morning sun had peeked its head out of the horizon in the distance, and before long, it would show up completely. Once it did, the darkness on the land

would be chased away, and a new day would arrive.

To Su Ming, this was just another day, but to He Feng, it would be the final moment of his life!

He originally did not fear daylight, but once he fused with the Wings of the Moon, even though he could still exist during the day, he could only do so if there were shadows around.

Yet as he was being punished by Su Ming and the Wings of the Moon in his body were dragged out by his will, in this state where he lost the Wings of the Moon, he suddenly realized that for some unknown reason he was immensely terrified of the sun. In fact, he even had a feeling that if the morning sun shone on him while he was in this state where the Wings of the Moon had yet to return to his body, then what awaited him was absolute death!

This was something he had never imagined was possible. It was something completely out of his expectations!

As time passed by and the morning sun was about to appear fully, He Feng's terror reached its peak, because he just realized he had made a horrible miscalculation!

‘He wants to kill me! He actually wants to kill me!’ Extreme fear appeared on He Feng's face. He was terrified now, truly terrified.

‘That's impossible! He must still be thinking of just scaring me! He'll definitely not destroy me for such a small mistake, not after

wasting so many weeks in fusing me with the Wings of the Moon!

‘This is him warning me, that’s right... this is just a warning!’ He Feng continued consoling himself, but his eyes were glued to the horizon.

Suddenly, right the moment he looked over, the morning sun appeared in the horizon, and at the same time, the darkness enveloping the land started disappearing at a shocking speed along with the darkness within the forest where Su Ming was.

He Feng sank into fear, the fear that had been long absent from within him. He had only experienced this fear right when he was captured by Su Ming in the past and had originally forgotten it, but now, he suddenly remembered. At that one moment all those years ago, he had been certain Su Ming would not kill him, but in truth, if it had not been for He Feng convincing Su Ming with his final sentence, He Feng would have been long dead.

‘He really wants to kill me!’

He Feng let out a pained scream, and as the darkness disappeared while sunlight descended on land, his body started rapidly dissipating. As he disappeared, he went through pain that was several times more intense than that time in the past, and the feeling of death rose swiftly within him.

"Master... I did wrong, I made an absolute mistake, I was truly wrong. Please forgive me just this once, Master-AAHHH!!!!" This time the scream was not fake. He Feng was truly begging for

mercy.

Yet his plea did not get Su Ming to open his eyes.

He Feng was already in despair. He could tell that his body was about to disappear and his soul about to scatter into nothingness. When that happened, he, He Feng, would no longer exist. A deep seated terror and regret filled his entire being.

As he continued screaming, half his body disappeared, and when his head was almost gone as well, he suddenly remembered how he escaped death in the past.

"Master, I don't want freedom! I'd rather follow and serve you with my entire life! I did wrong, and I will do this as punishment for myself!!"

"You don't want freedom?" Su Ming opened his eyes. "I will give you freedom, but it won't be within 500 years. I will now increase it by one fold. After 1,000 years, you can be free," he declared unhurriedly.

The moment he spoke, He Feng suddenly realized that... there seemed to be something different about Su Ming...

Chapter 331: Wu Duo

The flatly spoken words had a chilling tone that made He Feng shiver.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed it at him, and immediately, the wandering Wings of the Moon let out piercing shrieks and charged back towards He Feng. Once they surrounded him in multiple layers, He Feng managed to not completely disappear when the morning sun rose fully in the sky.

The Wings of the Moon fusing once again into his body gave He Feng a feeling as if he had just escaped death. In his heart, fear now replaced all thoughts of rebellion. He simply could not get a grasp of Su Ming's thoughts, because how he thought Su Ming would react was completely different from how he truly acted and thought.

Just like today, he had originally thought that Su Ming would definitely not truly kill him. While he was indeed not dead, He Feng knew that if he had spoken a little slower just now, then what awaited him would have been death.

He Feng had an incredibly wild nature and could not find it within himself to accept being someone else's slave. Right now, fear took up a large part of his heart, even if slowly, as that fear gradually drained away, he would once again... try to backstab Su Ming.

But for now, he would not dare to, not when he had not found a

way to avoid the huge threat brought by the sunlight. He would not dare to try and kill Su Ming again.

Su Ming understood this fully.

He did indeed not want to kill He Feng. After all, his power was strange, and he would prove to be incredibly useful in Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. As for this person's possible betrayal... well, Su Ming had his own plans to deal with it.

He Feng, who had by then fused back with the Wings of the Moon, turned into a shadow. He bowed towards Su Ming with fear lingering in his heart, then blended back into Su Ming's shadow.

On the ground were two bloody heads and one rotting and withered corpse.

When the Fire Ape saw that Su Ming was awake, it yawned by his side, then casually picked up the brawny Shaman's head before starting to toy around with it. If anyone saw this scene, it would be difficult for them not to be scared.

The notes from Su Ming's xun gradually disappeared as the morning sun rose into the air and light illuminated the land. Su Ming looked at the clear blue sky and took a deep breath. Then he slowly stood up after having sat cross-legged for the entire night.

When he got up, popping sounds came from within his body. Those pops were like the sounds of bones knocking into each

other, like his flesh rubbing against itself. As those sounds echoed in the air, Su Ming's Mountain Mark appeared on his face. Under his clothes, Dark Mountain Tribe manifested. Snow trailed down his skin, and red appeared in his right eye.

The entire Picture of the snow covered Blood Moon and Dark Mountain was completely revealed. Light shone on the picture, and a song played by a xun could be heard faintly in the air. It was as if that song itself existed within Su Ming's Berserker Mark. When that Berserker Mark was completely revealed, it would naturally ring in the air.

Su Ming's hair started moving without wind. He lifted his head, then slowly, his feet floated off the ground until he was three feet away from the ground.

A powerful cultivation aura abruptly erupted forth from Su Ming's body.

His level of cultivation had reached the later stage of the Awakening Realm after his first change of heart before the auction. He was already only one step away from reaching great completion. Su Ming had already understood at that time that he needed the sound of the xun to complete that one step. He needed to play out the melody in his memories, and if he could do it, then his Dark Mountain Berserker Mark could fuse completely with his memories.

When his Berserker Mark rumbled with power, it allowed his level of cultivation to move straight from the later stage into the great completion of the Awakening Realm!

After the auction, Su Ming came to this place, retrieved his repaired xun, walked for three days until he forgot everything, and only on the fourth night, the quiet night filled with bloodshed and murder, did he manage to truly play out a song on that xun, causing the xun to obtain a soul once more.

This soul was formed through the accumulation of Su Ming's memories. This soul... was the soul of Su Ming's Berserker Mark!

The presence of power within Su Ming became increasingly stronger, and after a moment, the ground in a circular area of several thousands of feet rumbled. The trees rustled as if there was a huge gust of wind blowing past them.

Su Ming's body was floating several dozens of feet away from the ground. A brilliant glow appeared in his eyes, and a feeling that he held the reigns over an incredible power in his hands rose within him.

It might seem like there was only a level between the great completion and the later stage of the Awakening Realm, but in truth, the great completion was the peak of the Awakening Realm. It was the most powerful level within it.

Those who reached this level could call themselves Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Awakening Realm. That level was also known as Inferior Bone, because there was only a paper thin distance between that stage to the Berserkers' Bone Sacrifice Realm.

If they managed to reach a breakthrough, then they would be able to tear through that paper with just a poke of their finger, but if they did not manage to reach a breakthrough, then even with time, they would not be able to wear out that sheet of paper.

Su Ming gradually descended from midair, and the moment he stood on the ground, his hair slowly fell on his shoulders. He had his eyes closed, and when he opened them a moment later, tranquillity could be seen within them.

‘This is the fifth morning, there’re still two days left... I don’t have enough time to make it back to Sky Mist Barrier from this place.’

When Su Ming had his eyes closed just now, he was not just calming down the fluctuations in his power, he was also sensing the location of the brand belonging to his life force.

He could somewhat sense its position, and from there, deduce the approximate distance between himself and the brand.

‘If that’s the case...’

A brief spark appeared in Su Ming’s eyes and he picked up the female Shaman’s head before he threw it to the Fire Ape. The Fire Ape leaped up and caught it. Once it did so, its face lit up with a smile. It held the two heads by their long hair and tied them to its waist, then patted its chest in Su Ming’s direction while putting on a face as if it was really strong.

Su Ming then walked towards the dried up corpse of the man with the bat tattoo on his face. With his right hand, he slashed down at the corpse's dried up throat. Rumbling and cracking sounds appeared. Before Su Ming could pick up the head, the Fire Ape had already run towards him, unable to control itself. It snatched up the man's head, causing it to be separated from his body. Not one drop of blood fell from the tear between the head and its body.

Fire Ape became even more pleased with itself and quickly tied the three heads together on its waist. It shook its body several times beside Su Ming, growing even more excited.

Su Ming did not lift his head but continued staring at the headless corpse. Once he patted several spots on the corpse, he found a grass-woven bag.

That bag looked really worn out, but when Su Ming held it in his hands, he realized that this bag had the same function as a storage bag. With his divine sense, he left his own Brand on it without any difficulty.

"Hmm?"

Su Ming poured out the contents of the bag onto his palm, and out fell a stone about the size of a fingernail. That stone glowed in five radiant colors under the sun, and wisps of smoke could be seen within, giving it a rather pretty look.

There were about a hundred stones like this within the straw bag.

Besides those stones, there were also some medicinal herbs Su Ming had never seen before. There were also quite a large amount of these herbs in the bag.

Su Ming put away the straw bag into his bosom then stood up. With one move, he disappeared from the spot, and when he reappeared, he stood in front of the brawny man's headless corpse located in a spot in the forest not too far away from where he was previously.

Once he searched through that corpse, Su Ming frowned. He got up and disappeared once again. This time, he reappeared beside Ying Huan's corpse in opposite the man's corpse. He searched through her body, but there was still no straw bag that could be found.

A barely noticeable glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Once he got up, he started walking into the distance in the forest. The Fire Ape followed behind him. Somewhere along the line, it had found the giant battle axe and swung it over its shoulders. That battle axe was very heavy, but with the Fire Ape's natural godly strength, it did not feel that the axe was heavy.

Su Ming looked at it, and a faint smile appeared on his face.

"Xiao Hong," Su Ming called out to it softly.

The Fire Ape lifted its head and rolled its eyes at Su Ming, then ignored him.

Su Ming smiled, then with one move, he charged forward at a high speed. The Fire Ape quickly followed behind him, and a competitive look appeared on his face. It was clear that it was not satisfied with how it lost to Su Ming the last time they raced.

The man and ape dashed forward, and two hours later, they left the forest and appeared on a spacious grass plains. The grass rustled in the wind. Some wild flowers could be seen, and their faint fragrance wafted in the air, causing the uninhabited place to be filled with a beauty that no human was present to appreciate.

"How is this place for you?"

Su Ming stopped on that grass plains before he asked languidly. His voice echoed in the area. The Fire Ape looked around itself, then thought that Su Ming was talking to it, causing it to roll its eyes at him again.

"Sir, you've been following me all the way and escorted me here, but still choose to keep silent. Could it be that you still aren't ready to attack?"

Su Ming turned around and looked towards the distance, in the direction where his back was previously, his eyes burning brightly.

The Fire Ape was momentarily stunned, then immediately

looked in that direction.

As the grass continued swaying in the wind on the grass plains, a thin and frail figure slowly revealed itself and walked towards Su Ming. Once he was several hundreds of feet away, he stopped.

It was a thin and tall person wearing a long black robe. He looked to be in his 30s. His gaze was perceptive, and he had his hair done in many tiny braids that were scattered behind his head.

He stared at Su Ming with a grave look on his face.

Su Ming, too, stared at him, and their gazes met each other from where the two of them stood several hundreds of feet away from each other.

"I am Wu Duo, of Western Sea Clan!"

After a long while, the man lifted his right hand and a deep blue plate appeared in his hand. He threw it towards Su Ming.

That plate turned into a deep blue line that charged towards Su Ming, but Su Ming simply took a few steps back and let the plate fall to the ground. He did not touch it.

When he saw Su Ming doing this, the man's pupils shrank, though it was barely noticeable.

"I am Mo Su, of Dark Mountain Tribe," Su Ming stated calmly. "It is none of my concern to which clan you belong to, but you took away my battle prize. You will have to give me an explanation for that."

Su Ming stared at the man. From what he could sense, this man had also yet to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm. He was the same as he himself - they had both attained great completion in the Awakening Realm.

Yet this man gave Su Ming the feeling as if he was standing before a ferocious and murderous lone wolf. That murderous aura had far surpassed that of the three Shamans earlier who had power equivalent to those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

When he heard Su Ming's words, the man fell silent and did not speak. Similar to what Su Ming sensed, he could also tell that this Mo Su standing before him looked as if he was just in the great completion stage of the Awakening Realm, and what was more, he had just arrived at that level. Still, he felt uneasy about Mo Su, especially when this person had noticed him following behind secretly. This alone made Wu Duo unwilling to act rashly.

Besides, he also understood that he definitely could not judge Mo Su by his level of cultivation alone if he could kill those three Shamans. He had also never heard of Dark Mountain Tribe, which meant that Mo Su had made it up on the spot.

"Perhaps you followed me for this," Su Ming said slowly and lifted his right hand. A gem the size of a fingernail, shining brilliantly with five colors, appeared on his palm.

Chapter 332: Soul Catcher

The instant he saw the crystal, a smile suddenly appeared on the man's lips.

"That's right, I followed you because of that. It's a pity that the other two useless pieces of trash calling themselves Shamans didn't have it. But since you have it, then it naturally belongs to you, brother Mo.

"Judging by the direction you're going, you should be heading to Sky Mist City. If that's the case, we're going down the same path." Wu Duo wrapped his fist in his palm in a greeting towards Su Ming.

"Don't need."

Su Ming gave Wu Duo a look, then turned around to leave. He could tell that this person was dangerous, and he did not want to waste too much time now that he was about to enter the battle of Sky Mist. Of course, if this person attacked first, then Su Ming would not mind checking out how powerful he himself was now.

"Brother Mo, please wait." Wu Duo took a few steps forward and immediately spoke.

Su Ming came to a halt, and a chilling glint appeared in his eyes.

"Brother Mo, don't misunderstand, I just want to make a deal.

You will definitely be interested in it." Wu Duo looked calm and offered a smile, as if he did not notice the chilling glint in Su Ming's eyes.

Su Ming did not say anything. He simply stared at this Wu Duo coldly.

"Brother Mo, if you can bring some proof of your accomplishments when you go to Sky Mist City alone, once you enter Sky Mist City, your rank will definitely be quite high. Brother Mo, I need your help with something that will definitely net you some credit. Once you succeed, I promise you, you will obtain enough credit to make even Sky Mist City look at you favorably," Wu Duo said slowly, licking his lips.

"Go on." Su Ming kept a calm composure.

"Heh heh, brother Mo, you're a decisive one, I admire you for that. I won't beat around the bush then. I received a tip that some Shamans are sneaking into our land using some special methods now that Sky Mist City is too busy to bother with them.

"The three Shamans you saw previously were the first batch. There should still be some other Shamans who had snuck in. If the two of us work together and manage to kill all of them, then bring their heads to Sky Mist City, we'll definitely be able net a huge achievement under our belts!

"Brother Mo, what do you think?" Wu Duo asked, smiling at Su Ming.

"If they can sneak under the defenses of Sky Mist City then run into our land, then they are definitely not weak. Besides, if they are few in number, we won't gain a lot of credit, but if there are a lot of them, then even if you and I work together, it will still be difficult for us to kill them.

"And more importantly, how do you know about this?" Su Ming's voice was freezing cold as he asked languidly.

"Brother Mo, I suppose you don't know about this, but there is a crack in Sky Mist City's defenses... well, it's not really a crack. Only Fledgling Shamans and those below can pass through it. Medial Shamans would find it hard to enter because their power is too great.

"More importantly, you need to sacrifice a lot of lives to get through that crack. Usually, only those who have made ample preparations are able to find a chance and sneak through during battle.

"There are very few people like that, or else it wouldn't be a secret. I received a tip that there are less than twenty Shamans who have entered our land and are loitering around the area. Besides, these people are at most Fledgling Shamans with the power equivalent to Berserkers at the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

"As for why I know these things... Brother Mo, I would have to ask you to not continue asking. This is my secret," Wu Duo said in

a dark voice, his eyes on Su Ming.

"I won't hide from you. Once we kill these people, I will let you have the corpses to claim the credit, but their items have to go to me. As thanks, once this is over, I can tell you what the crystals are for. After all, there are still many chances for us to obtain them during the battle of Sky Mist.

"This is the first time we work together. If all things work out, then we can still continue working together. If you still can't find it in yourself to believe in me, then I will take the first strike each time we run into a Shaman. You will be able to make your decision if that's the case," Wu Duo said in a low voice.

Su Ming remained silent. If this mysterious Wu Duo had mentioned any other deal, he would not have been interested. Yet if he hunted down and killed these Shamans, Su Ming could use this as the perfect excuse for why he could not make it back to Sky Mist City within the allocated time.

"What is a Fledgeling Shaman, and on that note, what is a Medial Shaman?" Su Ming was silent for a moment before he suddenly threw that question out.

Wu Duo was taken aback for a moment before he cast a surprised glance at him.

"Brother Mo, you don't know? Oh well, this isn't a secret anyway. Your clan or tribe might have forgotten to tell you about it."

Wu Duo was slightly thrown off track and found himself slightly unable to figure out Su Ming's origins. All those from slightly bigger tribes would definitely know about the ranking system within the Shaman Tribe, and Su Ming did not give him the feeling that he came from a small tribe.

‘Could it be that he’s testing me?’

Wu Duo gasped in his heart, but managed to maintain a calm composure and say with a smile, "The Shaman Tribe is different from the Berserker Tribe. You can even say that they are completely different from us. We of the Berserker Tribe divide our levels in a manner similar to us moving up a ladder, which are the divisions of the four great realms, Blood Solidification, Awakening, Bone Sacrifice, and Berserker Soul.

"Each Realm is also divided into four small stages, which are the initial, middle, later, and completion stages.

"But the Shaman Tribe is different. The ranking system in the Shaman Tribe is rather messy, but it can also be said to be rather simple. They have six great Realms. They are divided into Battle Shaman, Spirit Wisdom, Thought Soothsayer, Soul Catcher, Spirit Medium, and Split Dawn.

"These six Realms are seldom divided in a manner where one is superior to the other. You can say that these are six paths each Shaman can choose after their coming of age ceremony. Their Patriarch or Matriarch will hold a test for them to find the most

suitable path for their cultivation.

"They have six types of Realms, and each one of them is divided into four stages: Fledgling, Medial, Latter, and End. A Fledgling Shaman is equivalent to those of us in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, and Medial Shaman is about the same as those of us who have attained the great completion of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Latter Shaman is equivalent to those of us in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and End Shaman is equivalent to those of us who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm.

"There is still a legendary stage after the End. It is known as Hollow. Within the six great Realms, anyone who has gone past End can call himself or herself as the Hollow Shaman!

"But the difficulty for a Hollow Shaman to appear is second only to the God of Berserkers appearing among us Berserkers." Wu Duo smiled faintly, explaining in detail.

"Battle Shaman, Spirit Wisdom, Thought Soothsayer, Soul Catcher, Spirit Medium, and Split Dawn."

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. This was the first time he had heard of the rank division among the Shamans. It was completely different from the divisions in the Berserker Tribe. Among these six types, he had seen the Split Dawn and Spirit Medium before, but he had no idea which category the Patriarch of Lizard Shaman Tribe belonged to.

"The simple part of it is due to the four stages, which are the Fledgeling, Medial, Latter, and End stages. The messy part is because these six Realms are all different from each other. The Battle Shamans are the warriors of the Shaman Tribe. They number the highest, and in a way akin to a sacrifice, they will use the power of their bodies along with their sense towards their Totems to gain great power.

"Spirit Wisdoms can control other people's fate after combining their strength with their wisdom. They are very unique in the Shaman Tribe. All of the Patriarchs in the Shaman Tribe are Spirit Wisdoms, and their wisdom is supreme to all others. They can call upon the wind and summon rain, force their own people to sacrifice their lives for their gods."

Once Wu Duo started talking about the Spirit Wisdoms, his voice became much softer, as if he was very wary of these Spirit Wisdoms.

When Su Ming heard about them, he was slightly shaken. He remembered just how strong the Patriarch of Lizard Shaman Tribe was. He was one of the rare, incredibly powerful enemies that Su Ming had run into in his life.

"Thought Soothsayers are chosen among the most handsome men or beautiful women in the tribe. Then their powers in prophesying will be trained. They will observe the stars and govern over the land to become more familiar with maintaining good human relationships. Powerful Thought Soothsayers can arrive at a terrifying state where they can tell when lives return to earth, when earth is affected by the sky, and when sky provides for

all.

"Soul Catchers are skilled with the Red Death Spell, the Revival Spell, and the Immortality Spell. You must absolutely not look into their eyes. They are as powerful as the [Candle Dragon](#)... I killed two Fledgling Soul Catchers before, and it is a nightmare fighting against them."

When Wu Duo spoke up to that point, he fell silent for a moment.

"Spirit Mediums govern over the souls of the dead and the living. They pity the dead, but are completely unbothered by the living. A single Spirit Medium might not be strong, but if a powerful one works together with a Soul Catcher, they will bring about disaster to the living.

"The final one are the Split Dawns. They are beautiful, rare, and each pair of Split Dawns can only be fully developed after the Shaman Tribe pours in a large amount of effort into them. They are an existence that is unworldly, an existence that defies reality. It is said that they can imagine anything they like, and all their imaginations will turn into reality! I hate these sort of Shamans, but in truth, it is also the most difficult for Hollow Shamans to appear from this class.

"Once a Hollow Split Dawn appears, then his existence would be the same as a new God of Berserkers appearing among the Berserkers. In fact, he'd be even more powerful than the God of Berserkers!

"That is the Shaman Tribe. Brother Mo, the more you understand them, the higher your chances of survival will be during the battle of Sky Mist. Now then, do you think we have a chance of working together?"

Wu Duo licked his lips and looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming pondered over it for a while, then said resolutely, "If you're this confident, then you must be certain that you can find them. Lead the way."

"Brother Mo, you're a straightforward person. I can indeed find them. As for the reason, well, I can't say it. But don't worry, I'm offering to work together sincerely!" Wu Duo laughed boisterously and stepped onto air before turning into a long arc and charging into the distance.

"Brother Mo, the closest batch of Shamans are somewhere near us if we go straight ahead. Once I attack, please help me!"

Su Ming got up and stepped forward, then right behind Wu Duo, he too turned into a long arc and charged into the sky without a word.

Far off in that direction, there were two Shamans who were cautiously dashing across the plains. One of these two was wearing a leather helmet with bull horns on it. His gaze was ghastly, and there was a scar on his lips, making it seem as if his lips divided into four. It was a terrifying sight to behold.

By his side was a boy. That boy's hair floated behind his head, and he had his eyes closed, but there was an air of ghastliness surrounding him, causing fear and respect to appear on the man's face when he occasionally looked over.

"You're scared." As the two of them moved forward, the boy, who still had his eyes closed, suddenly opened his mouth and spoke. His voice was rather sharp, and it sounded as if it was scraping against the man's soul.

"Lord Soul Catcher..." The man beside him shuddered.

"Don't be afraid. That Wu Duo won't dare to play any tricks. Once we finish the trade, he will become your companion and follow me while enjoying an Undying Shaman Body."

A smile appeared on the boy's lips, and even though his eyes remained closed, there was still a strange black light shining through the slit between his eyelids.

"Yes!" The man's eyes immediately turned blank, and he lowered his head before answering respectfully. There was not a hint of emotion in his words. It was as if he was a dead man talking.

The instant he lowered his head, a maggot crawled out and fell onto the ground from his four parted lips. That man... His body was filled with maggots... He... was a dead man!

烛九阴 (Zhu Jiu Ying) is also known as 燭龍 (Zhu Long), and 烛阴 (Zhu Ying). It is a Chinese mythological creature with the body of a snake and the head of a dragon, and it is recorded in Shan Hai Jing.

It controls day and night by opening and closing its eyes, and when it breathes, it changes the seasons.

The word 烛 is torch, and 阴/龍 is dragon. So it's literally "Torch Dragon", but the official Chinese translation for this is Candle Dragon, so Candle Dragon it is.

Chapter 333: Boy!

On the fifth afternoon since Su Ming left Frozen Ice Sky, the wind blew gently while the sun shone brilliantly, and the clouds spread out in the sky like scales. The sun was bright and illuminated the plains. It was as if the light had fused with the wind itself and was blowing through the grass, causing rustling sounds to fill the air.

Wu Duo was charging forward at an extremely high speed in the form of a long arc. Su Ming was by his side, his robes were fluttering in the wind. His face was the epitome of relaxation, and his thoughts could not be read from his expression.

He did not choose to travel behind Wu Duo. After all, the two of them had just gotten to know each other, and the process in which they got acquainted had not been on good terms. That was why there was no need for him to do anything that would lead to misunderstandings.

This was the reason why while Su Ming and Wu Duo's distance between each other did not seem too far away when anyone lifted their heads and looked up, but in truth, they were about 1,000 feet apart from each other.

As they charged forth, Wu Duo would intentionally lower his speed and observe Su Ming, but no matter how many times he observed him, he could not find any clues. He could not tell where Su Ming came from, so he turned his attention to the Fire Ape, which was also traveling with them right beside Su Ming.

‘This Mo Su might not seem old, but his actions are experienced. His words are also very sharp. It’s clear that he’s not someone who has just left his clan or tribe. He’s also a very independent person, and his goals are very clear. If it wasn’t because I tempted him by saying he can gain achievements by killing Shamans, he would have definitely not agreed to come with me.

‘So, by this alone, it can be said that he’s not without weaknesses. This person’s desire to gain achievements is great...’

The ape was a new type and was not something Wu Duo knew of. The more he observed it, the more mysterious he found Su Ming. It was not as if there was no malice within Wu Duo’s heart, but that malice slowly diminished by a large amount due to his uncertainty towards the mystery surrounding his new travel companion.

Su Ming could see all of Wu Duo’s actions. He might not know what the other was thinking of, but he could guess it somewhat. His guesses might not be perfect, but he knew that if he continued keeping his silence, Wu Duo would not dare act recklessly. This could be clearly seen from how he had continued to follow Su Ming, choosing not to attack.

‘This person is a skeptic. Perhaps this is his virtue, but it is also his weakness. Unless absolutely certain, a sceptical person will not attack easily.’

Su Ming averted his gaze from Wu Duo, then calmly continued to travel in a long arc that sliced through the sky.

Time slowly passed by as the both of them pondered over their own thoughts. When noon was gone, Wu Duo suddenly came to a halt, and Su Ming also stopped 1,000 feet behind him.

Wu Duo closed his eyes as if he was using some sort of special method to check their surroundings. After some time, he opened them and spoke grimly.

"Brother Mo, there are Shamans right in front of us!"

In truth, Wu Duo had deliberately put on this face. He did not know whether there were any Shamans around the area, but he knew the place which he had set to meet with the Shamans for the trade.

He would receive Shaman Crystals in exchange of providing the method for them to change into Berserkers. That was the original plan, but after he ran into Su Ming, Wu Duo changed his plans.

He did not want to provide them with the method to hide their identities as Shamans, but he also wanted to obtain Shaman Crystals.

"From what I can sense, there is only one person in front. The fluctuations from that person's power aren't strong, so he should be a Fledgeling Battle Shaman. It won't be hard for me to kill him, so to show my sincerity, you can just watch by the side. I will handle this on my own!" Wu Duo stared at Su Ming and a smile appeared on his face, but there was a freezing glint in his eyes.

It was clear that the chilling gaze was not directed towards Su Ming, however.

Once Su Ming heard the words, he nodded, but in his heart, he remained dubious about the mystical ability Wu Duo used to locate Shamans.

Wu Duo's eyes shone with a freezing glint, and he took a swift step forward, charging towards the end of the plains. He was so quick that in the blink of an eye, he had already traveled 1,000 feet. Like a shooting star falling down, he grew increasingly closer to the land.

Su Ming followed behind him with a gaze like lightning as he stared at where Wu Duo was going.

The moment Wu Duo descended on the land, a person suddenly stood up from the grass. That person was incredibly tall, and he wore a leather helmet with bull horns on it. A ghastly presence surrounded that person, and a huge gust of wind rose, following his act of standing up, causing the grass around the area to continuously sway around.

There was a Totem on the man's face, but that Totem was rather dull. It could not be seen clearly. The only thing that was easy to see was the vertical scar on the man's lips, causing them to look as if they had been split into four, making all those who saw the man to be terrified.

The moment the man saw Wu Duo charging towards him from midair, his dull eyes instantly brightened up and he grinned, but it was horrifying to see his lips split apart. There were even a few fat maggots that crawled out of the man's mouth as he grinned, falling out with their bodies twisting.

Wu Duo originally traveled really quickly, but when he got closer and saw the man's lips, along with the maggots inside his mouth, his expression instantly changed.

He came to an abrupt halt. The moment he was about to begin his retreat, the scarred man lifted his head and let out a low growl. That growl was filled with wickedness, and as he growled, he leaped forth and spread his arms wide open to envelop Wu Duo.

Su Ming was standing somewhere far away in midair and had his eyes fixed on the scene. The moment he saw that man, his pupils shrank. That man was filled with a thick aura of death around him, but it did not spill out from within his body before he revealed himself. Clearly, he had concealed it within himself.

But that was not all. Su Ming could even sense the same feeling he got from living corpses coming from that man. It was as if that man was the material he needed to create Spirit Plunders!

Even if Su Ming did not know why that man would be in this condition, but he had a feeling that he would absolutely not misidentify the material he needed to create his Spirit Plunder.

‘The only difference if perhaps the living corpse I need to create

Spirit Plunder has more aura of death to suppress the faint life force within the body, causing the person to be unable to move. However, their will is still present. It is as if their life force is trapped within and the aura of death has the body enveloped outside!

‘But this person has fused the aura of death into his life force and arrived at a strange sort of balance. It’s as if his aura of death is trapped within and his life force has his body surrounded. With that, this person can move his body around, able to remain in a half dead but half alive state!’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. He stared at the man with an interested look.

Contrary to Su Ming, Wu Duo was charging forward swiftly, but the man laughing ferociously while pouncing on him was even faster. It was as if he was a wall that was rapidly closing in on Wu Duo.

With Wu Duo’s power, he originally would not have shown this sort of reaction when he saw the man, but the reason behind his drastic change of expression was because he knew that the man’s current condition was what the Shamans called an Undying. And the only people who could do this were the Shamans who walk down the path of a Soul Catcher!

Wu Duo had killed Soul Catchers before, and he knew personally just how terrifying these people were. As he was retreating, his gaze swept through the land, trying to find the hidden Soul Catcher. At the same time, the instant the man closed in on him

while cackling ferociously, a freezing glint appeared in his eyes, and as he retreated, he lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky.

Craaaack!

With that one grab, a cracking sound came from above Wu Duo, and a colossal deep blue ice mountain appeared out of thin air. As Wu Duo swung his hand down, that ice mountain charged towards the man.

The moment these two people came into contact with each other, shocking rumbling sounds reverberated through the air. The man shuddered, and the ice mountain started cracking apart inch by inch. Those cracks were not caused by the man, but were due to Wu Duo's divine ability.

As the ice mountain cracked apart, the shards turned into numerous sharp blades that pierced through the scarred man's body, causing his arms, legs, head, and body to be ripped into several parts.

No blood flowed out of his wounds, only a large amount of maggots flew into the air.

"Wu Duo, I hope you have been well..."

At that moment, a ghastly and sharp voice abruptly came from below. Right then, suddenly, the scarred man's eyes shone with a

dim light from deep in his head, which had been separated from his torn body. In fact, all his torn limbs were also shining with a dim light, and as they fell apart, an absorption force seemed to come out of nowhere, and they swiftly gathered together, reforming into the man's body.

However, there were numerous cracks in many parts of the body, making it seem as if the man was a shredded ragdoll that was sewn together once again. Though, it was inevitable that there would be some signs of that.

That scarred man grinned viciously and moved, but this time, he did not rush towards the grim looking Wu Duo. Instead, he turned into a long arc filled with the aura of death and charged towards Su Ming.

Clearly, he had just received a new command!

"Ya Ke!"

The moment Wu Duo heard that sharp voice, his face grew even grimmer. Three more deep-blue ice mountains swiftly assembled around his body. Those ice mountains surrounded him and let out a freezing chill under the sun.

A large amount of grass on the plains suddenly started withering away. As it did so, a boy walked out from among the grassland. That boy had his eyes closed and his hands placed behind his back. There was a ghastly smile on his lips.

Without any hesitation, Wu Duo lifted his right hand and pointed downwards. Immediately, those three ice mountains let out a rumble and charged towards the ground, turning into a mighty pressure that caused muffled booms to come from the land.

The boy sneered coldly. He did not dodge, but instead lifted his right hand and pushed forward. Instantly, black light shone on his right palm. The moment that black light spread out, it turned into an oval shaped door of light before the boy.

A low growl came from within that door of light, and it was soon followed by a dried up leg stepping out. The skin on that leg was completely withered away, and there were quite a lot of dull bloodstains on its skin. At the same time as the leg appeared, a completely dried up person that was about ten feet tall came from within.

That person looked like a skeleton at first glance, but his eyes shone with a dim light. Once he appeared, he roared and charged towards the three incoming ice mountains.

Almost the moment the boy casted the unique Spell belonging only to Soul Catchers, the man filled with cracks on his body charged towards Su Ming ferociously. He was so quick that a thick aura of death was stirred up in the air. That aura of death whistled behind him and seemed as if it covered the sky and earth. The man's distance from Su Ming grew smaller.

Su Ming stared at the man closing in on him, and a curious glint appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 334: That Voice...

‘I wonder if I can use this thing to create Spirit Plunder...’ This thought appeared in Su Ming’s head, and an intense fascination towards this Undying rose within him.

Almost the moment the man closed in on him, Su Ming started moving backwards. The Undying instantly gave chase, and in the blink of an eye, the two men left Wu Duo and the boy’s battlefield.

Wu Duo watched Su Ming leave, but he could do nothing to stop him. As for the boy, even though he had his eyes closed, he could still notice what was happening. However, he did not pay any attention to Su Ming. To him, only Wu Duo was his goal.

Su Ming retreated at a moderate pace and continued baiting the Undying man to chase after him. Once he was some distance away from Wu Duo, a glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes and a green light shone in the center of his brows. The small virescent sword shot out and charged towards the man at an extreme speed.

The man did not even have time to dodge. The sword immediately pierced through the center of his brows, but there was still no blood coming from his wound. The scarred man only staggered slightly, clearly not too affected by the attack. A fierce glint appeared in his eyes, and he pounced on Su Ming with a low growl.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. The moment the man pounced on him, he naturally sidestepped it. He was too quick, and he left

behind an afterimage because of his speed, causing the man to pounce on empty air, though he immediately turned around and roared at Su Ming.

"This unique material isn't really agile. His speed when he charges in a straight line isn't slow, but when his ability to dodge and change direction is lacking far behind.," Su Ming mumbled. He lifted his right hand and the green light fell back, turning into the small sword in his hand. It was held between two of Su Ming's fingers, and he walked towards the man face first.

The man pounced on him once again, roaring. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The instant he came into contact with the scarred man's body, the sword between his two fingers sliced through the man's right arm. He appeared behind his opponent, then sliced across his left arm once again. Then, in the span of a breath, he took one step, and reappeared once again behind the man the moment the latter turned around with a low growl.

With one slash, the small sword in Su Ming's hand sliced cleanly through the scarred man's right leg, but the sword did not stop there, it continued on and cut through his left leg.

Once he finished doing that, Su Ming took a few steps back in a relaxed manner. He looked at the man, whose back was turned towards him. The moment the scarred man turned around, Su Ming saw his arms and legs instantly breaking off from his body.

Yet soon after, that bizarre sight appeared once again. The four limbs that Su Ming had cut off shone with a dim light, and instantly, they reattached themselves to the man's body. A large

amount of yellowish fluid flowed out of the man's mouth and he pounced on Su Ming once again.

As he closed in, Su Ming drifted backwards, and a curious glint appeared in his eyes. He spread his divine sense, enveloping the man's body. With his divine sense, he could clearly see a brimming ball of life force within the man's body. It was that life force that was allowing the man's body to endlessly gather together.

‘Could that life force be the Soul Catcher's secret..? If that's the case, Spirit Plunder might have a special effect on this person.’

Su Ming's eyes sparkled while he continued retreating. Still observing the man, he swiftly lifted the sword in his right hand and swung down. Instantly, a gash appeared on the man's chest, and he was thrown back vertically. A foul stench attacked Su Ming's nostrils, but it was empty inside that gash. There were no organs in his body.

There was only a faint wisp of grey smoke that could be detected solely by Su Ming's divine sense, and that smoke was seeping out from all parts of the man's body.

‘It's a pity that while this man's aura of death is thick, it's very easy for that aura to become chaotic. If it wasn't because of that strange life force supporting it, it would have crumbled a long time ago. It's clear that he was just created. Else, if I had run into a person with a more stable aura of death in him, then I could perhaps use him to create Spirit Plunder.’ Su Ming shook his head and lost his interest in the man.

The moment the scarred man pounced on him, he lifted his right hand once again, and another item appeared in his palm. That item was a pearl, and it was his Spirit Plunder!

Su Ming's gaze was calm as he threw Spirit Plunder at the man. The instant the pill was tossed out, a dazed look immediately appeared in the man's eyes, but soon, it turned into an empty stare. He stopped moving and stared at the Spirit Plunder floating before him blankly.

Gray wisps of smoke wafted out of his mouth, nose, ears, and eyes, from each part of his body, and those wisps of smoke rushed towards Spirit Plunder at a shocking speed. All of this only lasted for the span of a few breaths, and after those few breaths, the man shuddered and his body gradually fell apart. His limbs broke off, his body shattered, and after a moment, he turned into a large amount of loose flesh that scattered down to the ground.

After absorbing a large amount of gray smoke, Spirit Plunder clearly became slightly different. It was clouded inside, but there was an exuberant ball of life force twirling within. Once Su Ming summoned the pearl back, he held it in his hand and gave it a few looks.

‘This strange life force must be the secret of the Soul Catchers.’

Su Ming fell into a brief moment of pensive silence. He listened to the muffled rumbling sounds from the distance. Clearly, Wu Duo's fight against the boy had reached an incredibly critical

moment.

Su Ming put away that Spirit Plunder and started walking towards the origin of the sounds. The Fire Ape continued following beside him. As it watched everything that transpired, impatience appeared on its face. In its discomfort, it put down the battle axe and bared its teeth at Su Ming.

Now that it saw Su Ming heading towards the battlefield, the Fire Ape quickly followed behind him. Before long, when Su Ming returned to where Wu Duo was, he narrowed his eyes. There were nine giant ice blocks on the ground, and in each of those ice blocks was a sealed dried up corpse. They were all frozen in the exact same position.

The boy floated in the sky, three patches of black smoke around him. Those three patches had turned into shadows that looked like malicious spirits, and they were all fighting against Wu Duo.

Wu Duo looked rather pathetic. He was wearing a long robe made of beast skins, and he held a bone staff with a snake's skull perched on top in his left hand while his right hand held a knife. As he swung that knife, it looked as if the blade could cut apart space itself. Behind him was a black illusionary tower.

Half of the tower was surrounded by mist. It looked rather blurry, and low growls could be heard from inside. It made the earth tremble, causing all the people who heard it feel shaken to the core.

Su Ming's arrival caused Wu Duo's face to be filled with surprised delight. He originally thought that Su Ming had already run away, and now that he saw him again, Wu Duo immediately shouted at him.

"Brother Mo, help me kill this person! His head is worth much more than all the rest!"

Almost the moment Wu Duo yelled at him, the boy who still had his eyes closed let out a cold harrumph. One of the three black patches of smoke surrounding his body instantly broke off and charged towards Su Ming. It turned into a malicious spirit 1,000 feet before impact and roared, then moved in to devour him.

Su Ming didn't have time to act for the Fire Ape howled and rushed out with the battle axe in its paw. Su Ming released the chain, allowing it to be temporarily free. Dragging the chain behind it, the Fire Ape instantly closed in on the malicious spirit and started fighting against it.

The boy frowned in the distance, but before he could do anything else, Su Ming lifted his right foot and took a step forward. The moment his foot landed, distorted ripples immediately appeared in the space around him. Together with those ripples, he disappeared, his speed instantly reaching an indescribable extent.

His speed was so quick that it was completely unexpected. Wu Duo had not expected it, much less the boy. He only felt the presence of the Berserker which he had locked onto suddenly disappearing, and once he reappeared, he was already right before him.

When Su Ming appeared, he was less than ten feet away from the boy. He swung the small virescent sword in his right hand sideways, and the blade landed on the boy's throat, then with that indescribable speed, the blade cut through it.

The entire process only lasted the blink of an eye. When Su Ming reappeared, he had already returned to his original spot, as if he had never rushed out. He stood there and stared coldly at the boy in the distance.

Blood gushed out from the boy's neck, and his head flew into the air. The black smoke around his body instantly crumbled, along with the two gusts that were fighting against Wu Duo and the one gust that was fighting against the Fire Ape. All of them crumbled and vanished into thin air.

Wu Duo was stunned. He sucked in a sharp breath and turned to look at Su Ming as if this was his first time seeing him. Instantly, the slight bit of malicious intent left within his heart mostly disappeared.

Su Ming gave Wu Duo a calm look. He didn't do this only to kill the boy, but to also scare Wu Duo. If he wanted to continue with this trade, then the two of them would definitely need to establish a relationship in which it was obvious who was the superior and who the inferior one.

Su Ming was not willing to take the inferior position in this relationship, that was why he could only be the superior!

"Brother Mo..." When Wu Duo looked towards Su Ming, he forced out a smile. He was just about to speak when his expression suddenly changed.

"It hasn't ended!"

A piercing howl that came from all around the place traveled forth, eventually turning into a soundless voice. The boy's head that had been thrown into the air when Su Ming cut through his neck previously had not fallen to the ground with the body. The head was instead floating in midair, eyes still closed, and that piercing cry came from its mouth.

As the boy spoke, he opened his eyes!

The instant he opened his eyes, Wu Duo's shouted out, "Don't look into his eyes!"

That pair of eyes did not have pupils, but they were not white. They were instead like an empty void, completely dark, as if they had the power to absorb everything in the world. Those were the eyes belonging to the Candle Dragon - the legendary sacred beast of the Shaman Tribe.

Among the six different Realms within the Shaman Tribe, it was said that the Soul Catchers obtained their power from the Candle Dragon.

When Su Ming saw that pair of eyes, his vision immediately started blurring. It was as if the world before him shattered into pieces and fell into a state of chaos. His mind turned blank.

The voices by his ears gradually faded into the distance. Among those voices were the Fire Ape's roars, the boy's eerie chuckles, muffled rumbles, and also Wu Duo's warnings.

It was as if all those voices were gradually leaving Su Ming's ears, and right when they were about to completely disappear, at that moment, the mysterious black stone hanging against Su Ming's chest, the strange object that he always kept around his neck, let out a cool wave of air that seeped into all parts of his body.

At the same time, while Su Ming was still caught in his daze, a voice that seemed to be coming from the distance spoke in his ears.

"Big brother... Big brother..."

Su Ming shuddered.

Chapter 335: Twelve Ancestral Lunar Shamans

Su Ming had almost forgotten about that voice. It had been a long time since that voice last appeared in his memories.

Yet at that moment, when that voice appeared, Su Ming's body was not the only thing about him that shuddered, his soul was also shaken.

That voice came closer, then went into the distance again. It drifted from place to place, just like when he heard it in the past, but there was also something different about it. That difference lay in the anxiety in that voice. That anxious voice sounded as if she was crying.

"Big brother... it's almost too late now... Big brother..."

"Big brother, hurry up and wake up... wake up..."

"Big brother... he's stopping..."

"Big brother..."

Su Ming opened his eyes swiftly, cold sweat having broken out all over his body. The moment he opened his eyes, all the voices he previously heard returned - the Fire Ape's roars, Wu Duo's words, and the boy's eerie chuckles.

The world in his vision that had previously shattered rapidly recovered right before his eyes. Voices reached his ears, and when he opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was the Fire Ape rapidly retreating right before his eyes. Before it was an illusionary ball...

...belonging to a head with a person's face but a snake's body. That head was red and about one hundred feet in size. It had its mouth wide open, and a ball of fire could be seen burning within its body, which was illusionary, but it made the Fire Ape continuously retreat, howling.

The Fire Ape's fire red fur was rapidly losing its shine, and there was also a large amount of its fur that fell off. It looked as if it was already very difficult for it to continue fighting, and even the blade of the battle axe in its hands was swiftly melting away as it blocked the human-faced, snake-bodied creature's attacks.

Wu Duo was also fighting against a head of the same composition. Wu Duo's expression was grim, and an innumerable amount of ice swirled around his body swirled, stirring up wind. As the freezing wind whistled, Wu Duo lifted his right hand and made a strange seal.

The instant he made it, all the hair on his right hand fell off at the same time.

"Lives return to earth!"

Wu Duo let out a low growl, and the entire ground rumbled. The

grass on the endless mass of land under his feet was instantly blown apart by the wind, and a large ring shape appeared on the land. As blue light shone, an invisible energy erupted forth from below.

When that energy first appeared, it manifested in an incredibly large area, but as it rose into the air, it started shrinking, until it eventually shrank into an entirely blue light that was only about one hundred feet in size. From the distance, it looked like a blue light-pillar shooting off from the ground and penetrating the human-faced, snake-bodied head.

The instant the strange creature's head was destroyed, the boy's head let out a piercing scream and started rapidly withering away.

All of this happened in an instant, and it was the first thing Su Ming saw once he opened his eyes.

The Fire Ape was already unable to continue fighting. Su Ming knew that the slave-turned-bracelet his eldest senior brother had given him would only protect him and not the Fire Ape, while He Feng shared a mutual hate with it. Besides, Su Ming was not in any form of danger, he had ample reason not to attack.

Without any hesitation, Su Ming took a step forward. The moment his foot landed, he had already appeared before the Fire Ape. He fell back slightly, and a gentle energy was transferred into the ape once his back touched it. That energy pushed the Fire Ape backwards, and during that moment, the strange creature's head roared and charged towards Su Ming.

A murderous look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Once again, he gained a deep understanding of the bizarre nature of the Shaman Tribe's divine abilities. Almost the moment the strange creature pounced on him, Su Ming lifted his right hand and drew a line at the creature!

That one line was created by Su Ming. It had a beautiful name - Berserker Obliteration!

The moment he casted Berserker Obliteration, the human-faced, snake-bodied head turned into a sheet of paper for him to draw. Su Ming cut apart the creature's body as if he was just normally drawing. With that one line, the weather changed, the wind and clouds tumbled backwards, and the strange creature shuddered violently before letting out a piercing howl.

When the head reached Su Ming, it split into half right before him. Those two parts whistled past him and turned into red gusts of smoke before disappearing into nothing.

Right as the creature died, Su Ming's pupils shrank. He noticed that the body might have disappeared, but one wisp of red smoke had rushed toward him at an incredible speed. It seeped into the strange rod insect-snake hybrid, which Su Ming was keeping and refining, resting within Han Mountain Bell. The insect-snake hybrid sucked in a sharp breath and breathed in the wisp of red smoke before a delighted and excited expression appeared on its face.

A thought appeared in Su Ming's mind, but this was not the moment for him to think further into things. Right when the strange creature died, the boy's head floating in midair let out a piercing scream once again and the speed at which it withered away increased.

This was especially so for his eyes. Black blood flowed out from them. They were now completely destroyed by Su Ming and Wu Duo using different methods.

As the boy's head screamed, he retreated quickly. At the same time, his body, which had fallen to the ground, abruptly stood up and charged into midair as if it wanted to run into the head and fuse with it once again.

"The Twelve Undying Ancestral Lunar Shamans, let the power of the Candle Dragon, which lasted 180 years, scatter!" As the boy's head retreated and was about to get closer to his body, these words came from his mouth.

"180 years? I was wondering why he was so powerful, so he's a Fledgeling Shaman who has arrived at the peak. He has suppressed 180 years of his life to attempt turning into a Medial Soul Catcher!

"He has even turned himself into a puppet so that he could be an Undying. This is a forbidden Spell among the Soul Catchers!"

Wu Duo moved to stand by Su Ming's side, and as lifted his right hand, freezing air immediately spread from his palm. That air instantly turned into numerous ice layers that covered his whole

body. Rumbling sounds echoed in the air and those ice layers left Wu Duo's body, spreading rapidly as a single entity to charge towards the boy's head.

As they did so, Wu Duo lifted his head and let out a roar. A large amount of hair fell off his body simultaneously, and even some fine hairs from his brows also joined in.

As his hair was detached from his body, the ice layer that was stretching towards the boy instantly grew bigger by more than ten fold. It also became faster, and the instant the boy's head fused together with the body, a dim light shining from the tear to make it seem as if they were going to be sewn together, the ice layer caught up with them. Rumbling that shook the skies echoed through the air, and the boy's body was instantly covered by the ice, turning him into an ice statue floating in midair.

"Brother Mo, I can only seal him with my ice for a quarter of an hour. Once he fuses his body together once again, he will disperse the power he has stored for 180 years to turn into a Medial Shaman and use it to work with his Undying body, then it'll be very difficult for us to kill him!

"If we let our guard down for even a moment, we will definitely be heavily injured. Even if we kill him, we gain nothing. Why don't we leave this place and search for other Shamans to kill? It'll be much easier and much more efficient!"

The idea of retreat had already appeared within Wu Duo's head. He knew clearly that if they did not give up on some treasures, it would be very difficult for them to kill the Soul Catchers of the

Shaman Tribe. In his mind, the value of this was rather low.

As Wu Duo spoke, rumbling sounds rang in the air, and he noticed that cracks had appeared on the ice sealing the boy inside. The boy in the ice slowly lifted his head. His strangely enticing eyes shone with a gray light as he stared at Su Ming and Wu Duo. Hatred appeared on his face, as if he wanted to burn the image of these two people in his head.

"Let's go!" Wu Duo frowned. He was just about to leave the place, but Su Ming did not move. He stared at the boy in the ice and a murderous intent appeared in his eyes.

The Fire Ape was behind Su Ming. Its fur was dull and looked rather shrivelled up. This was something Su Ming could not accept.

"Wait!" Su Ming called out. He just remembered the scene when the man died under the hands of his Spirit Plunder, and he quickly brought out three Spirit Plunders from his bosom with his right hand. He threw them forward at full force, and they rushed quickly towards the ice that had sealed the boy inside.

The three Spirit Plunders let out an explosive boom as they whipped through the air faster than sound. In the blink of an eye, they had already reached the ice and formed an equilateral triangle around the boy's ice sculpture.

The moment those Spirit Plunders appeared, in the distance, Wu Duo's pupils shrank and even his breathing quickened. He stared

at them with a look of disbelief on his face.

The other person whose expression changed was the boy in the ice. His face shifted drastically, and he opened his mouth as if a scream was about to escape from his lips, but no sound came out. However, a hint of fear had appeared within his expression and his eyes. From that alone, it could be seen that he recognized what Spirit Plunder was and was terrified of it.

Su Ming could deduce what the boy was thinking after testing it out that he could kill the man with his Spirit Plunder. Once he tested the boy as well by throwing out the pills, he lifted his right hand and pointed at them. Immediately, the three Spirit Plunders let out a powerful dark light. That dark light instantly seeped through the ice and charged towards the boy sealed inside.

The boy started struggling. His face was filled with terror, and as he struggled, the cracks on the ice increased. Muffled rumbling sounds reverberated through the air, and some of the cracks connected with each other, causing the ice to begin crumbling apart.

Yet as violently as the boy struggled, the black mist rushing in from the three Spirit Plunders into the ice was even faster. In a moment, it touched the boy inside and seeped into his body. The boy's expression became twisted, as if he was screaming. He trembled, and a large amount of gray mist started uncontrollably crawling out of his body towards the three Spirit Plunders.

The boy seemed to be in great pain, and with one violent shudder, his body finally could not withstand the burden of the

gray mist being torn out from him and most of it exploded, which resulted in only a small portion of his body to remain nearby.

There was no longer any ice left in front of the boy, but the three Spirit Plunders continued floating there, unmoving, causing the boy to let out piercing screams and struggle violently. Yet judging by his looks, the boy's body seemed to be restricted. Despair appeared on his face, along with disbelief and incomprehensibility. It was as if Su Ming bringing out the Spirit Plunders had left him in horrified shock.

"Soul Catcher Pearl?! The Soul Catcher Pearl that only End Shamans can create?!" The boy's voice was shrill but raspy, and the instant it reverberated through the air, Su Ming took a step forward.

His gaze was chilling, and the moment he got closer to the boy, a green light appeared in his hand. The small virescent sword sliced through the boy's chest, causing a huge gash to appear on his chest.

Meanwhile, Wu Duo's face had also turned pale where he stood in the distance. There was confusion on his face. The scene he saw was something he would never forget, and it was also one that made him no longer harbor any malicious thoughts towards Su Ming.

He saw the person called Mo Su slicing apart the frozen boy's chest with a dark expression, and once he cut through the boy who could only struggle but not move, he brought out a large amount of medicinal herbs from his bosom, picked out a few of them, and

stuffed them into the boy's wounds. Judging by how smooth his movements were, this was not the first time he did such a thing...

‘What... what is he doing...?’

Wu Duo's heart pounded against his chest while Su Ming stuffed the herbs into the boy's wound. Once each of those herbs were placed inside, they would immediately start growing in a bizarre but enticing manner. After a moment, Mo Su brought out a bone with some herbs growing on it, then plucked out those herbs and placed them into the boy's body.

The other person who was similarly terrified was the boy. He was watching Su Ming do all this without a hint of an expression on his face, and as he did so, despair filled with utmost terror appeared on the boy's face.

"You... What are you doing?!" the boy screamed in a shivering voice.

"Creating medicine," Su Ming answered coldly.

Chapter 336: Getting Closer to Sky Mist!

Su Ming's answer made the boy's originally bloodless face instantly be filled with red. Soon, a howl filled with anger left his lips.

That howl was piercing to the ears, and it was a show of just how terrified he was in his heart.

In the distance, Wu Duo took in a sharp breath. With a blank stare, he looked at Su Ming calmly ignoring the boy's struggles and screams as he continued stuffing the herbs into his wounds.

As time passed by, Su Ming's speed increased. After the burning of half an incense stick, he placed the final herb into the body, and right after, he lifted his right hand and patted the boy's body in the air. Immediately, strange wiggling bumps appeared bizarrely on the boy's stomach.

"I won't forgive you! Even if I die, I will turn into a vengeful spirit and take revenge on you!" The boy's face was twisted in endless hatred. He glared at Su Ming and let out a piercing shriek.

"You won't turn into a vengeful spirit, because once I finish refining your body, even if your spirit still exists, you will only exist within my medicine." As Su Ming retorted coldly, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the sky. Immediately, lightning arcs began swimming in his palm.

As all those plants started growing on the boy's body, a large

amount of aura of death spread from his body and into the area. However, that aura of death was not enough to attract lightning to fall.

Before this, Su Ming had always needed to gather the aura of death to create Spirit Plunder. Even if it was just some time ago, he still needed to ask his second senior brother to bring additional aura of death to aid him. Yet after the last time he created Spirit Plunder and gained some further understanding towards his Origin Lightning, he had mastered a way for him to bring down lightning even without having the aura of death around.

If gathered a large amount of Earthen Lightning on himself, then the invisible Void Lightning would naturally rush towards him. The instant they touched each other, they would turn into a sight of lightning falling on him.

"What if... What if you fail?" Just as Su Ming was about to call upon lightning, Wu Duo, who was standing in the distance, hesitated for a moment before he asked.

"If I fail..." Su Ming lifted his left hand and pressed it against the boy's head, who was glaring at him ferociously. The boy let out a piercing screech, but his shivers betrayed the indescribable terror in his heart.

The instant Su Ming pressed his hand on the boy's head, with his body as the center, the Earthen Lightning that existed everywhere on the land abruptly surged towards the boy from all directions in a manner that no one could see.

"Even if he is a Soul Catcher, there's no possibility of him turning into a vengeful spirit. Because if I fail, his soul would disappear. Everything about him will also be wiped away. It would be better if he was refined into something else." The instant Su Ming replied, a deafening rumble suddenly came from the sky.

The clear sky was suddenly covered by dark clouds, and the bolts of lightning in them turned into a large number of light dragons. They illuminated the cracks between the clouds, and at the same time, with a loud crackle, a bolt of lightning descended from the sky, straight towards Su Ming, or more accurately, it charged straight towards the boy beside him!

The loud bang sounded as if it had landed straight on Wu Duo's heart. It made his skin crawl. With his own eyes, he saw the boy trembling violently once he was struck by the lightning. His face instantly shrivelled up. His screams had already turned hoarse, and there was no longer any maliciousness in his eyes, only a monstrous amount of terror. In fact, there was even a faint plea for mercy.

Wu Duo instinctively gulped. His gaze fell on Su Ming, and when he saw how calm he was, a chill rose in his heart.

'This person is cruel and merciless, and he does things resolutely... and his power is not weak to boot! He has a lot of mysterious treasures, and I've never even glimpsed his Arts before. Unless I absolutely have to, I must definitely not bother this sort of person!

‘Even if I am forced to, I still have to avoid him. I cannot face him head on.’

Wu Duo’s attitude had changed multiple times on the way as he saw the things Su Ming did, and now, his impression of him had taken complete form.

The rumbling continued in the sky. The bolts of lightning seemed to be attracted to the earth, and they crackled and sliced through the air, descending on the boy beside Su Ming.

The rumbling lasted for more than an hour. The bolts of lightning became increasingly stronger as they fell, until eventually, the breadth of each bolt of lightning was about the size of a pail. When they struck down, they looked as if the heavens had become angry and were handing out their punishment.

When one particular bolt of lightning fell, Wu Duo became incredibly shocked. He did not hesitate at all and instantly retreated several thousands of feet away, because this time, the bolt of lightning that struck down was purple!

The purple bolt of lightning contained a mighty presence that seemed to scream that it would destroy the sky and earth as it charged towards the boy.

Su Ming still had his head lifted, looking at the sky. At that moment, he frowned and let out a sigh. He knew that this time, he might not be able to succeed with his refinement. Using this method to create Spirit Plunder was much more difficult.

The purple bolt of lightning closed in on the boy. A violent shudder wracked his body, and as the bolt of lightning struck the boy's chest, his body started crumbling, starting from the chest. The part below it instantly turned into ashes, and the part above was shattering apart, inch by inch.

Just as the cracks reached his neck, Su Ming shook his head. With his left hand, he grabbed the only part that remained of the boy, his head, and his Origin Lightning surged into it through the left hand. As it crashed into the bolts of lightning that were rushing down, cracking sounds rang in the air.

When the dark clouds in the sky cleared out after a while, Su Ming stood in midair with a head in his left hand. That head belonged to the boy, and there was a burnt area around its throat. There was also a bag made of straw in Su Ming's hands. That item had belonged to the boy. Su Ming had picked it beforehand so that it would not be destroyed.

He did not open the straw bag, instead putting it away into his bosom. He turned around and threw the head to the Fire Ape standing by his side, then he looked towards Wu Duo.

"Pity, I failed."

Wu Duo laughed wryly, then looked at Su Ming's bosom. He looked as if he wanted to say something, but eventually chose not to speak. There was an array of mixed feelings and doubts within his heart at that moment.

When he casted the Shaman Tribe's divine ability previously, he had thought that Su Ming was dead for sure, that was why he risked revealing his identity and used the Shaman Tribe's Spell to dissolve the power of the Candle Dragon.

He did not know whether Su Ming had noticed this, but his merciless actions and unknown battle power had increased Wu Duo's wariness of him.

The Fire Ape played around with the boy's head before it tied it around his waist. In fact, just now, even though it looked rather shrivelled up, but it still did not forget to go to the destroyed corpse of the man who had previously fought against Su Ming. Once it found that remaining half of the man's head, it tied the remains around its waist. When it turned around, those five heads whirled around along with its movements, making it look rather frightening.

"Brother Wu, where are the next batch of Shamans?" Su Ming asked Wu Duo calmly, putting away his Spirit Plunders. Green light shone at the center of his brows, and the small sword returned to him.

Wu Duo was silent for a moment. He was originally a rather ambitious person to begin with, so when he heard it, a resolute look appeared on his face. He did not try to hide anything anymore and simply pointed into the distance.

"There are still Shamans about 2,000 lis away from this place.

From the information I have, there should be two people there, but perhaps there will also be unexpected situations occurring."

"Then, should we go?" Su Ming smiled faintly.

Wu Duo nodded and wrapped his fist in his palm as a salute towards Su Ming. He traveled before him, and Su Ming followed behind as usual. As for the Fire Ape, it simply continued following behind with the battle axe across its shoulders.

However, its battle axe had already largely melted away when used to block the human-faced, snake-bodied creature's attack just now. Currently, the battle axe's blade was rough and uneven. The staff-shaped handle, however, remained completely unscathed, though no one knew what it was made of.

The Fire Ape followed behind Su Ming. While charging forward, it would occasionally lift up the battle axe and sweep it across its fur as if it was scratching his skin.

At one point, it looked like it was struck by an unknown thought and grabbed the broken axe, biting down on it. The blade seemed to have hurt its teeth slightly. Once the Fire Ape relaxed its bite and lifted its claw, it broke off the blade from the handle, then threw it to the ground. When it did so, it started swinging around the axe handle that was now without a blade.

Thankfully, the axe handle was very long, making it look like a long staff. As the Fire Ape swung it around, it looked like a hero. The staff let out humming sounds as it was swung around, and the

ape immediately smiled joyfully because of it. It swung the handle across its shoulders and flew towards Su Ming.

The two men and the ape flew in the sky, and when evening arrived, they were several thousands of li away. After a brief pause, a thunderous boom accompanied by a shrill scream came from that place. When Su Ming and Wu Duo left, two extra bloody heads were on the Fire Ape's waist.

This continued all along the way. Su Ming and Wu Duo each had their own needs in this trip, and their coordination became increasingly better. Ten days later, with the Fire Ape's help and He Feng's occasional aid, more than twenty heads now hung off the Fire Ape's body.

No one knew how it managed to do it, but none of the heads fell off its body, making it seem as if it was wearing a shirt made of human heads.

Wu Duo was not weak to begin with, and along with Su Ming's battle prowess that surpassed his level of cultivation, their coordination could be said to have stirred up a storm of blood within the area belonging to Sky Mist City.

Eventually, their efficiency reached such a high level that when Wu Duo went out to search, he would also go out of his way to lure the Shamans' attention. Then Su Ming would abruptly charge forward with a speed that made even Wu Duo shocked. At the same time, Wu Duo would also attack.

Most of the time, through this process, one out of a team of three Shamans would die, while the other two would be heavily injured. There were also cases where two would die while the last one got injured. The ones remaining could not even hope to fight back against Su Ming and Wu Duo.

This massacre only stopped half a month later, because Sky Mist City was already not too far away from them.

Su Ming stood on a low hill. If he looked into the distance from that spot, he could see a majestic and awe inspiring wall that spanned from the earth to the sky. That aside, there was also... a magnificent city that would make anyone's breathing quicken the first time they saw it!

"Brother Mo, it has been really delightful working with you during these past few days. We didn't get off to a good start, but I hope that you won't mind." Wu Duo stood with quite a large number of dried up blood patches on his face. He looked rather tired, but his eyes were bright.

"We're now at Sky Mist City. With your speed, you should be able to get there in no time. I still have some things I need to do, so please excuse..."

As Wu Duo spoke, a thrumming suddenly came from Sky Mist City's direction. There was a desolate quality to it, but it also made their hearts race, as if there was a strange power contained within that voice.

Su Ming was rather familiar with that voice...

Wu Duo's expression changed.

Chapter 337: Battle!

As the thrums resounded in the air, a sound wave that was formed from accumulating the voices of several tens of thousands of people spread in all directions like a bolt of lightning traveling horizontally across the land.

"Kill them!"

That shout shook the sky and earth, and even if Su Ming was still a small distance away from Sky Mist City, he could still feel the madness and bloodlust in those voices. If he stood on Sky Mist City, it would definitely be even more shocking.

Those voices did not come from Berserkers...

"It's the shout of the Shamans attacking the city!" Wu Duo took a few steps back instinctively and spoke in a hushed tone.

"Brother Mo, I'll have to take my leave now. If we are ever fated to meet again, then we will surely run into each other... take care!"

Wu Duo lifted his head and cast Su Ming a glance. He and Su Ming originally did not know each other, but the past half a month had indeed been enjoyable for the both of them, and there grew a sort of rapport between them as they worked together.

Su Ming also looked at Wu Duo and wrapped his fist in his palm towards him.

"You take care as well!"

Wu Duo nodded and turned into a long arc that charged in another direction, away from Sky Mist City.

The Fire Ape pursed its lips at Wu Duo leaving them as it stood behind Su Ming. At that moment, it already had nearly 30 heads tied to its body.

It could be said that all the Shamans Wu Duo knew of who entered the land using that special method before this were all hanging off its body.

The battles in the past half a month had made Su Ming's knowledge towards the Shaman Tribe increase by quite a large margin. As he averted his gaze from the departing Wu Duo, a contemplative look appeared in his eyes.

He knew of Wu Duo's identity. During the past half a month they had been together, and when he had woken up earlier, when he was under the effects of the boy's mystical ability, to see the skills Wu Duo casted, there was in no way that he would not know that Wu Duo was a Fledgeling Thought Soothsayer of the Shaman Tribe!

Su Ming also had his suspicions that what he saw was not all of Wu Duo's mystical abilities. There was a high possibility that Wu Duo was the same as Su Ming, he also kept some of his abilities a secret.

Yet no matter what, there had only been benefits and not a hint of loss for Su Ming during the half a month they had worked together. They had even grown rather fond of each other after the trip.

Su Ming shook his head and no longer mulled over it. After all, he was not a Berserker of the Land of South Morning, or else, once he learned of Wu Duo's identity, he would have definitely killed him.

However, Su Ming believed that there was a more important reason as to why he should pretend not to know of Wu Duo's identity.

"It doesn't matter whether we are Berserkers or Shamans in the Land of South Morning. When the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrives... how many people will survive..?" Su Ming sighed. Compared to the battle at hand, this matter was still rather far away, and now was not the time to think such heavy thoughts.

Once he calmed himself down, muffled rumbles and an endless clatter of battle from the direction of Sky Mist City fell into his ears. A glint appeared in his eyes and he took a leap before charging towards the end of the sky. Standing high in the sky, he looked at Sky Mist City. What he saw shocked him.

Su Ming saw a familiar, endless mountain range that looked like a tall wall had been erected on even ground. As it lay on the land, the mountain range looked like a wall, and that was the reason

why it was known as the Barrier by the Berserkers in the Land of South Morning!

Yet from Su Ming's position, that wall was like two black dragons that were using their bodies to form a ring around the land belonging to the Berserkers in the Land of South Morning, protecting it within.

The spot where the two black dragons' heads met was Su Ming's destination. The name for that spot on the wall was... Sky Mist City!

It was a gigantic city that was built right on top of Sky Mist Barrier. Its tall walls were like a huge lock that had locked up Sky Mist Barrier, causing the Shamans to at most be able to get a few people into the land of the Berserkers. Yet for the entire Shaman Tribe, this was a giant gate that could not be crossed over.

The wall was majestic, and the top of it was about hundreds of thousands of feet above the ground. The world around the wall was also filled with distortions, and the distorted ripples were incessantly spreading out. It was as if the sky was using this place as the border. On one side was the sky belonging to the Shamans, and on the other was the sky belonging to the Berserkers. These two connected skies would never be able to fuse together with each other!

Strangely though, the sky of the Berserkers spanning tens of thousands of li was clear, but the sky belonging to the Shamans was dark, with clouds tumbling about like thick smoke.

Right on top of the city were two gigantic beast heads stretching from the two opposite sides of Sky Mist Barrier, causing the absentminded feeling Su Ming had earlier to start becoming real.

This was an entirely brown city. Perhaps it had been white many years ago, or perhaps it could have even been black. If it had been white, then the brown hue on the city could only mean that it had been dyed by years of dried blood. If it was black, then it was still dyed brown by the same reason. Over the many years, a large amount of blood had seeped through the walls, turning those black walls to brown!

On both sides of the city were three rather small subordinate cities. Together, these seven cities made up most of Sky Mist City!

It only made up most of Sky Mist City because there was another city built 100,000 feet outside Sky Mist Barrier, right in the land of the Shamans!

That city was similarly tall, similarly awe-inspiring, similarly majestic, but this time, its color was completely blood-red!

Right in the middle between the two cities was a city wall about several hundreds of thousands of feet tall connecting them together to form a tunnel. That wall shone with a brilliant light and was incredibly sturdy! But that was not all. There were eighteen towering statues outside Sky Mist City. Each of the statues were hundreds of thousands of feet tall, and all of them looked different from each other as they stood tall on the ground.

No one would believe that the statues in the place were mere decorations. At that moment, right in Su Ming's eyes, he seemed to have seen four of the eighteen statues glowing with a strange dark light before they started moving slowly.

Their large bodies were filled with a presence that could strike terror in people's hearts, especially when they started moving like giants on the ground. With his own eyes, Su Ming saw one of the statues flinging the long whip in its hand. That whip was clearly made of stone, but as it flung out, it moved like a long snake. It let out a snap in the air and brought with it a large amount of blood and flesh.

Besides Sky Mist City, Su Ming also saw a gigantic sword floating in the air not too far from the city, on the land of the Shamans. The pressure formed by the sword made the air in the area twist. On the edge of the sword was a large amount of small white dots. There also seemed to be a gust of chilling air spreading out from the sword.

As he was rather far from the sword, Su Ming could only see that there were a lot of people standing on that sword that was 100,000 feet in size. There were even some who flew off it...

There was also an object that was just as large in another direction beyond Sky Mist City. It was a gigantic mirror. Its surface was turned towards the ground, and there were many people standing on its back.

The air around the mirror was not distorted, but there was an illusionary sea around it that was letting out the sounds of crashing waves.

The sword was Frozen Ice Sky belonging to Freezing Sky Clan, while that mirror... belonged to Western Sea Clan!

This was what Su Ming saw. This was all that belonged to the Berserkers and Sky Mist City!

Yet in his eyes, the distance before him was not occupied only by Berserkers. There were also... a countless number... of Shamans! So numerous and densely packed were they that even if Su Ming stood high in the sky, it was still difficult for him to see the end to them!

He saw Shamans riding on birds with giant wings, charging towards the city from the skies. Shamans like these covered the sky and earth, and they numbered to tens of thousands.

There were also Shamans who stood on long fishes shaped like swords. As they flew forward, their hair floated behind their heads, and they brought with them an arrogance filled with a murderous aura. They, too, numbered to nearly 100,000!

There were several thousands of Shamans standing on gigantic ferocious beasts about thousands of feet in size that could fly in the sky. Their appearances were different, their clothes were different, but they were also filled with an endless amount of brutality towards the Berserkers.

There were also dozens of ferocious beasts about 100,000 feet in size roaring as if they were the rulers of the skies. Every single time they moved forward, they would cause a tear in the air that would recover in the blink of an eye.

And... right at the end, Su Ming saw two of the Shamans' sacred beasts. They were both about 100,000 feet in size. One of them was enveloped in flames and was a gigantic Kirin like beast. There were flames in its eyes as it stared at Sky Mist City. A man with long, flaming-red hair stood on its head. That man had his hands behind his back and simply allowed the wind to mess up his hair as he stared into the distance coldly.

The other sacred beast was a scorpion that was just as large. That scorpion was entirely green, and the area around it was also dyed in green. There was a Shaman standing on its back as well, and it was an old woman!

That was not all. There were a lot more Shamans standing on the ground that numbered to more than 100,000. They rode on ferocious black beasts that bounded through the ground. The creatures looked like leopards but were thin as a stick. However, they did not give others a feeling that they were weak. They simply looked as if they were born that way.

They charged, roaring, towards Sky Mist at high speed.

Behind them, the earth trembled, and there was another type of beast on land that numbered to nearly 100,000, charging forward.

Then behind them, Su Ming saw thousands of giants that were several thousands of feet tall. These giants only had one arm that grew out of their chest. They did not have heads, but on the palm attached to their arm was a single eye that sparkled brilliantly.

There was not one but seven to eight Shamans standing on them!

There were many more Shamans that did not possess any ferocious beasts behind those giants. However, their cries for murder shook the skies as they dashed and leaped towards Sky Mist City!

And right at the end, Su Ming saw something that shocked him to the core - another gigantic beast 100,000 feet in size!

That creature did not fly but was sitting on the ground. Its face was that of a giant python and its cold eyes sparkled. A young man sat on top of its head. That young man wore a long robe and had long hair. His face was like that of a woman's. He looked incredibly beautiful, but there was a ghastly smile on his lips.

And even that wasn't all Su Ming saw. Right behind the three beasts that were 100,000 feet in size, as the endless amount of dark clouds tumbled about like a layer of black fog, he saw the Mackerel Pike that had once shocked him to the core!

It used the sky as its sea and leaped onto the shore. Its gargantuan body was hidden within the sea of clouds, and its size could no longer be measured by feet, only by li!

The thrums Su Ming and Wu Duo heard previously, the sound that was familiar to Su Ming, came from that Mackerel Pike.

There was a woman on that fish. The woman's face could not be seen, but when the Mackerel Pike leaped out of the sky, her elegant figure could be seen through the sea of clouds...

Su Ming was shocked by the battlefield right before his eyes. This was the first time he saw such a large scale battle. This sort of shocking impact to his mind made him feel as if he was about to suffocate.

After a long while, a glint appeared in his eyes and he took a step forward, turning into a long arc that charged towards Sky Mist City!

He would join the battle!

Chapter 338: Joining the Fray!

The Fire Ape followed right behind Su Ming. As it moved, the dozens of heads on its body started floating about, turning into an incredibly powerful murderous aura that surrounded the area, causing the ape to look as if it had just walked out of hell, making all those who saw it to be terrified.

The man and ape charged towards Sky Mist City. As they got closer, sounds of battle reached their ears from afar and grew increasingly clearer. Su Ming's expression became grim. The shock brought from seeing and hearing the thousands upon thousands of people fighting and killing each other would either crush a person's mind and he'd succumb to terror, or bring about an agitation and hot-bloodedness that could not be controlled within that person.

Su Ming belonged to the former and also the latter.

He was afraid, but his will to fight surpassed his fear. He was not fighting for the Berserkers in the Land of South Morning, not for Sky Mist, much less for Freezing Sky Clan!

He was fighting for the ninth summit, for the road to return home, for becoming stronger. He was... fighting for himself!

Su Ming got closer and the sounds of battle from beyond Sky Mist City fell into his ears clearly; he and the Fire Ape behind him had already arrived at Sky Mist City. Right before them was a winding staircase situated under the majestic city. That staircase was

practically stuck to the city walls, allowing people to walk on them.

There was a swarm of Berserkers floating closely to each other in the air, protecting the city.

Su Ming and the Fire Ape's arrival had long since attracted some of the attention from those in Sky Mist City, especially the ones fighting to protect the city in midair.

They belonged to Sky Mist City. When they were not in battle, their duty was to ensure the city's safety. While a large number of them had already gone into the battlefield to fight, but those who had been switched out were still fulfilling their duties perfectly.

When Su Ming got closer, some of those calm looking guards who seemed to have already gotten used to war a long time ago turned their heads around to cast a glance at his approach..

"Stop him and make sure you know which tribe he comes from! We're now at war. We cannot allow anyone invading our land from behind us!" one of them, a person who clearly had higher authority, ordered coldly.

The moment he spoke, two guards immediately wrapped their fists in their palms and voiced their obedience before turning into long arcs that charged towards Su Ming.

"Stranger, stop and tell us your tribe!"

Once the two guards flew into the sky towards the part of Sky Mist City that was located beyond the wall, one of them spoke to the incoming Su Ming with an aloof tone.

Su Ming also saw those two men. Right behind them was the majestic Sky Mist City. The sounds of battle were deafening and lingered in the air, refusing to disappear. When Su Ming was about several hundreds of feet away from the two men, he stopped and wrapped his fist in his palm in a salute to them.

"I am Su Ming, from Freezing Sky Clan!"

When the two guards heard Su Ming's words, they gave him a look, and the person who spoke previously let out a cold harrumph.

"Ridiculous. Freezing Sky Clan arrived half a month ago. If you're really from Freezing Sky Clan, then why didn't you come with them?"

"I was stalled by something on the way, that's why..." Su Ming was about to explain himself, but was interrupted by the Sky Mist guard who had first spoken previously.

"I don't need your explanations and I don't care where you come from. Right now, the Berserkers and Shamans are at war. We will not allow strangers getting near the city. Leave quickly. Once this battle is over and you're really from Freezing Sky Clan, I will report your existence to the authorities and allow you into the

city."

The person who spoke was a man in his forties. He wore a blue robe that was stained with blood. He looked rather exhausted, a clear sign that he had just returned from the battlefield.

The other person was about the same age and there was also exhaustion on his face, but his eyes shone with a freezing glint. That cold stare was not aimed at Su Ming but was born due to the battle.

Su Ming fell silent and his gaze moved to the land of the Shamans located in the distance. Over there, the battle had reached a monstrous height. Even with the distance between them, Su Ming could see a Berserker getting beheaded by a Shaman. His head was lifted into the air, and the Shaman howled as he rushed forward.

There were also numerous casualties among the Shamans on the battlefield. Yet those ferocious beasts would usually need several Berserkers launching an attack on all fronts before they could be subdued. The roars from the beasts could be heard echoing on the gigantic battlefield.

Su Ming wanted to join the fray. Only going through multiple encounters with death in this place that was the most suitable for him to train could he arrive at a breakthrough and move into the Bone Sacrifice Realm from the Awakening Realm!

However, he was late. He was a latecomer to this battle, and there was no one who could prove his identity. It would be

impossible for him to join the battle now.

Even if someone managed to recognize him, that someone had to be a powerful Berserker belonging to the older generation within Freezing Sky Clan. If it was anyone else, their words would bear no weight, and they would not be able to bring a large effect during this period of war.

"Hmm? Still not leaving?" the man with the blood soaked blue robe hissed darkly, killing intent rising in his eyes.

Due to the two guards spending too much time talking to Su Ming, more people from Sky Mist City looked over. Su Ming sighed and took a few steps back.

Yet right as he retreated, suddenly, a loud bang came from Sky Mist City's direction. That bang shook the sky and earth, and a large crack appeared in the air above Sky Mist City. That crack was not real but was caught in a state of being an illusion and a real entity as it continued shining.

The instant that crack appeared, the expressions of the guards protecting Sky Mist City changed. At the same time, an old voice reverberated through Sky Mist City.

"That is the Imagination Spell cast by an End Split Dawn. They can create a point of relocation connected to the land of the Shamans. This Spell cannot be broken, but even an End Split Dawn would need half a year before he or she could cast it once.

"Once we win against the Shamans who walk out of that crack, within half a year, no other attacks like this would appear again! Brother Chi, my dear friend Ran, little brother Zhou, this is the reason why I kept the three of you here instead of letting you fight on the battlefield."

As the old voice echoed in the air, instantly, four people stepped out of Sky Mist City. Three among the four were white-haired old men, the other was a black-robed middle-aged man. Once the four people walked out, immediately, an incredible pressure spread out from them.

Almost the instant they walked out, rumbling sounds came from within the crack in the sky, and then, it was abruptly torn apart. As the crack was ripped open, a roar came from within and an Aquatic Dragon about several tens of thousands of feet long pushed its head out, and with one bound, rushed out of the crack.

Right behind the Aquatic Dragon came laughter. Three people flew out from within the crack. All three of these people looked identical. They were all thin as bones and there were brilliantly colored pictures drawn on their bodies. Each of them held a bone cane in their hands, and the instant they flew out, a gust of black mist spread out.

The moment the three people and the Aquatic Dragon appeared, the four people out of Sky Mist City closed in on them. Without even a word, as the rumbling sounds echoed in the air, they stood together!

The weather changed. The wind and clouds tumbled backwards.

Rumbling sounds shook the land all around them, and at the same time, dozens upon dozens of people shot out from the crack in the sky. All of them were Shamans, and in the blink of an eye, hundreds of Shamans had appeared from within the crack.

All the Shamans that had rushed out possessed extraordinary power.

"Kill them!!" The guards in midair charged forward without any hesitation, immediately engaging in a battle to the death with the Shamans who walked out of the crack.

More people flew up from the ground of Sky Mist City and charged towards the smaller scaled battlefield that was as devastating as the one beyond the wall.

The sounds of battle filled the sky, and the sky and earth darkened as if the sun and moon had lost their light. The two guards who had previously prevented Su Ming from joining the fray could no longer be bothered with him, as their expressions changed and they moved back to charge towards that battlefield.

That battle was happening in a spot less than 50,000 feet away from Su Ming. The level of devastation there was so great that even though the battle had just begun, shrill screams could already be heard. A lot of people had already exploded, and some of them were even torn from limb to limb.

Some of these people were Berserkers, some were Shamans.

This was not a direct conflict between two people. This was a battlefield. All of these people were not facing just one enemy but an innumerable amount of foes that filled the sky and earth. When you killed one person, you would have to be careful of the others' divine abilities, coming from non-Berserkers charging towards you.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He did not continue retreating, instead, as the Fire Ape bared its teeth and was about to rush out, he lifted his right hand and waved his arm towards the Fire Ape. Immediately, an incredibly hurt look flashed through its face and it was put away into the bag.

This was going to be a gruelling battle. Su Ming was worried about letting the Fire Ape fight. Once the ape killed to a frenzy, it would descend into madness, and it would definitely not be able to protect itself.

When Su Ming put away the Fire Ape, he took a step towards the battlefield that was only 50,000 feet away from him. His body seemed to not have moved after he took that one step, he looked as if he was still making the action of taking a step, but in truth, his speed had already reached its peak.

The guard whose robes were stained with blood and who also happened to be the guard who had spoken to Su Ming among the two sent to block his path had his five fingers lifted to seize the air before himself. Five wisps of mist swirled behind his back and turned into a five-colored spider that rammed into the Shaman closing in on him.

That Shaman was also an extraordinary fighter. The moment he died, he also made the five-colored spider explode. In fact, as his body let out thunderous rumbles signaling his death, he flicked out a fingernail that pierced through the guard's chest, causing blood to seep out of the corners of his lips and forcing him to retreat.

Yet the moment he retreated, a battle axe suddenly appeared by his side. It belonged to a warrior in the Shaman Tribe. With a vicious laugh, the man swung his axe down. The guard's eyes were instantly lit with madness and he looked as if he was about to self-destruct. The instant the thought of that even if he died, he had to kill more people appeared in his head, the space beside him suddenly distorted and the youth from before suddenly showed up.

As Su Ming appeared, green light flashed at the center of his brows. His Divine General Armor swiftly manifested on his body, and the moment the Shaman swung his axe down, he thrust his sword forward.

Chapter 339: Welcome to Sky Mist City!

The guard was not the only one caught off guard by Su Ming's arrival, the Shaman had found it hard to notice him too. Yet that Shaman was clearly someone who was used to fighting. Without a hint of hesitation, he laughed viciously and swung the axe towards Su Ming instead. In the blink of an eye, that axe was already less than one foot away its target!

Su Ming stood there calmly. The small virescent sword in his right hand shone brilliantly, and the moment the Shaman's axe swung down on his head, Su Ming thrust the sword towards the center of the man's brows. To the eyes of those watching, it was clear that these two were fighting to see who was more vicious!

As if the one who was more vicious would come out of this duel alive!

If the man was the first to be afraid and dodged the attack, then while it would be troublesome that he wouldn't have managed to kill this person with his attack, it would still be better than dying.

Yet if Su Ming became afraid and chose to avoid the attack, then he would immediately lose the initiative and the Shaman would definitely attack him with a force that would be difficult for him to block.

However, if the both of them did not move away, then they would surely die together!

The guard behind Su Ming was momentarily stunned. He was already prepared to self-destruct, so he did not expect that the person he had just prevented to join the battle would suddenly appear right before him.

With just one glance, the man even recognized the armor on Su Ming's body. It... was the Divine General Armor!!

He hadn't managed to say anything before madness appeared in the Shaman's eyes. He was completely unbothered by the small virescent sword charging to the center of his brows. With a bang, the axe fell on Su Ming's body.

Boooooom!

As the bang reverberated through the air, Su Ming flinched and staggered a few steps backwards. Blood trickled out of his mouth, but there was not a hint of injury on his body. His shoulder armor was cut by the axe, but there was only a crack on it, and even that was closing up rapidly.

As for the Shaman, he did not have a chance to see this. Madness still lingering on his face, a hole could be seen at the center of his brows. Blood poured out from that hole, but it wasn't what killed him. It was a knife that had suddenly come from behind him the instant he swung his axe down. The knife cut through his neck swiftly, causing his head to be severed by the person behind just as the center of his brows was pierced through.

The small virescent sword pierced through the Shaman's head

and brushed past the person who had suddenly appeared behind him. A fine line of blood was left behind on his face.

Su Ming knew the person who had appeared behind the Shaman before. He was the other of the two guards who had previously prevented him from joining the battle.

The middle-aged man's gaze was cold and his expression aloof. He was completely unbothered by the gash on his face. Instead, he cast Su Ming a glance and a smile appeared on his lips. That smile held a hint of ferociousness, but there was no ill-will contained within.

"Welcome to Sky Mist City!" As he spoke, he threw the head in his hand towards Su Ming. Once Su Ming caught it, that person turned around, and with a flash, he charged towards another Shaman.

"Keep their heads. That's an important proof for us when we're recording your war achievements!" The voice of the guard Su Ming had just saved came from his side. The man looked rather touched as he smiled heartily.

"Thank goodness I didn't have you leave the place yet, or else I'd have died here. My name is Zhang Tian Ta. Welcome to Sky Mist City!" The man let out a boisterous laugh and lifted his right hand. Su Ming too lifted his right hand, and once they gave each other a high five, they parted ways and charged into two different locations on the battlefield.

With that high five, Su Ming felt a wave of tremors belonging to a life force traveling up his hand. Those tremors came from Zhang Tian Ta and belonged to the battlefield filled with murder and carnage. As he turned around, red appeared in Su Ming's right eye. Black mist surrounded his body, covering his Divine General Armor in Runes, allowing his defense to reach an incredibly powerful state.

Su Ming's Han Mountain Bell also appeared under his Divine General Armor, albeit only in an indistinct form. With that bell, his defense could increase by another fold! Green light shone by his side. It was the small virescent sword, charging, swirling around him.

As he moved forward, Su Ming ran into a male Shaman. That Shaman wore a sackcloth. His right hand was dark and there was a small red snake biting his hand as if it was injecting poison into his veins. His left arm was not black but swollen. There was a multicolored scorpion climbing his left hand, and it looked as if it also had its fangs buried deep in his skin.

There was an enticing Totem on the young man's face. Su Ming could not see it clearly, but there was a sort of brutality coming from it. Before he rushed at Su Ming, the young man had just killed a Berserker. Once he retrieved the Berserker's head, he rushed towards Su Ming with a vicious sneer.

The two of them closed in on each other in the span of a breath. A flash of green appeared and charged towards the Shaman's head, but the Shaman let out a roar and lifted his right hand. The moment his hand touched the small sword, that person's right arm

instantly exploded and turned into a large amount of black liquid that sprayed everywhere.

When the small sword touched the black liquid, instantly, there were sizzling sounds and it started swaying. At the same moment, when the black liquid fell on Su Ming's Divine General Armor, dents appeared on it as if the liquid was corroding it. At the very least, Su Ming's Han Mountain Bell could still block the poisonous liquid from touching him.

The young man's right arm had originally disappeared, but the stump was wiggling around bizarrely as if it was growing into an arm again. The man increased his speed, and in the blink of an eye, he had already closed in on Su Ming. He opened his mouth and spat out a layer of poisonous fog. That poisonous fog turned into a ghost's face before it charged towards Su Ming.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He took a few steps backwards, and with a cold sneer, he charged forward. He looked as if he was charging straight into the poisonous fog, but in truth, in the short distance he traveled when he took the few steps backward and charged forward again, with his incredible speed, he could stir up a huge gust of wind.

That fog may be strange in a sense that a normal gust of wind couldn't blow it away, but the wind caused by Su Ming's intense speed straight up blew it away. Su Ming then shot through the fog and appeared right behind the young man.

Using the instant his opponent was caught off guard, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pressed his palm on his head. His power

in the later stage of the Awakening Realm surged into the young man's body. The swaying small virescent sword also charged through and stabbed the man's throat. At that instant, Su Ming tore the man's head away from his body.

When the young man's headless corpse fell to the ground, Su Ming held his head in a hand with a pale face, but his eyes were freezing cold. His breathing had quickened slightly. All around him were the shouts of people crying out to kill each other. Shrill screams of pain reverberated in the air, never dying down.

Right when Su Ming stopped moving, a flash of yellow light came from behind him. There was a diamond shaped beast bone in that light, and it was incredibly sharp.

Su Ming was still immersed in his first experience of this kind of a battlefield when a bone stabbed into his back, right above his heart. Even if he had the Divine General Armor blocking the attack, Su Ming still staggered a few steps forward. Blood flowed out of his mouth.

He turned around swiftly and stared at the spot where the diamond shaped beast bone came from. Over there, in the crowd where the two armies were slaughtering each other, were two Shamans working together to attack an old Berserker. One of the two was tall, and the other short. Their cries of battle had fused with the sounds around them and could not be heard clearly.

That old man's face was pale and his hair was stained with fresh blood. He was being forced backwards.

That beast bone that had charged towards Su Ming was not actually aimed at him but was sent his way when the old man dodged it.

Right at the top of this battlefield that contained less than 1,000 people was a mass of darkness that hid the color of the sky, and the booming sounds grew increasingly stronger. As the black fog tumbled about, Su Ming could see an Aquatic Dragon occasionally revealing its body and roaring relentlessly.

Fighting against the Aquatic Dragon was a middle-aged man from among the four powerful Berserkers that had stepped out of Sky Mist City previously. The other three people were fighting against three identical Great Shamans in the black fog.

Their level of cultivation had already surpassed that of the Bone Sacrifice Realm and they were all already in the Berserker Soul Realm. However, they were merely Berserkers in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. The difference in power in each stage of the Berserker Soul Realm was so big that it was similar to the power gap between two Realms.

Su Ming stared at the two Shamans in the crowd and a blood-red light shining with killing intent appeared in his eyes. He took one step forward, and in the span of a breath, he disappeared. Almost the instant he disappeared, a Shaman rammed his fist into the afterimage left behind by Su Ming when he left. That person was momentarily stunned after he threw that punch, but he did not have any chance to think any further.

A Berserker not too far in the distance had chosen to self-destruct. The waves caused by the explosion surged in all directions. When the waves crashed into that Shaman, he was forced backwards and died, shot by an arrow that was flicked off in his direction from somewhere.

Su Ming traveled so quickly that he shot through multiple people fighting against each other and appeared right behind the two Shamans who were fighting against the old Berserker. The faces of the two Shamans were colored by madness. Their coordination was flawless, and there had been more than ten Berserkers who had died in their hands in this massacre.

At that moment, the number of kills they had netted increased by one. The shorter Shaman moved, and passing through the old man's side, he took his head away with him.

With the old man's head in his hand, the shorter Shaman grinned and laughed out loud, but the moment his laughter begun, his companion, who had been smiling with him, suddenly widened his eyes, then rushed towards him, crying out loud.

Right behind the shorter Shaman was Su Ming, taking one step to reach behind his back. His eyes were blood-red, and the moment he appeared, green light flashed and shot through the Shaman's back, right through his heart. The green light took a sharp turn back, then pierced through the center of that Shaman's brows.

That person had extraordinary power, but on the battlefield, while a person's level of cultivation could help them, it would not be able to aid them fully. Luck, resolution, caution, observation,

and all the other factors were keys in determining whether a person would be able to survive. None of these could be missing.

Once Su Ming killed the shorter Shaman, a chilling glare grew in his eyes when the deceased's companion charged towards him with a roar.

"He Feng!"

The moment Su Ming opened his mouth, a dark shadow instantly appeared right behind the incoming Shaman. That shadow devoured him like a giant mouth. Su Ming was not bothered by what would happen to the person next. With a single move, he charged in another direction.

"Once you control him, destroy his appearance and the Totem symbolizing his identity as a Shaman. After that, come with me!" Once Su Ming left, his aloof command fell into He Feng's ears.

Chapter 340: First Battle!

In the air above Sky Mist City was the battlefield that contained the intense battle between nearly a thousand people. As time passed by and the number of deaths increased, a mangled corpse fell from the sky.

The area of battle should have become increasingly smaller, but that was not the case. Instead, the area became slightly larger, because this was Sky Mist City. The number of Berserkers here was so great that it was simply unimaginable. The battle in the sky was only a minuscule and insignificant part of the entire battlefield.

Besides, the large amount of Shamans dying had made their numbers to be unable to compare to the number of Berserkers here, whose numbers had been increasing incessantly as more warriors joined the fray, since this battle was held right above their turf. That was why even though the number of Shamans was dwindling, the area of this battlefield still increased slightly.

However, the battle in the area was only a tiny portion of this small scale battle. The main event was not held here, but in the black fog high above. At that moment, as booming sounds echoed in the air, four towering statues of the God of Berserkers appeared within the black fog.

The four statues belonged to the four powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm. These statues did not seem to contain physical form and seemed like mere illusions, as if they would scatter away when wind blew against them and were just the products of imagination.

Those in the Berserker Soul Realm could gather up their power to form their own statue of the God of Berserkers. This was the power that caused those in the Berserker Soul Realm to be so powerful that those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could not hope to compare. In all their minds, only those within the Berserker Soul Realm could hope to kill another in the same Realm.

The battle in the black fog had reached its climax, and the battle between the Berserkers and Shamans underneath the black fog had already almost reached its end as well. The Shamans fell one after another, and the ferocious beasts they summoned, too, died in succession.

Su Ming's robes had already been dyed red. Even if someone could tell that his robes were not originally colored red, they would still be able to sense a sort of bloodthirst and madness coming from them that would make their skins crawl.

It would be especially so if they looked into Su Ming's eyes.

The calmness in his left eye and the blood-red hue in his right eye, the dancing of his no longer black hair in the wind, the green light from his sword surrounding him, and also the bloodied and mangled puppet with the shabby clothes following behind him. All of these things turned him into a strange sight that caught everyone's attention in this small-scale battle.

Because no matter where this person went to and no matter what sort of power the Shaman had, all of them would die horrible

deaths. Even if the Shaman was already a Medial Shaman, this person would usually just need to lift his right hand, and the bracelet on his wrist would turn into a swarm of black smoke that would surround the Shaman, and from then, it would be difficult for the Shaman to escape death.

It was a presence that screamed of nigh invulnerability, a murderous aura that was formed after slaughtering too many people. A large amount of souls seemed to have gathered on the blood-soaked robe, causing whimpering cries to echo around Su Ming as he walked.

On that day, many people took note of this person. Besides that nigh invulnerable presence he gave off, they also remembered him because whenever he appeared, he would usually save a life, a life that belonged to a Berserker.

He seemed to be a person used to silence. Su Ming did not roar on the battlefield, neither did he laugh arrogantly. He kept his silence and kept on with his slaughter.

At that moment, Su Ming appeared before a Shaman, and when that Shaman saw him, his expression instantly changed drastically. He quickly retreated, because he had seen Su Ming attack three times, and each time, one of his own would die, and among the three people who died, one of them was even a Medial Shaman who was equivalent to a Berserker in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

Yet that Shaman had only managed to take three steps back when all the hairs on his body stood up. Su Ming appeared right behind

him like a ghost, then with one cold slash of his sword, he turned around. When he left, He Feng, who was behind him, laughed darkly and attacked the Shaman.

Su Ming rained down carnage as he walked through the battlefield. He had no idea how many people he had killed. His Divine General Armor had crumbled several times during the battle. Even with the Runes defending him, it still happened regardless.

He could no longer use the smoke to form the Runes when his armor appeared once again. His defense might have weakened, but the murderous aura around him was etched onto all the minds of those within the battlefield, making him seem to have an invisible set of armor on his person.

He had already swallowed down a lot of medicine, which was the sole reason why he could continue fighting, or else it would have been difficult for him to last on this battlefield, where no one fought against another alone.

Fortunately, Su Ming had prepared quite a lot of medicine.

He appeared behind a Shaman and rammed his body hard against his. Once he blew that already heavily injured Shaman into smithereens, Su Ming, who was just about to leave, suddenly stopped moving.

He slowly lifted his head and looked towards a person standing several thousands of feet away in the battlefield.

That person looked to be his thirties and was half naked. His entire body was dyed in blood and exuded a powerful and bold presence. It was a Shaman!

In his hands he held the body of a male Berserker and had his teeth buried deep into his neck as if he was sucking away the man's blood. It flowed down the body and dripped down the Shaman's mouth.

He was staring coldly at Su Ming, then lifted his head from the captured man's neck before tearing off his head from his body. He lifted the head high into the sky, causing the blood dripping down to fall into his own mouth.

Su Ming knew that deceased Berserker. He was Zhang Tian Ta's aloof companion, who also happened to be the first person to welcome Su Ming.

Even when the man died, his eyes were still aloof and indifferent.

Su Ming watched this sight, watched as the Shaman pointed at him with a finger of his left hand, then licked his lips and moved his mouth as if saying something, but his words were drowned out by the sounds of battle all around them. Su Ming could not hear him.

However, he could still tell what the male Shaman wanted to do, because once he threw the head away, he suddenly walked towards him. He was not slow, and as he moved, he charged towards Su

Ming while stirring up a huge and violent gust of wind.

As he moved forward, a large amount of shadows manifested behind him. All of those shadows belonged to the Berserkers he'd killed, and one of them... was Zhang Tian Ta's companion.

There were more than twenty of these shadows, and as they surrounded him, they looked as if they were ghosts that were accompanying this person as he charged towards Su Ming.

"Spirit Medium..."

Su Ming's pupils shrank and he charged forward, bringing an even more powerful and violent gust of wind that blew in all directions as he rushed towards the man.

The distance between these two continued diminishing, and after a moment, the instant they crashed into each other, they started fighting. As the man attacked, a large amount of vengeful spirits would charge forward. Some of these vengeful spirits belonged to Berserkers, and some to the Shamans!

Su Ming was not the only one engaged in such a battle. Dozens of similar battles had begun on this battlefield, because all the Shamans that had survived up to this point were all Spirit Mediums!

A Spirit Medium's battle prowess would be largely limited if he or she was placed in a place that did not have a large amount of

dead people. However, when they were in a battlefield where a large amount of people had died, then Spirit Mediums would become incredibly powerful.

This was a tactic unique only to Spirit Mediums!

Booming sounds echoed on the battlefield. After a moment, as the people were all engaged in battle against each other, the black fog in the sky was blown open as if someone had just torn it apart, as if a pair of invisible hands had ripped it to shreds. The booming sounds reverberated in the sky, and then the Aquatic Dragon exploded. Letting out a shrill screech, it turned into a large amount of blood mist that carried the three identical old Shamans away and back to the land of the Shamans like a shield made of blood.

Two of the four powerful Berserkers from Sky Mist City were about to chase them down when the middle-aged man by their side lifted his hand and stopped them with a grim look on his face.

"My fellow tribesmen, we cannot give chase... The Shamans' goal might be to enter our land, but they would first need to destroy Sky Mist City and occupy it, or else, even those old monsters belonging to the upper level of authority in the Shaman Tribe would have to hesitate.

"Also, there's something off about this. An End Split Dawn can only cast a Relocation Spell like this once every half a year. Why were there only three End Shamans and one inferior sacred beast..?

"From our plans and calculations along with some of the information we obtained, there is only one pair of End Split Dawns in the Shaman Tribe. They only had a single chance like this. They should have sent much more firepower. We of Sky Mist City made detailed preparations for this, but now, the prey isn't here and we can't use it..." The middle-aged man frowned.

"Are you saying that they're intentionally baiting us to pursue them?" one of the four old monsters in the Berserker Soul Realm, who was a hunchbacked old man, asked in raspy voice.

"About that..."

The middle-aged man was about to speak when his expression suddenly changed drastically. The other three old men beside him also experienced changes in their expressions, because at that moment, on the gigantic battlefield outside Sky Mist City, as the sounds of battle were so great they seemed to have filled heaven and earth, in five different locations in the sky, the same crack that had appeared right in the sky above Sky Mist City just materialized!

But that was not all. Right behind Sky Mist City, in the sky that belonged to the Berserkers, cracks also appeared, and this time, it was not one but two!

These two gigantic cracks, along with the five cracks in the sky belonging to the Shamans started shining brilliantly at the same time!

A dark look instantly appeared on the middle-aged man's face. With one move, he charged towards the area down below.

"I'll leave the cracks in our land to the three of you!"

As the middle-aged man's voice echoed in the air, his body flashed several dozen times among the crowd fighting underneath. Each time his body shone, he would appear beside a Spirit Medium, and no matter what Spell that Spirit Medium casted next, and no matter how strong their mystical ability was, when that middle-aged man appeared, they would die from a jab of his finger right through the center of their brows.

The middle-aged man traveled so quickly that in the blink of an eye, he had already come to right beside Su Ming, yet the moment he appeared, the Shaman that had been fighting against Su Ming coughed out blood and was ripped from limb to limb. This was not due to the middle-aged man but Su Ming, who was putting down his right hand slowly after drawing the one slash for Berserker Obliteration.

Su Ming's face was pale and he breathed raggedly. Only he knew just how dangerous the battle had been.

The middle-aged man gave Su Ming a look, nodded, then vanished. After a moment, when he re-appeared in midair, all the Spirit Mediums in the battlefield had died.

"You, you, and you... the seven of you, follow me. The rest of you, go to the battlefield over there!" The middle-aged man

pointed towards the cracks that had appeared in the land of the Berserkers far in the distance.

As he pointed forward, the group of people instantly rushed out, and under the guidance of the three powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm standing in the sky, they charged towards the two cracks.

More people flew out from Sky Mist City and joined them. There were even two old men in white joining them. As they moved forward, the air underneath their feet trembled, and the statue of the God of Berserkers manifested in the form of an illusion behind them. These two people were also Berserkers in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. The two of them flew into the sky and exchanged greetings with the previous three Berserkers in the form of wrapping their fists in their palms before all of them walked towards the cracks grimly.

Su Ming did not move, because he was among the seven people the middle-aged man had chosen to stay!

The middle-aged man's gaze swept through the seven of them like lightning before stopping at Su Ming.

"The seven of you had the best performance in the battle just now. I've seen all of the others before, but you're rather unfamiliar. What is your name and from which tribe or clan did you come from?"

Chapter 341: Come!

Su Ming remained calm before the middle-aged Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards him.

"I am Su Ming from Freezing Sky Clan."

"Freezing Sky Clan?" The middle-aged man gave Su Ming another scrutinizing look. "The chances of the people from Freezing Sky Clan being here aren't high. They're all fighting outside the city in the land of the Shamans," he said languidly, staring at Su Ming.

His slow speech and stare instantly turned into an invisible wave of pressure that fell upon Su Ming's body.

The other six people who were asked to stay and were all standing beside Su Ming were all soaked in blood. However, most of that blood belonged to the Shamans. Among these six people, the eldest was about sixty with flecks of white mixed in black hair, and the youngest was around thirty. Everyone's eyes were burning brightly.

These six people had demonstrated that they were all outstanding fighters during the small-scale battle just now. They had killed an incredible amount of Shamans and were all scattered in different locations of the battlefield, catching the attention of those in their respective areas.

Their blood-soaked appearances were the best proof of just how

much they loved fighting.

Among these six people was a woman. She had three scars that looked like a claw mark on her face, making it seem as if her face had been torn apart, which also caused the scars to be even more prominent. She stood at the end of the line with an indifferent look, as if she did not want to get into too much contact with the others.

"I had to leave halfway through because of something. Now I have come back." Su Ming said calmly, looking at the middle-aged man.

The pressure brought by the other's Berserker Soul Realm was incredibly great, but since Su Ming was being honest and hadn't done anything that would make him feel guilty, there was not a hint of emotion in his voice when he gave his reply.

"How many Shamans did you kill?" the middle-aged man asked languidly.

Su Ming did not answer. Instead, he put his right hand into his bosom and brought out a storage bag. Once he did so, he waved his arm to the side, and instantly, dozens of heads flew out from within the bag. They floated in the air, and a gory atmosphere filled the place.

Each of the heads had the expressions of the Shamans before their death.

"Alright, even if you're a deserter from Freezing Sky Clan, you've proved your worth here. From now on, you are one of the Berserkers of Sky Mist City!" The middle-aged man's gaze landed on the head of the only Spirit Medium who had died before he could kill him among the large amount of heads, and he smiled towards Su Ming.

"There are some among the seven of you from Freezing Sky Clan, and some from Western Sea Clan. The rest of you are all warriors of Sky Mist City. Now, I don't care where you came from, the seven of you will become my followers and guards. Come with me and we'll murder our way into the land of the Shamans!"

The middle-aged man swept his gaze across the seven people. When he spoke of Freezing Sky Clan, he had looked towards Su Ming, and when he spoke of Western Sea Clan, he had looked towards the woman whose face was ruined.

"My name is Shan Hua, and I am one of the Great Soul Generals of Freezing Sky Clan. Until I die, follow me!"

As the middle-aged man spoke, the five cracks in the sky above the Sky Mist City located in the land of the Shamans let out huge booming sounds. Dark light shone from within, and it looked as if it was about to open at any moment. It was the same for the two cracks located in the land of the Berserkers. A large amount of Berserkers were closing in on the cracks.

"Come with me!" Shan Hua lifted his head and looked in the direction of the land of the Shamans. With one move, distorted ripples immediately appeared under his feet. He charged towards

the spot where he was looking.

Behind him, the seven people including Su Ming flew out almost simultaneously. The seven of them followed behind Shan Hua, and all of them turned into eight long arcs that sliced through the sky and crossed over the majestic Sky Mist City. With Shan Hua right in front, all the invisible barriers within Sky Mist City were lifted beforehand, allowing the crowd to arrive in the sky belonging to the Shamans without stopping once!

The instant they crossed over the majestic Sky Mist City, a gust of bloody wind wafted into their noses, as if the places within and beyond the city were two different worlds. This place belonged to the Shamans, and that bloody wind had turned into an indescribable oppressive feeling that could make people's hearts race uncontrollably while also making their blood boil. It felt that if they did not react in this manner, they would not be able to withstand this oppressive feeling brought onto them.

In the most straightforward manner, the sounds of battle turned into sounds of impact that fell into their ears. Compared to the others, who were already used to this sound, this was the first time Su Ming had joined the battle in the land of the Shamans. The shrill cries, furious roars, and that bloody stench made it difficult for him to calm down.

"This is a game, brother Su."

Shan Hua moved before them while Su Ming and the other six followed behind him. They leaped forward in the face of that oppressive pressure while having to smell that bloody stench in the

air. To Su Ming's right was the young man who looked to be in his thirties. That young man's hair was messy, but his eyes were bright. There was even a hint of excitement within them.

"This is a game where we see who is the winner in the end."

The young man licked his lips and smiled at Su Ming.

This was a battlefield that contained more than tens of thousands of people. The sky was filled with a large amount of people and beasts fighting against each other. There were Shamans, Berserkers, and ferocious beasts among them. The eight of them crossing over the land of the Shamans was nothing worthy of attention.

"We'll rush to the third crack. Your first mission is to catch up to me!" Shan Hua's voice came from before them, and he increased his speed. In the span of a breath, he was already 1,000 feet away from them.

Su Ming and the other six charged after him, but when they were less than several thousands of feet into the battlefield, a huge gust of wind instantly came from before them. That wind came from about a hundred ferocious beasts with huge wings. Shamans were standing on their backs.

All of these Shamans had Totems on their faces that exuded a bizarre feeling as if blood was boiling in their veins. These Shamans were mere ants to Shan Hua. He did not even bother dodging. With one charge, he immediately caused dozens of these

giant winged ferocious beasts to burst, booming sounds following after him. The Shamans on them were also ripped to shreds.

This lasted only for an instant. The seven could not even see how Shan Hua attacked clearly, they could only see him breaking through without even slowing down, blood raining down around him.

Yet Su Ming and the other six could not do this as easily as Shan Hua did. A small portion of the ferocious beasts might have died, but there were dozens of them left. After splitting apart temporarily, they swiftly flocked together before rushing towards Su Ming and the other six.

"What I need are warriors who will keep following me." Shan Hua did not turn his head back, neither did he stop, but his voice still landed in their ears.

Almost the instant his voice rang in their ears, sounds of battle rose thunderously in the air. The dozens of ferocious beasts charged towards them with roars filled with a murderous aura brimming with arrogance. A dozen of the Shamans standing on them also leaped down, cracking sounds coming from their bodies. They instantly swelled up and their veins popped up, making it seem as if their blood was raging within them.

Red appeared in Su Ming's right eye. Almost the moment the Shamans and those ferocious beasts came to stop them, he took a step and charged forward at a speed so fast it would be difficult to describe. In an instant, he had already disappeared from his original spot, and when he reappeared, he was already 2,000 feet

away.

When he appeared once again, blood flowed out of Su Ming's mouth. There were five Shamans in the invisible path he had just dashed through. At that moment, their bodies exploded into smithereens.

Their death was caused by Su Ming ramming his body into them under that high speed, while he himself was protected by his defenses!

Su Ming did not stop. When he appeared, he charged once again towards Shan Hua, who was rushing into the distance. Almost at the same moment he used that high speed to catch up to Shan Hua, only three of the six behind him used other methods to break free from being surrounded and attacked by that group of Shamans. Once they broke free, they chased after Shan Hua behind Su Ming.

Yet before they could even take ten breaths, when Shan Hua once again broke free of the group of Shamans flanking him, another one of their group of four did not manage to break free from the Shamans and chase after Shan Hua.

At that moment, only Su Ming, the woman whose face was ruined, and another middle-aged man who looked rather plain when he was among them remained behind Shan Hua.

Their breathing had become ragged as they charged forward. Clearly, following him in this manner was not an easy task for them.

By that time, Shan Hua had already rushed into the center of the battlefield. Not too far from him was the third crack. Currently, that crack was expanding nonstop and a large amount of shadows could be seen flashing within. There were faint and muffled roars as well.

If there had been no obstacles between them and the crack, Su Ming and the rest would have arrived much sooner, but that was not the reality of the situation. Four ferocious creatures about 1,000 feet in size were charging rapidly towards them from the direction of the crack.

A glint appeared in Shan Hua's eyes. With one step, he disappeared from in front of one of these creatures, and when he reappeared, he was already behind it. That ferocious beast froze for a moment, and then its body started rapidly withering away. The Shaman standing on it was also taken aback for a moment before his eyes lost their lively spark and he fell to the ground.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. On the way here, he had seen Shan Hua attack several times, but each time, he would use a method that made it hard for Su Ming to discern clearly what he did. Besides the word 'bizarre', it would be difficult to find any other word to describe what he saw.

With one flash, Shan Hua became increasingly closer to the crack. As for Su Ming and the other two behind him, they would have to face the other three ferocious beasts that were 1,000 feet tall, along with the Shamans standing on them.

A determined look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The moment he closed in on the incoming ferocious beast, He Feng, who had already discarded the puppet's body and had turned into a dark shadow once again, rushed out before him. At the same time, Su Ming lifted his right hand and casted Berserker Obliteration. His speed reached its peak, and the bracelet on his right wrist turned into a bundle of black smoke that charged in the direction before him.

Roaring sounds filled the sky, and after a moment, when Su Ming went past the ferocious beast, he coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. His chestplate shattered. There was a black wooden spike that was blocked by Han Mountain Bell, but the tremors coming from that wooden spike were still enough to injure Su Ming.

Half of the creature's body had crumbled. Blood spattered into the air. There was a shadow at its wound that was absorbing its blood madly while also trying to expand itself to envelop the creature within, but since the beast was too big, it was difficult for that shadow to do so.

Chapter 342: Deception!

The Shaman standing on the ferocious beast had already leaped into the air, but there was shock on his face. A woman's figure formed by black smoke had gathered before him and was twirling around him. The moment that smoke turned into a vortex, the Shaman casted a Spell and immediately disappeared, as if he had just run away.

The woman formed by the black smoke did not chase after him but simply fell backwards and changed back into the bracelet on Su Ming's wrist.

Su Ming did not bother about He Feng, but instead took a step forward and charged towards Shan Hua. At that moment, Shan Hua was standing underneath the crack with his head lifted to look at the continuously expanding giant crack. His face was grim, and he looked as if he was waiting for something.

Su Ming charged towards him, and after a moment, he arrived behind Shan Hua. He, too, stopped underneath the crack, and his ragged breathing only calmed down after a long moment went by.

Just as Su Ming was calming his breathing, wind whistled by his ears, and the Western Sea Clan woman, whose face was ruined, charged towards them swiftly. Once she stopped, she coughed out a large amount of blood. There were many wounds on her body, and her abdomen was a bloody mess, but she remained cold and aloof. As she stood there, she lowered her head and brought out some medicinal salve to spread over her wounds.

"Only the two of you came? Then so be it, you two will be my guards. Earn me the time it takes to burn an incense stick," Shan Hua suddenly said and turned around to cast a glance at Su Ming and the woman before sitting down in midair. He even closed his eyes.

A light crease appeared between the woman's brows, but she said nothing. She simply surveyed her surroundings cautiously.

Su Ming was occupied by his own thoughts. He had no time to think about what the woman did to arrive behind him, because when he lifted his head to look at the flashing crack in the sky before turning to look into the distance, his pupils shrank.

There were powerful Berserkers like Shan Hua underneath the five cracks in the land of the Shamans. They would either be staring at them or meditating underneath, completely ignoring the battles going on around them. They looked as if they were waiting for something.

Some of them also had guards like Su Ming around them, but there were also some who were alone.

There were still a large amount of Shamans in the sky. The battles and slaughter on the ground continued without stopping. The people from both sides had already descended into a state of frenzy. There were also a continuous number of Berserkers who were rushing out from Sky Mist City to join the fray.

As time passed by and the five cracks in the sky belonging to the

Shamans grew larger while looking as if they were about to rip open at any moment, roars could be heard coming from behind. It was as if there were millions of Shamans and an endless number of ferocious beasts waiting inside the crack. The moment the crack opened up, they would all rush out.

‘No one’s coming here...’

Su Ming frowned. He just noticed this. Ever since Shan Hua came here along with Su Ming and the woman, no Shaman got close to them. Most of them only circled around the area, as if they could not see the three of them.

This was not the only place where a sight like this occurred. The same thing was happening underneath all the five cracks.

‘Could it be...’

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. Suddenly, a piercing whistle came from Sky Mist City. That whistle sounded like something piercing through the air. The entire Sky Mist City looked as if it was trembling. The instant Su Ming turned his head around to look, he saw nine pillars that looked like crystals crawling out from within Sky Mist City and stretching out towards the sky.

The pillars were about several hundreds of feet in breadth. Once they shot out of the ground in Sky Mist City, they immediately started shining with a strong light. When they did so, the sun in the sky looked as if it had become duller because of them. Soon after, the lights from the nine huge crystal pillars started

spreading, and once they fused together, a light beam that stole Su Ming's breath shot towards one of the cracks!

The light beam was about 1,000 feet in breadth, and it shot out of Sky Mist City so quickly that Su Ming felt his skin crawl. It looked like a long arc that pierced through the sky, and it was so loud that he could only hear roars in his ears, which eventually became so loud that they turned into static!

Almost in an instant, the first crack that was about several tens of thousands of feet away from Sky Mist City was pierced through by the light beam.

The entire sky seemed to have turned into a sea of fire filled with waves that started spreading rapidly in all directions. The first crack shuddered viciously and turned into numerous shards that scattered away. The shards were very thin and looked like mirrors.

That was clearly not a crack, but a fake one that was created by the Shamans with some unknown method. It looked real and must have also felt real, but in truth, it was fake!

‘Of the five cracks, the first one is fake. The Shamans’ goal is to weaken Sky Mist City’s power, such as... forcing them to use this unbelievably powerful light beam!’

Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath and looked at the shattered fake between Sky Mist City and the first light beam. There was a tear in the air over there now, and wherever the light beam went to, all the living things that tried to stop it were destroyed.

Even a Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm would find it difficult to survive under this power!

‘Sky Mist City...’

Su Ming stared at the majestic city and understood why that city could defend the Land of South Morning, preventing the Shamans from setting even one foot into their land. That city was not just shrouded in mystery, it also contained a strength that could stun the Shamans.

While Su Ming was still in shock due to the light beam, suddenly, the nine gigantic crystal pillars from Sky Mist City shone once again and the second light beam shot out.

The world seemed to tremble and a tear appeared in the air. The second light beam sliced through the air and stirred up a loud bang that spread throughout the entire battlefield, causing all the people to lift their heads and look at it, unable to help themselves. At that moment, the light beam crashed into the second crack.

It trembled and shattered into the thin shards again. The second crack... was also fake.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the third crack above him. The crack was expanding rapidly and the light within was flashing even more frequently. It was as if the people within were waiting anxiously, like they could not wait to rush out.

At that moment, the nine crystal pillars from Sky Mist City shone once again. The third light beam charged out with a force that shook the world once more. It did not ram into the third crack where Su Ming was, but instead fell onto the fourth crack, causing it to turn into countless shards.

This time, Su Ming could clearly feel that the light beam's strength had dwindled slightly, as if it did not have enough power.

The killings on the battlefield clearly stopped for a moment when the light beam charged out for the third time. Looks of shock and terror appeared on all the Shamans' faces, but in contrast, while most of the Berserkers were also shocked, they also felt their blood boiling as if they had been pumped full of life force.

Suddenly, the fourth light beam charged out from Sky Mist City. This light beam was clearly much weaker than before and was not as shocking as the previous ones. The fifth crack also shattered into pieces the instant the light beam rammed into it, yet even so, if the crack had been real, there was a high chance that the light beam would not have been able to destroy it completely.

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and stared at the crack above his head. Almost the moment he did so, the powerful Berserkers around who had been staying underneath those fake cracks charged towards them. Clearly, they also believed that this crack was the real deal!

In an instant, the nine crystal pillars from Sky Mist City seemed

to have gathered their last charge and fired the fifth light beam. That light beam seemed like the last radiance of the setting sun. It might seem incredibly grand, but anyone with eyes could see that this was the light beam's last ounce of strength.

As the light beam charged forth, it brought with it a piercing glare that shot above Su Ming before it fell on the third crack. At that moment, Shan Hua opened his eyes.

But what happened next stunned Su Ming, because the instant the light beam rammed into the third crack, it also turned into a large amount of thin shards that disappeared into thin air.

"They're all fake... The Shamans' goal is to weaken the strength of Sky Mist City's crystal pillars... because this power is a threat to the End Shamans..." Su Ming mumbled.

At that moment, a long string of laughter echoed from the world in the distance. Distortions formed in the sky belonging to the Shamans 100,000 feet away and three people walked out.

Their bodies could not be seen clearly, but when they walked out, an incredible pressure filled the entire battlefield with a loud rumble. The three people took one step forward and charged into the fray. At the same time, the two 100,000 feet sacred beasts that had previously remained in a set area, not getting closer to the battlefield, let out loud roars before charging towards Sky Mist City.

It was as if the power that prevented them from getting closer

was gone.

The two Shamans who were clearly powerful warriors standing on top of the 100,000 feet sacred beasts curled their lips in cold sneers.

The advantage seemed to have fallen into the Shamans' side. The powerful light beam that terrified them was temporarily gone, causing the three Shamans who walked out to dash forward at an incredible speed. The two 100,000 feet sacred beasts behind them also closed in easily, like how a hot knife cuts through butter.

Yet things did not end the way they wanted. Almost the moment these three people appeared and charged forward with the two 100,000 feet sacred beasts rushed following suit and entered an area 100,000 feet away from Sky Mist City, suddenly, the nine crystal pillars that had already become duller shone with a piercing bright light. The strength of that glare was even stronger than the first light beam Su Ming had seen.

With one flash of light, the entire world instantly darkened. The sun's light could not hope to compare with the nine crystal pillars. It was as if at that moment, the crystal pillars had absorbed all the light from the world around them, and then, two light beams that shocked Su Ming to the core shot out!

Both of these light beams were several thousands of feet in breadth. They whistled through the air with a shocking screech, causing the air to instantly shatter. In the blink of an eye, Su Ming saw something unforgettable.

He saw the two light beams crashing into the two 100,000 feet sacred beasts that were already only 100,000 feet away from Sky Mist City. They did not even have time to dodge. When the light beams crashed into them, the two sacred beasts along with the powerful Shamans standing on them were instantly eviscerated by the power contained within them.

Deafening, shrill cries came from the two sacred beasts, and their bodies instantly exploded...

The entire battlefield instantly fell into dead silence.

The three powerful Shamans who had walked out and were leading the charge froze in their footsteps, as if they were stunned into silence, frozen in place.

"We also know how to set up a hoax." At that moment, Shan Hua stood up by Su Ming's side.

Right then, an old voice shot out with a mighty power from within Sky Mist City moment. "All warriors, hear me! Rush at the Shamans and push them back until they're 30,000 feet away!"

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The beating of war drums roared in the air from all around, causing all the Berserkers on the battlefield to instantly go mad.

"Kill them!"

Chapter 343: Night Plate!

As the two 10,000 feet sacred beasts died horrible deaths and the three powerful Shamans who walked out froze in their footsteps, all the Berserkers in the land of the Shamans beyond Sky Mist City began their assault while the sounds of the war drums filling the air.

At the same time, light surrounded the nine gigantic crystal pillars in Sky Mist City and the entire Sky Mist City trembled once again. It was followed soon after by a gigantic stone monument that was 100,000 feet tall and 10,000 feet wide shooting out from the ground. Its height surpassed the nine crystal pillars. It stood erect in Sky Mist City, and an ancient feeling spread out when the stone monument appeared.

There were names carved onto the stone monument, and stated right behind those names were the person's tribe or clan. This stone monument was the achievement monument that recorded all the kills of the Berserkers in the Land of South Morning!

As it appeared, the sounds of battle from the Berserkers on the battlefield became even louder. The ranks on the achievement monument would not constantly change. Berserkers would have to return to the city with their proof after the battle, then recorders would count the points and insert them into the board.

All those whose names would be recorded on the stone monument would turn into the center of attention of all the Berserkers. It was a glory that belonged to the Berserkers, a glory that belonged to the person, his tribe, and his clan.

That stone monument only showed the top three hundred warriors. Those who were not in the top would not be placed!

Right then, the person at first place was someone named He Luo. This person was not from Freezing Sky, neither was he from Western Sea. He came instead from a tribe called Luoshui. He had already racked up nearly 3,000 achievement points under his name.

The accumulation of battle achievement points was not an increase of one point every single time a person killed another Shaman. Instead, the achievement points were distributed based on the status of the Shaman they killed and the Shaman's level of cultivation. Once a specialist from Sky Mist City calculated the points, they would gain their achievements.

Those within the top ten already had nearly 2,000 achievement points under their belts. The difference in points between them was not great. As for those who were after the top eighty, they all had less than 1,000 points under their name, but even the one placed last had about several hundreds of points.

This was clearly an accumulation of points after the few battles that must have happened previously. It was only natural that the earlier someone joined a battle, the more points he would gather. Su Ming came to Sky Mist City late and did not report his battle achievements, that was why his name could not be found in the ranks.

The moment the stone monument appeared, the three powerful Shamans who walked out became grim where they stood in midair.

They were not End Shamans, merely Latter Shamans, but they were all considered outstanding among the other Latter Shamans. Their level of cultivation was equivalent to those in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. The power of the three identical Shamans who had walked out of the crack in the land of the Berserkers previously could not hope to compare to them. Those three identical Shamans were also not End Shamans but people who had just become Latter Shamans.

As a dark look settled on the trio's faces, the few powerful Berserkers who had been under the cracks rushed over. But that was not all. From one of their sides, Frozen Ice Sky was letting out a threatening and freezing air. The tip of the sword moved and pointed at the three people.

At the same time, on the other side, the gigantic mirror from Western Sea Clan shone brilliantly, as if it was also channelling the power of a mystical ability.

Half of the eighteen giant statues under Sky Mist City had also come to life and were taking large, rumbling steps in the battlefield.

"By the orders of the Great Patriarch, even our third attack on the city was just a test, but the goal was different from the previous two times. This time, we were testing whether we could widen the cracks made by the End Split Dawns, and we were also using this to deplete the power of Sky Mist City's Divine Crystal Beam...

"By the looks of it, the Berserkers have clearly seen through the Great Patriarch's plans, but they still haven't sent out any Berserkers in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, just some of those in the initial stage...

"They are here to fight the three of us. Did Sky Mist City send them here to gauge the strength of the Shamans over the past few years through the three of us..? That ancient mirror from Western Sea Clan is detestable indeed. With it around, all the divine abilities we cast will be recorded and the Berserkers will use it to gain information!

"As for Freezing Sky Clan's Frozen Ice Sky... Well, the sword shouldn't be using its full power when it's dealing with the three of us."

"Hmph, the Berserkers are really good at casting baits. They did it previously too. By the looks of it, they're thinking of using the three of us as bait to lure out our End Shamans..."

The three powerful Shamans looked at each other, and two of them took a step forward. Ripples formed in the air under their feet and muffled booms spread out. Green fog instantly appeared around them. The fog spread out abruptly and flowed in all directions. In an instant, it had already covered the entire area.

Soon after, the final one of the trio sat down cross-legged and lifted his hands before bringing them downwards to press against the ground through the air. Ripples started spreading on the

ground and shrill roars rang out. A large amount of blood from the deceased spilled forth abruptly.

Almost the instant these three people activated their divine abilities, the four powerful Berserkers who were charging forth from underneath the disappeared cracks rushed into the fog. Muffled booms continuously rang inside. The giant mirror from Western Sea Clan tilted, as it continued shining, causing the surface of the mirror to be turned right at the fog.

Once Freezing Sky Clan's Frozen Ice Sky pointed its tip at the fog, a white glare appeared at the sword's hilt and swam through the weapon's entire body before gathering at the tip, and then, it fired out a sword beam!

The moment that sword beam appeared, the world turned freezing cold. That beam of light seemed to possess intelligence and charged straight into the fog. Once it went in, it started fighting against the three Shamans with the four powerful Berserkers.

The battle on the ground resumed once again under the green fog.

Over at Su Ming's side, a glint appeared in Shan Hua's eyes and he turned around to cast a look at Su Ming and the woman with the ruined appearance before nodding at them. Then with a single move, he charged towards the fog in the sky.

"The two of you have passed my test. I will grant both of you the

title of Sky Mist's Night Warrior!" The moment Shan Hua left, his voice appeared and fell into Su Ming and the woman's ears. Two black plates flew out from him towards the two of them.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and caught that plate. It looked really ordinary and was colored entirely black. It was so black that it looked like a dark night that had no stars shining in the sky.

‘Seven people followed him, but five died...’

Su Ming sighed and looked at the plate in his hands. He did not feel much about this, neither did he know the meaning behind it.

He had originally wanted to be a bystander and witness this battle between the Shamans and the Berserkers. Even if he was going to join in, he would fight for his own cause. Now, even though this was just his first battle, he already had a feeling that it would not be easy to do what he had originally had in mind. Perhaps there would be many times where he would have to do things in spite of his own will.

"I suggest that you hang that plate on your waist where it will stand out." As Su Ming was sighing, the Western Sea Clan woman's voice reached his ears. The woman was looking at Su Ming indifferently, and she had already hung her plate on an a tie on her robes.

"This is Sky Mist City's battle plate. They are divided into four levels - Sun, Moon, Star, and Night. If you have the Night Plate, then it means you now belong to Sky Mist City, and with it, even

your clan won't be allowed to interfere with your actions or punish you for it. Everything about you belongs to Sky Mist City, and before the battle ends, only Sky Mist City can give you commands," the woman stated coldly.

"There are plenty of people in this battlefield who want to obtain one of Sky Mist City's battle plates but cannot get it because the battle plates can only be given by Sky Mist City's Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm. We did not do much, but we still obtained this because senior Shan had seen all that we had done previously.

"But there are plenty of others who had done a whole lot more than us and still died or did not obtain this battle plate because no one noticed them. Are you still not satisfied with it?" The woman no longer looking at Su Ming, choosing to charge into the battlefield ahead instead.

Su Ming fell silent and looked at the plate in his hands. In the end, he did not choose to hang in on himself, but instead put it away into his bosom. He turned around and charged into the endless battlefield on the land of the Shamans in a direction opposite to the one chosen by the woman earlier.

Every inch of this place was filled with battles. The Shamans and Berserkers were fighting each other and would not stop until they died. The roars and screams of pain criss-crossed with the sounds of flesh being torn and bodies exploding, turning into a buzzing noise in Su Ming's ears. Besides the powerful warriors fighting within the fog in the sky, all the other people on the battlefield were insignificant. They were only a small part in this war.

Su Ming did not know how long this battle was going to last. He could only rush out and start killing all the Shamans he could see.

This was a completely different feeling compared to the battle in Sky Mist City. Compared to this battlefield, the battle over there was way too small. Over here, Su Ming could not see the end. All he could see were his fellow Berserkers and the endless army of Shamans.

Kill them! His only choice was to kill them! Su Ming held the small virescent sword in his right hand, and as he charged forward, he brought about blood and carnage around him.

Kill them! He must kill them! As he waved his arm, black smoke surrounded his body, and if anyone that could pose as a threat to Su Ming appeared, it would automatically fly out and turn into the woman. She would form behind that Shaman, and then, she would either kill them or force them away.

To survive, to continue living so that he could let his own insignificant self on the battlefield see another sunset, he would need to kill. If he did not kill, then he could only die. This warzone was like a powerful force of will imposed upon them, one that they could not oppose, and under that will, they must kill, or they would die!

Unless one pretended to be a corpse by covering his face with blood. If they did that, then perhaps they could use another way to survive. As Su Ming moved forward, he saw some people using this method to survive. Some of them were Shamans, and some of them Berserkers.

However, this was not a good plan because collecting heads was necessary for everyone to gather war achievement points... If they had a complete body, there was almost certainly always someone who would conveniently behead them.

"Kill!!"

Su Ming's eyes were bloodshot and his entire body was soaked in blood. With a roar, all his Qi started circulating in him. With a punch, he blasted a Shaman's chest open. The bell in his body rang and blocked the counter his enemy threw at him before he died, but Su Ming still coughed out blood. However, even as blood spilled from his lips, he still ran forth at full speed towards another person.

Chapter 344: Zi Che!

Fatigue. Su Ming had no idea how much time had passed, because the green fog was still covering the sky. That fog was tumbling about in the air and booming sounds could still be heard coming from inside it.

The sounds of battle around Su Ming had fused together with pained screams and all sorts of other sounds, turning into a note that it felt would never change. As it rang in the air, everything repeated itself, and repeated, and repeated.

It was as if Su Ming's insignificant self was repeating only one action in the battlefield - kill, kill, and kill again. Gradually, that fatigue grew deeper, and his mind started to fall into a daze.

And distractedness would usually end with the person getting into a life and death situation. If they died, then they would fall into eternal slumber, but if they lived, then they would receive a boost of adrenaline that would grant them a temporary burst of energy. However, that energy was the result of drawing out the strength of whatever remained of their life force... After that temporary burst of energy, the person would sink once again, this time into an even deeper state of fatigue and absentmindedness.

How many people would be able to escape from death brought on by their own lack of concentration? Perhaps they could do it once, maybe twice, but three times? Four? An infinite amount of times..? This wasn't a battle where people were just surrounded by Shamans, they were waging war against themselves as well.

The killings continued without stopping. Blood continued collecting on the ground. It would not be an exaggeration to say that the land of the Shamans beyond Sky Mist City was filled with rivers of blood. The splashing of crimson droplets on them were like numerous pairs of aloof eyes cruelly watching everything that was unfolding before them.

He Feng had already returned to Su Ming's side. He did not do this by himself. Instead, when Su Ming let out a sharp shout, he stirred up the Wings of the Moon, who could sense him, thus forcing He Feng to return to his side.

When he returned to Su Ming's side, he was occupying the gigantic ferocious beast's body from before. However, there was only half of that creature remaining. Strangely enough, it was still alive.

The battle continued. Su Ming had no idea just how many Shamans he had killed and did not know how many wounds he had sustained, neither did he know just how many times his Divine General Armor had crumbled. In fact, even Han Mountain Bell had been forced back into his body numerous times after blocking many divine abilities, and his body was now injured.

It was especially so for his chest. There was a hole there that was almost fatal, nearly piercing through him. That wound came to be when a long spear sliced through the air and struck Su Ming the moment the woman of black smoke his eldest senior brother had given him flew out and blocked another attack aimed at him.

This was a battlefield. There were too many uncontrollable

factors here, too many enemies. This was not a duel where one person would face a single opponent by himself...

As the war continued, Su Ming moved through the battlefield. He had no idea where he was. He had simply seen a familiar head flying into the sky when a Shaman beheaded the person. He did not know his name, but he had seen that person before. He was a disciple from Freezing Sky Clan.

That head fell right before Su Ming. The person's face held a hint of confusion, but also a hint of release, as if he could finally close his eyes and rest in the midst of all his fatigue.

Su Ming looked at that head and lifted his right hand swiftly to push behind him. Booming sounds and whistles came. The sounds belonged to a Shaman behind that was suddenly sent tumbling backwards, and that whistle was from Su Ming's small virescent sword chasing the Shaman down and piercing through him.

Su Ming unclenched his left hand and ashes fell from his palm into the air; that was what remained of a stone coin.

He had already swallowed a large amount of medicine, which was the only reason why he could continue fighting. He had also spent a large amount of stone coins, allowing himself to constantly spread his divine sense around the area, which largely increased his chances of survival while also allowing his small virescent sword to stay sharp.

In this battlefield, all divine abilities paled in comparison to the

swiftness and ease brought by cleanly executed kills. Su Ming would occasionally travel quickly, and sometimes slowly. When he attacked, his killing intent would spill forth. If he killed his enemy, all was well, but he also gradually learned not to linger around in a fight. If he did not manage to kill, he would immediately retreat and head off in another direction.

"Su Ming!"

As he continued in his slaughter listlessly, cutting down another Shaman, his face turned pale and a wound so deep it revealed his bone appeared on his thigh. At that moment, a strange voice called out to him.

When he turned around, Su Ming's mind was still in a slight daze, but even though his head was muddled, he still spread his divine sense on a natural instinct to protect himself. He saw a man who had just beheaded a Shaman watching him. Su Ming had seen him before. He was a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan.

That man's eyes were also bloodshot and he was exhausted. He gave a nod at Su Ming before quickly leaving the place.

"This feels like a dream..."

Su Ming turned around. He continued moving forward, continued killing, continued sinking into deeper exhaustion. The sounds of battle ringing by his ears seemed to have become eternal, continuously echoing in the air.

He saw Shamans with different types of ferocious beasts. He also saw some people wearing masks. Those people were the same as Su Ming. They were shooting through the battlefield, and wherever they went, it would rain blood.

All the Shamans who wore masks exuded an incredibly powerful murderous aura. A normal Berserker could not hope to match up to them. In his daze, Su Ming saw some Berserkers who could fight against these masked Shamans. They also wore masks.

However, the masks these Berserkers wore were black and were completely different from the white masks the Shamans wore.

Su Ming continued with his slaughter as he moved forward in a daze. The nearly fatal wound on his chest was left behind by a long spear thrown by a masked Shaman. There was a cross shaped crack on the person's mask. Once he threw the long spear out, he cast a cold look at Su Ming from the distance, then turned around and left.

Su Ming saw all of these things, but he was in a state of absentmindedness brought on by exhaustion. With the sounds of battle echoing in his ears indistinctly, Su Ming took a step forward and appeared before a Shaman in his early adulthood.

This was a Shaman who still looked rather young and had face covered in blood. He let out a loud roar and charged forward. When Su Ming walked by his side, he took the Shaman's head. Blood spewed out from the body, and he dashed forward a few steps more before falling down.

Su Ming walked past him numbly and arrived beside another Shaman. When he walked by him, the man's head was already in his grasp, but the moment his head was removed from his body, he chose to self-destruct. The booming and the force created by the explosion caused blood to flow down Su Ming's lips, but he did not stop. He simply continued onward.

He walked, and continued walking. After shattering and regrouping multiple times, Su Ming's Divine General Armor seemed to have also been affected by his fatigue. Its speed when it recovered started slowing down. Han Mountain Bell also started ringing after being attacked by all the scattered divine abilities that were not aimed at him.

He Feng was also gone, separated from him by the crowd. His current body, which was that of a Shaman Beast, would also cause misunderstandings among the Berserkers who had already fought till they were in a frenzy. Su Ming already had no idea where he had gone to.

If this continued, while Su Ming might be able to survive, there was a higher chance that he would walk straight into his death in his absentminded state.

This lasted till Su Ming saw a very familiar face standing in a crowd that was being flanked by dozens of Shamans far in the distance.

That face was stained with blood and filled with resolution as he

continued fighting madly.

This person's appearance made Su Ming snap out of his daze for a brief moment. He just saw with his own eyes a Shaman, who was fighting against the familiar person, coughing out a mouthful of black blood at the cost of his own life while heavily injured.

Clearly, that blood contained a destructive power that would certainly penetrate through the familiar person's face and skull if the blood touched him!

Su Ming's pupils shrank. His entire being seemed to have woken up from a dream at that moment, and he swiftly recovered from his daze.

The sounds of battle by his ears immediately became clear as day from its previous indistinct state, and the world before him turned unclouded and complete from its previous muddled state.

"Zi Che..." Su Ming mumbled.

He did not hesitate. The moment he woke up, he took a huge step forward. With that one step, the sounds of battle by his ears disappeared, replaced by a piercing sound of him blasting through the air. With a speed so quick it was difficult to describe, he swiftly charged forward.

Before the Shaman's blood fell on Zi Che's face, Su Ming had already cut through several thousands of feet and appeared right

before him. The violent gust of wind that stirred up because of him almost instantly blew away the black blood. As for the heavily injured Shaman, he did not even have time to check what had happened before he felt a force, like a city wall, crashing onto him. He tumbled backwards and his body shattered due to the powerful gust of wind.

"Uncle Master!" Zi Che's voice appeared in Su Ming's ears.

He staggered, but continued fighting. After activating that extreme speed so many times, Su Ming's body had reached its limit and he sunk into deep exhaustion once more. Yet he continued moving and activated that extreme speed again so that he could attack swiftly.

With Su Ming's help, the person who was flanked by the dozens of Shamans started fighting back viciously, and as he fought, he continued retreating. After a moment, when most of the Shamans surrounding them were either dead or wounded, they broke free of the encirclement.

Up to this point, Su Ming had already coughed out blood multiple times. When he staggered, Zi Che caught him.

The rest of the Berserkers were also covered in injuries. In the midst of their fatigue, they quickly surrounded Zi Che and Su Ming to protect them inside. Then, keeping a cautious eye on their surroundings, they retreated backwards.

Zi Che's voice sounded far away in Su Ming's ears. He looked at

the worried Zi Che and closed his eyes for a moment before reopening them, then he gave him a nod.

"Zi Che, he's your uncle master?"

"He's so quick. That gust he stirred up when he used that speed was as powerful as a divine ability!"

"Zi Che, what's your uncle master's name?!"

The Berserkers who were protecting Zi Che and Su Ming in their circle asked many questions while retreating.

"I'm Su Ming."

Su Ming took in a deep breath and no longer required Zi Che to support him. He brought out some medicine, and once he swallowed it, he started retreating with the dozen or so other Berserkers.

"We don't even know whether we'll be able to survive through this battle, so let's not bother about status anymore. Brother Su, you seem a little out of sorts. Did you join this battle as a lone Shaman Hunter?"

The dozen Berserkers were very coordinated when they retreated. The group surrounding Su Ming remained entirely focused. As they withdrew, they fought against the Shamans who closed in on them. Moments later, they would quickly change

places with their companions in the inner circle so that they could rest.

Chapter 345: Shaman Hunt!

"Oh well, don't go searching for your own team now. Come with us. If you go alone on this gigantic battlefield, you might fall into a continuous state of absentmindedness."

A middle-aged man, who was also soaked in blood, spoke to Su Ming while panting harshly after he withdrew from the outer circle. This person had extraordinary power and was already in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

"Uncle master, he's Yan Bo, the leader of our team," Zi Che quickly explained beside him. Once he saw Su Ming, he naturally reverted to how he acted before and started following behind Su Ming while surveying his surroundings cautiously.

"You have extraordinary power and your speed is choking. How about this? Rest in there first. We will continue changing our shifts, and once you've recovered slightly, you can join us!" the middle-aged man quickly said, and once he finished speaking, he exchanged places with the eighth person in the outer layer of the circle once again, causing the small team of around a dozen Berserkers to continue fighting even as they continued retreating.

Su Ming took in a deep breath. He was no longer in a daze. Now that he thought about it, everything that had happened before was like a dream. From the middle-aged man's words and how the team's members changed their spots with each other, Su Ming understood the reason for his continuous state of absentmindedness from before.

"I'm already rested."

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. When the eighth person in the outer layer of the circle moved back and another batch took their place once again, he took a step forward to stand in the outer layer.

‘This isn't a single person's battle...’

When Su Ming stood at the outer layer of the team, he came to understand the reason for him descending into that state. Fatigue was a cause for it, the repeated killings were also a cause for it, but most importantly, it was because he did not have his own team. He had been continuously fighting alone on the battlefield.

Even a person with incredible willpower would break down sooner or later if this continued. Unless he was a person who had been baptised and refined by battles like these, then even if that person was just a Berserker in the Awakening Realm, he would be highly valued by those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. If he was someone in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, then he would be highly valued by those in the Berserker Soul Realm.

Because this person... was a true warrior!

Only these kind of people could surpass their limits during these sort of battles and increase their power. At the same time, they could also bring out their strongest strength. Their great willpower would not shatter in the face of the sky and earth being destroyed, would not crumble no matter how dangerous the

situation was for them.

Developing a person like this was perhaps... what the Shamans and Berserkers sought!

‘My will is still not strong enough...’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. He took a deep breath of the unique air in the battlefield and was no longer caught in a daze. Instead, he started fighting against the Shamans closing in on them as he stood in the outer layer of the small team.

This time, he was not fighting alone. He had Zi Che by his side. He had companions who had protected him when he was tired just now.

Once he started paying closer attention, Su Ming saw numerous small teams like these all over the battlefield. While there seemed to be quite a number of Shamans fighting on their own, Su Ming could also gradually see teams like theirs among the Shamans.

The warriors fighting on their own were usually people who had incredibly powerful will and were using this opportunity to train themselves.

Su Ming finally understood!

‘A battlefield trains a person’s willpower. Willpower is invisible, but it could change a person into a powerful warrior. This is a path

for a person to become a powerful warrior!’ Understanding appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. As he attacked, green light shone, and the Shaman closing in on him immediately chose to retreat.

‘I have too few divine abilities... and I’m using all my enchanted treasures wrong!’ Calmness appeared in Su Ming’s left eye once again, creating a large contrast with the crazed red glint in his right eye once again.

Without any hesitation, he lifted his left hand and slammed it against his chest. Immediately, Han Mountain Bell manifested in the form of an illusion in front of him and chimed, floating in midair. As the bell chimes spread, Su Ming formed some seals with his right hand before he pointed at the bell.

Han Mountain Bell instantly grew in size and slammed on the ground before them.

The ground gave a vicious shudder, and when Su Ming lifted Han Mountain Bell, there were only mangled pieces of flesh on the ground.

‘Defence might be important, but my attacks have to be sharp as well! If I only have strong defences, then I definitely won’t have that unbreakable will that can only be formed after going through life and death situations!’

Su Ming’s thoughts raced like lightning in his head. He spread his arms out and a large amount of lightning started swimming abruptly in his body before turning into four balls of lightning

around him. Those balls appeared out of thin air, causing the place where he stood to brighten up with lightning and the air to be filled by thunderous rumbles for a moment.

The four balls of lightning let out a loud whistle and spread swiftly, falling among the incoming Shamans. Rumbling sounds echoed in the air.

‘I was wrong. Even if this is war, it is still a great chance for me to hone my skills!’

Su Ming slapped his right hand on the storage bag in his bosom and brought out a beast skin. Once he spread it out, he coughed out a mouthful of blood on it, and immediately, that beast skin disappeared in a red flash, which was followed soon after by a red meadow appearing under Su Ming’s feet.

The instant the meadow appeared, it started absorbing the blood on the ground at a maddening speed, and it followed Su Ming as he moved. It was a terrifying sight to behold as it absorbed the blood on the ground and started expanding. It grew swiftly, and Su Ming could feel the cool wisps of air seeping into his body from his feet, as he stood on the meadow, become faster. Once they entered him, his fatigue lessened slightly.

The meadow could only be used by him. It was completely useless to the other Berserkers by his side. Once Su Ming noticed this, he immediately controlled the meadow’s expansion so that it only stayed under his feet. He did not allow it to spread out.

The pounding of Han Mountain Bell while it let out those thunderous chimes, the continuous explosions of the balls of lightning, and the whistling of his virescent sword allowed Su Ming's team to retreat at a shocking speed, and at the same time, most of the Shamans would retreat as their team went by.

If those things were alone, perhaps the slightly more powerful Shamans would not all choose to retreat, but as Han Mountain Bell continued pounding and hammering them, a piercing screech came from within the bell. Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He formed some seals with his fingers and pointed at the bell. A black light shot out from Han Mountain Bell and the area around Su Ming's team turned into a desolate land.

Even more shocking was the fact that after the black light passed, the Shaman Beasts who got closer to them started crying out as if they did not dare get any closer. They started retreating without any care for the consequences, as if there was something in the area that terrified them.

Zi Che still reacted normally, but the members of the team beside him, including Yan Bo, who was the leader and a Berserker in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, sucked in a sharp breath. They would occasionally look at Su Ming oddly.

"Brother Su, I now understand why you chose to fight alone in the battlefield... Even if you're not a Shaman Hunter, you're well on your way to becoming one of them." Yan Bo wrapped his fist in his palm in a salute to Su Ming, and all the people's gazes as they looked at Su Ming turned respectful.

Zi Che immediately started softly explaining what was going on to Su Ming beside him.

There was a small number of people in the battle between the Berserkers and Shamans who were not in the Berserker Soul Realm, but whose divine abilities had clearly surpassed the power they should have in their Realm, and they fought as if they were invulnerable.

These sort of people were known as Hunters! If they were Berserkers, they would be known as Shaman Hunters, and if they were Shamans, they would be known as Berserker Hunters! They would not choose to hide their identity in battle, because they needed the experience brought on by these fights. That was why they chose to wear masks.

The Berserkers' masks were black, and the Shamans' masks were white!

Receiving one of these masks meant that a person had been acknowledged to become a Hunter! Getting a mask was a great achievement, and it was also the only way for a non-Hunter to become a Hunter!

If a person killed a Hunter of the Shaman Tribe, took his mask, then handed it over to Sky Mist City, then that person could become a Hunter! It was rare that anyone would be able to con a mask or themselves, because once someone became a Hunter and wore that mask, then they would have to face even more death and destruction. If they conned themselves into this position, then it would be far too easy for someone else to take their lives.

Su Ming listened to Zi Che's explanations and nodded his head. He already had his guesses about this previously. These sort of people were definitely those with extraordinary willpower.

Su Ming knew that he was not one of them, because his willpower was not strong enough, and fatal absentmindedness along with mental fatigue had appeared within him when he was fighting alone just now.

"Brother Su, with your help, how about we stop retreating? We'll go forward and try to gain more credit. Of course, you can get a third of the credit. We'll then divide the rest." Yan Bo licked his lips. A brutal glint appeared in his eyes as he looked at the Shamans and whispered to Su Ming softly.

"Alright!" Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence before he nodded his head.

Once he made his decision, the other members of the team agreed to it. They immediately stopped retreating and changed their formation into that of an arrow under Yan Bo's command. With Su Ming in the lead and Zi Che and Yan Bo on his sides, the other people followed behind them and charged out.

As they charged forward, the small virescent sword circled them while Han Mountain Bell's chimes reverberated in the air. Wherever the team with the arrow shaped formation went, they stirred a storm of blood, and this continued until they reached a battle off in a distance.

Time trickled by slowly. The small team with Su Ming in the lead slaughtered Shamans at an incredible speed, but similarly, many of their own died. By then, there were only nine of them remaining.

However, the achievements they gained were plentiful.

At that moment, the sky was darkening. The booming sounds from the fog became more frequent. Su Ming suddenly stopped moving forward, and the moment he stopped, the other eight people behind him also stopped.

In the crowd in the distance was a male Shaman wearing a white mask. He was dressed in black and was looking towards them coldly. There was a cross shaped crack on his mask...

This person was different from the other Shamans. He was one of the Berserker Hunters moving alone, and only those with incredibly strong willpower would dare to do so.

Almost the instant he looked towards Su Ming's team, which had caught the attention of the Shamans around them, a fighting spirit lit up in Su Ming's eyes.

"Yan Bo, change your location. Zi Che, work with him. The two of you, lead the team and wait here for a while." As Su Ming spoke, he rushed forward, took a leap into the sky, and charged towards the Berserker Hunter who was fighting alone.

"Berserker Hunter! He's wearing a mask! That's a Berserker Hunter!" Yan Bo's pupils shrank when he looked in the direction Su Ming had went to and saw the masked Shaman.

"If he wins against that person and takes his mask, Zi Che, your uncle master will become a Hunter..." Yan Bo's breathing quickened and anticipation rose in his eyes.

Chapter 346: Battle against the Shaman!

As he killed time and again on the battlefield, Su Ming came to understand how insignificant he was. Yet similarly, he also found the path for him to become stronger in this cruel war.

Willpower! He had to use the blood in the battlefield and strengthen himself until he gained the willpower of a powerful warrior!

That willpower would be one that would not be destroyed no matter how many disasters he had to go through. Even if he had to go through the change in time and the multiple changes in the world, it would remain as inextinguishable, like a ball of fire that would incinerate everything that tried to block its path.

‘Not only do I want to survive through this battle, I also want to gain experience through it!’ A fighting spirit that was rarely seen on him appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. It was like a fire had just kindled the embers of Su Ming’s life.

He swiftly charged out from before Zi Che and Yan Bo and dashed straight towards the Berserker Hunter who had looked towards him from the distance. His mask was white, and Su Ming had recognized that cross shaped crack on his face upon first taking sight of him. This person was the one who had thrown that long spear into his chest just now, inflicting an almost fatal wound.

‘Willpower is an abstract term. It’s like a person’s resolve, like a beacon of light in a person’s life... However, it is still an abstract

thing...’

Su Ming held the small virescent sword in his right hand. The sword’s glare illuminated dozens of feet of the area, and all the Shamans that tried to block him as he passed through let out screams of pain, quickly retreating.

Because they noticed that Su Ming wanted to fight against their Hunter, and the murderous aura from his body was clearly also something not commonly seen.

This was a battle between Hunters. Onlookers would usually not interfere with them.

The masked Shaman watched coldly as Su Ming continued closing in on him. He remained unmoving, but even if he did not move, he still gave off an impression that he was a mountain that would not be taken down even when the world crumbled around him.

‘In this battlefield, I must first have my own principle. This principle is abstract, but it will continuously be strengthened and refined, and someday, that principle will turn into my willpower!’

‘When that day comes, I will bring with me that principle, which had then turned into my willpower, when I walk out of the battlefield. It will become... my entire existence!’

Su Ming took a step forward and blasted through the air.

Lightning flashed before him and turned into eight balls of lightning. Han Mountain Bell also floated in midair and traveled with him as he went forward.

The black lines that surrounded him shone, and they scared away some of the ferocious beasts when they did so.

‘My principle...’ With a flash, Su Ming was already less than 3,000 feet away from the masked Shaman. He was not even running at his full speed, but it was already a shocking sight.

‘If no one attacks me, then I won’t attack, but if someone attacks me, I will definitely kill him! In a battlefield, it doesn’t matter whether I’m taking the initiative or remain in the passive, if anyone attacks me, then unless he is killed by someone else, then I will definitely kill him!

‘This is my principle, and it will someday turn into my willpower!’

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. The instant he was less than 2,000 feet away from the masked Shaman, his speed increased exponentially and reached its peak. Under that extreme speed, Su Ming’s body looked as if he had just frozen up.

Yet that brief pause was actually his afterimage that was left behind.

Almost the moment Su Ming’s speed increased, the pupils of the

masked Shaman, who was staring at him coldly, shrank; he was now only 1,000 something feet away from him.

Without even a shred of hesitation, the Shaman immediately took a few steps back. He was not fast, but with each step he took, the ground would feel as if it was trembling. At the same time, he also lifted his right hand and formed it into the shape of a claw, then swiped with it through the air before himself.

When he did so, the Totem underneath his mask shone with a dark light. Distortions immediately appeared in the air around him, turning into a large amount of ripples that started spreading out rapidly.

On a spot by his side, the ripples suddenly rebounded. The instant Su Ming walked out, the masked man's lips curled up in a cold sneer. He twisted around, and as his body turned, with a piercing blast, he swung his right leg like a whip, using the momentum in Su Ming's direction.

Booming sounds echoed in the air between them. This was the first time Su Ming was found out by someone while he was using that extreme speed, and had subsequently seen a counterattack launched against him.

That force from the male Shaman's kick first touched the balls of lightning in front of Su Ming, then as rumbling sounds echoed in the air, that force also crashed into Su Ming's virescent sword.

The moment that attack reached the small sword, Su Ming's

vision blurred. Vaguely, he could see that the male Shaman's leg appeared before him like a tail of a ferocious beast swiping at him.

He could not tell to which creature that tail belonged. Even though he knew that what he saw was an illusion and that this was only the product of the Shaman's divine ability, the monstrous power in that kick immediately landed on the small virescent sword. It froze for a moment, and that force from the kick landed on Su Ming's body.

Su Ming felt as if a gigantic mountain had rammed into his body from midair. He coughed out a huge mouthful of blood and immediately tumbled backwards, only landing on the ground after retreating nearly 1,000 feet. He staggered a few more steps back before finally regaining his footing. Blood trickled out of his mouth once more.

That male Shaman stared at Su Ming coldly and took a step forward. An incredibly powerful murderous aura spread from within his body. In the dusk, that murderous aura seemed to have gained physical form and turned into a ghastly presence. As it filled the entire area, the howls of vengeful spirits could also be heard faintly around the male Shaman.

Most of those vengeful spirits belonged to Berserkers, and many of their bodies had been blasted to smithereens. They were howling shrilly. In fact, Su Ming could even see five masked Hunters from the Berserker Tribe among the spirits.

He might not have deep knowledge of the Shamans, but his understanding of them was not limited either. He had already run

into them several times, and had especially seen the Spirit Mediums multiple times. At that moment, he could tell at first glance that the vengeful spirits around the male Shaman were not gathered around because he was a Spirit Medium.

These vengeful spirits were trapped around him for eternity by his murderous aura. They could not leave, and could only continue crying out in the endless stream of time. They could leave only when this man died.

‘Battle Shaman!’

Su Ming wiped away the blood from the corner of his mouth. There were sharp stabs of pain in his body at that moment. The force of that kick delivered by the male Shaman just now had let Su Ming know that he possessed a frightening physical power.

That strength and murderous aura was not the method used by Spirit Mediums to trap grudges. Among the Shamans, only Battle Shamans who had reached a certain level could obtain this power.

The male Shaman only needed four steps before he arrived right in front of Su Ming. With the mask on, only the aloof look in his eyes could be seen. His expression and appearance were hidden away. The instant he closed in, the male Shaman lifted his fist and hurled it straight towards Su Ming.

This was not the first time Su Ming ran into a Battle Shaman. In this battlefield, Battle Shamans numbered the highest among the enemy’s troops. Su Ming had also killed a large number of them,

but this was the first time he met a powerful Battle Shaman!

The seemingly normal Battle Shaman that was part of the most common Shaman profession made Su Ming feel an incredible pressure. That punch just now had also made him feel as if he just saw the male Shaman turning into a gigantic ferocious beast right before his eyes. That creature was using its entire body to ram into Su Ming's head.

Su Ming did not retreat. He had just laid out his own principle and was on his way of turning it into his willpower. If he could not win against this man, then he could forget about the dream of strengthening his willpower, because by then, it would be hard for him to even walk out of the battlefield alive.

Almost the moment the masked male Shaman hurled his punch forward, Su Ming's Divine General Armor manifested. However, just as it appeared, it was forcefully disintegrated by the powerful pressure coming from that male Shaman. It was as if it could not continue existing under that pressure!

"Before me, even the Divine General Armor of your Berserker Tribe in your Qi does not dare manifest... and you call yourself a Divine General?"

That male Shaman spoke for the first time. When he did so, his punch fell in the air before Su Ming. The shock shook Su Ming's body, and he was forced back once again.

Yet even though he was forced back, he still chose to

counterattack. The reason the male Shaman had chosen to pull back his punch after hurling it at the air instead of ramming it into Su Ming's body was precisely because of that counterattack - sending Han Mountain Bell straight on the male Shaman's head!

The bell charged towards the Shaman with a loud whistle. The masked man lifted his head but did not dodge. Instead, he leaped up into the air and hurled a punch straight at Han Mountain Bell.

Booming sounds echoed in the air, and Han Mountain Bell was sent tumbling backwards by that one punch. It was completely unscathed, however. As for the male Shaman, his body was sent crashing onto the ground by the rebound, and blood flowed down from under his mask.

Su Ming lifted his head from where he continued retreating, then instantly charged towards that male Shaman. The balls of lightning sliced through the air before him, and the sword's glare shot forward as well. Yet the instant the balls of lightning and the sword's glare closed in on the falling male Shaman, he opened his mouth and let out a loud roar.

That roar shook the sky. It contained a strange power that made it sound like a furious howl of a ferocious beast, like an oppressive pressure coming from a superior life form. Those who heard it would feel like an ordinary man who just ran into a tiger, whose legs would start shuddering once that tiger roared at them, like a child who would be terrified when he ran into a howling wolf.

Voices, especially those belonging to ferocious beasts, could many a time send a person reeling in shock, in a manner that the

person could not control even if he wanted to.

The male Shaman's roar was one of such voices. It shook Su Ming's heart and made his divine sense scatter. The light from the small sword instantly darkened, and even those balls of lightning started rapidly shrinking.

This was a Spell that belonged to Battle Shamans, a Spell that could only be cast by powerful Battle Shamans who trained under unique circumstances!

Chapter 347: The Courageous Warrior!

Right as Su Ming's balls of lightning and his virescent sword were whittled down by the masked male Shaman's beast like roars, the male Shaman had quelled down the chaos of his Qi brought by the resisting Han Mountain Bell.

At that moment, he charged forward. When he ran into the balls of lightning, they were destroyed. When he ran into the small virescent sword, that dull sword was instantly sent flying away. The male Shaman seemed to have turned into a violent gust of wind that was charging at Su Ming. The instant he closed in, he clenched his fist once again and punched him.

Su Ming immediately retreated. Once he activated his speed, he immediately dodged the incoming punch, and when he did so, he lifted his right hand, then with three fingers facing the sky, he drew a line down the man's side.

Execution of the Three Evils!

Ever since Su Ming came to the Land of South Morning, he had never used any Arts from Dark Mountain Tribe. This was the first time he casted it on the battlefield. As his level of cultivation changed, so would the power of the Execution of Three Evils be different.

At that moment, as he casted the first slash of the Execution of Three Evils, half of the vengeful spirits that had been trapped around the man's body by his murderous aura let out piercing

screeches and disappeared. The male Shaman shuddered, but he took the blow face on. He turned around, swung his right arm in a full circle, then charged at Su Ming, shrill blasts reverberating in the air.

Su Ming retreated once again and used that extreme speed to dodge the attack. He appeared in another direction and bit his tongue, then coughed out a mouthful of blood. Once that blood appeared, it instantly started burning, turning into a sea of flames that surrounded the man.

However, right as the sea of fire surrounded the man, a gigantic fist shot through it and rammed straight into Su Ming's chest.

Su Ming once again activated that extreme speed, and only then did he manage to dodge it.

"I'd like to see just how many times you can use that speed!" The male Shaman smirked coldly in the sea of fire. He jumped, twisted his body, and stirred up a gust of wind that extinguished the flames around him before he started walking towards Su Ming.

The male Shaman did not have a lot of divine abilities, but because his physical abilities were simply too powerful, that was why Su Ming had to dodge his attacks. If he took even one blow to his body, he would find it hard survive through it.

As Su Ming retreated, Han Mountain Bell fell upon the male Shaman once again from midair. A hint of madness appeared in the male Shaman's eyes, which were hidden underneath the mask.

Even though he had already come to know of Han Mountain Bell's might, he still chose not to dodge it. As he walked towards Su Ming, the bell fell straight on his body.

Yet as booming sounds rose into the air, the man only paused for a brief moment before lifting his foot and continuing walking forward.

Su Ming's expression changed. With his mind, he lifted Han Mountain Bell once again, but at that moment, the male Shaman suddenly let out that strange beast roar once again.

When that roar resounded, Su Ming's mind trembled, and without being able to control himself, he became shaken. It caused Han Mountain Bell's speed, as it fell, to slow down, and at the same time, the male Shaman arrived before Su Ming and threw a punch at him.

"Damn it!"

Su Ming could not control his own heart. The beast roar was simply too bizarre. It felt like the might of life itself, like the roar from his mortal enemy. It was a roar that could make the hearts of all people tremble.

Su Ming was just about to activate his speed and dodge that punch when the male Shaman suddenly increased his speed. His punch landed, but it was not on Su Ming. He had instead hurled his fist to the space next to Su Ming.

When the punch landed, it stirred a large amount of ripples and distortions in the air, causing Su Ming's speed as he retreated to slow down instantly. The male Shaman used this chance to rush over, and the instant he closed in, before Su Ming even had the time to dodge, he heard the man's vicious laughter. The man did not use his fists, neither did he use his legs, instead, once he closed in on Su Ming, he rammed his head against Su Ming's forehead.

Bang!

Su Ming's vision blurred and a nauseous feeling instantly rose within him. Rumbling sounds went off in his head. As his body fell back, the male Shaman licked his lips under the mask, then rushed out. This time, killing intent appeared in his eyes. With his right hand in the shape of a claw, he swiped against Su Ming's chest.

He wanted to tear out Su Ming's heart!

Blood flowed out from Su Ming's forehead. It dripped into his eyes, and the world seemed to have turned red. He could not see the male Shaman's attack clearly, but he could feel a wave of killing intent coming swiftly at him.

At that moment of danger, Su Ming let out a low growl and retreated. As he did so, Han Mountain Bell instantly shrank and charged towards him. Once it arrived by his side, it fused into his body, and the instant the male Shaman swiped at him, Han Mountain Bell appeared around him and turned into his defence.

A loud bang rang out, along with the echoes of numerous bell

chimes. Su Ming staggered backwards. There was a numbness within him that was brought by the bell chimes, but before he could retreat any further, the male Shaman closed in on him once again, then started throwing punch after punch on the bell.

"You're just a Berserker Child who only knows how to dodge and be protected. You're not fit to be a Berserker Warrior and be wilful on this battlefield," the male Shaman said, and scorn appeared in his eyes. The continued barrage might not have externally injured Su Ming, but as the bell chimes echoed and his mind remained in its muddled state after his head was attacked, blood continued pouring out down his lips.

After hurling out a few punches, the male Shaman turned on his feet and kicked Han Mountain Bell. His kick looked like the tail of a ferocious beast sweeping out sideways. The moment his leg landed on Han Mountain Bell, a rumble that was far louder than any previous chimes rang out.

Su Ming coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. His body flew several thousands of feet backward and crashed onto the ground.

The instant he fell to the ground, Han Mountain Bell retreated into his body, causing Su Ming to no longer have any form of protection... except the black bracelet on his wrist.

The female slave given to him by his eldest senior brother had not appeared when Su Ming was fighting against the male Shaman. Once the female slave appeared and they worked together, then killing that male Shaman would not be too hard, but if she did that, then even if Su Ming managed to obtain his

mask, it would not completely belong to him.

If he obtained the mask this way, then even if he became a Hunter, what awaited him once the female slave was gone would still be a weakness that was not refined through battle, unless, of course, he forever relied on someone.

The bracelet eldest senior brother had given him was also just to protect Su Ming when he was in danger. It was not something for him to rely on. Su Ming understood this perfectly well.

Blood flowed down from his mouth and he had a hard time trying to focus his gaze. In truth, his injuries were not that terrible since he protected by Han Mountain Bell. His physical body was just rather numb.

The true critical injury lay in his mind. The trembling of his spirit under that loud roar was something Su Ming could not control. He had never expected that he would be... so fragile.

‘Am I afraid...?’ Su Ming’s vision began to grow clouded. He could not see the male Shaman walking towards him, could not see the black bracelet on his wrist turning into wisps of smoke that would shoot out at anytime.

‘But what am I afraid of..?’ A melancholic look appeared on Su Ming’s face. This battle seemed to have made him grow up a lot more in a short period of time.

‘That’s right. I’m afraid of death.... I’m afraid that once I die, I won’t be able to find my way back home. I’m afraid that once I die, all these mysteries will disappear. I’m afraid that once I die... I won’t be able to open my eyes.’

Su Ming’s vision became even more clouded and his will began to disappear. Due to the strange power in that beast roar, his mind was forced to shut down. This was not something he wanted, but it was difficult for him to control it.

"What... should I... do..?" he mumbled. In his muddled state, all the sounds around him vanished. All he could see was the green fog tumbling about in the sky.

Gradually, that green fog disappeared and was replaced by the sight of a house lit up by candle flames in a peaceful tribe during a night filled with snow and wind.

Su Ming’s elder held a scroll of bamboo slips in his hands while he himself sat by the side with his chin propped on his hands.

"Not everything went smoothly for our ancestors from Dark Mountain Tribe. They went through many trials and tribulations before forming the gigantic Dark Mountain Tribe, but later on, Dark Mountain Tribe was split up... Let’s talk about Dark Mountain’s ancestor.

"He went through a lot of hardships and left behind many legends, which were all carved onto these bamboo slips by other people to serve as an encouragement for his descendents. You must

remember all of these things. Now, let me test you, who did Dark Mountain's ancestor fight against when he first came to Dark Mountain?"

"He ran into the Mountain Spirit Beast of the land. Our ancestor wanted to build a tribe here, but he was not allowed to, that's why he fought against it." With his hand propped on his hands, Su Ming yawned and answered sluggishly.

"Continue." The elder smiled.

"What's there to say? He just ran into a big creature and fought against it when he was halfway up the mountain. The beast seemed to be really powerful 'cause when it exhaled, it could make people terrified of it. At a cliff halfway up the mountain, our ancestor had a tough battle against that creature. He won in the end."

"Oh? And what did you learn from this legend?" the elder asked with a smile.

"When two adversaries meet at a narrow path and cannot back out from a fight, the courageous one will win. Elder, you told me this many times before. I get it. I get it, really."

"Alright, then I'll treat it like you already know it. Perhaps some time in the future, you'll truly come to understand the meaning behind that sentence and understand just how our ancestor felt at that time..."

As Su Ming laid on the battlefield in the land of the Shamans beyond Sky Mist City, his muddled mind returned to the snowy night many years ago. The instant he heard the words spoken at that time, about the courageous one winning when running into his adversary, Su Ming trembled viciously.

His unfocused gaze instantly became filled with a sharp glint.

"When two adversaries meet at a narrow path and cannot back out from a fight... the courageous one will win," he mumbled. His ears, which had originally been unable to hear the sounds of battle any longer, suddenly became clear.

About 1,000 feet away, the masked male Shaman was charging towards him in huge steps. The murderous aura surging forth from within him turned into an intense pressure, causing all the people who tried to stop him, be it Berserker or Shaman, to fall back and move away.

The bracelet on Su Ming's wrist had already turned into wisps of smoke, ready to shoot out, but it was immediately pressed down by Su Ming's left hand.

"I'll do it myself!"

With a calm expression, Su Ming stood up from the ground!

Chapter 348: The Mask of Hunters

Su Ming's hair flew in the air as he stood up once again. His hair had some bloodstains in it, and as it danced in the air, some drops of blood were blown away by the wind.

"When two adversaries meet at a narrow path and cannot back out from a fight... the courageous one will win!" Su Ming mumbled again. The sharp glint in his eyes flickered, and as he looked at the male Shaman walking towards him from 1,000 feet away, he took a deep breath of the battlefield's atmosphere.

His entire person felt as if he had gone through an indescribable transformation. He charged forward, straight towards the male Shaman with a monstrous killing intent and a presence that said he would absolutely not retreat. With a whistle in the air, he closed in.

A cold sneer appeared on the masked Shaman's face. His aloof gaze now contained a hint of disdain. He held this Berserker in contempt, because he only knew how to dodge and protect himself. A person like this was not worthy of calling himself a Berserker Warrior.

Even if he could feel a hint of something different in Su Ming as he approached him, the Shaman still regarded him with scorn.

The distance between the both of them continued closing up, and in the blink of an eye, they were less than 300 feet away from each other. As the Shaman dashed towards Su Ming, all the other

Shamans and Berserkers who were fighting against each other moved out of the way. This happened in a corner of the large battlefield, but the duel between Su Ming and the masked male Shaman in that corner was one of the higher leveled battles among the countless number of them happening between the Shamans and Berserkers in this warzone.

This was a battle between Hunters!

If the Shaman won, then he would add another kill to his score, but if Su Ming won, then he would end this Hunter's existence and replace him as a Hunter of the Berserker Tribe!

This sort of battle had already attracted all of the attention of the Shamans and Berserkers within that small area. Some of the Hunters from the Shaman and Berserker Tribe in the distance also looked over.

Even if the outcome of the battle would not affect the war in any manner no matter whether Su Ming or the male Shaman won in the end, to Su Ming, this was his own battle!

He wanted to overcome his fear here and win against his own mind, then from there, go through a glorious transformation and create a willpower that would turn him into a powerful Berserker!

‘I have to win this battle, I must win!’

Determination appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was not

overestimating his own strength. In truth, his battle prowess was about equal to the male Shaman. If it was not for that strange beast roar, Su Ming would have definitely not been in such a pathetic state.

At that moment, he had already found the way to win against that strange sound, and that was... to be the courageous warrior and win!

"Kill!" Su Ming let out a loud roar, and as he took a leap forward, he flew up from the ground, charging towards the incoming male Shaman. The two of them crashed into each other like two arrows that had shot up from the ground.

BANG!

Su Ming trembled. Once he fell a few steps back, blood appeared at the corners of his lips, but there was not a hint of hesitation or uncertainty within him. He rushed out once again and crashed into the male Shaman once again.

Bang! Bang! Bang! BANG!

In the span of a few short breaths, the two of them had already crashed into each other more than a dozen times. The contempt in the male Shaman's face was gone, replaced by a grim look. He could tell that there was something different about Su Ming. The Berserker now was already largely different from before. He no longer dodged, no longer tried to use his divine abilities, and no longer tried to blindly resist and protect himself.

There was a determination within him that made the male Shaman fearful. He had a feeling as if he was not going up against a physical body but a gigantic mountain!

A tall, erect mountain that would never crumble and shatter!

This did not mean that Su Ming's power or his physical body had become stronger after he stood up once again. Instead, it was his gaze, his actions, his footsteps, and his expressions. All of these things had turned into an imposing presence, and the source of that presence was Su Ming's invisible willpower.

It was as if there was a form of power that was supporting him, no longer allowing him to choose retreat, making him stand and fight to the death rather than take a step back. This willpower had turned into his presence. It was noticeable to other people, and could be especially felt by the male Shaman who was fighting against him.

"What is courage? Su Ming, answer me."

Su Ming threw a punch out. As the determination and resolution appeared in his eyes, he remembered something that had happened when he was still in Dark Mountain.

"Being courageous means not being scared when you encounter wild beasts!" Back then, Su Ming was only a tiny La Su. He answered that question with a young voice.

"That is a type of courage, but let me tell you, true courage is when you run into a powerful warrior and not retreat. You will rush out and fight to the death!

"Similarly, when you run into ten powerful warriors, you will react in the same manner, and even when you face a hundred or more powerful warriors, you will still react in the same way! Think about it, Su Ming, if the day comes when you want to protect me and have to stand before me because I am old and no longer able to move, but there are an endless amount of powerful enemies before you...

"Close your eyes and imagine it. If your choice is to stay, then you have understood what it means to be... courageous. This is what I believe to be courage!"

‘Will I die..?’

‘Will I stay? Perhaps I will, perhaps I won’t. But would I leave? The answer is the same. Perhaps I will, perhaps I won’t.

‘Then I will choose to stay!’

"Courage is also a type of presence. This is not recklessness. It’s instead a presence akin to a mountain, one that will make your enemies breakdown due to your tenacity.

"Courage is also a method to subdue your enemies. It is also the

characteristic you need to become an upright man when you journey through the world! Su Ming, remember my words... perhaps some day, you will truly understand it."

Su Ming's fist rammed into the male Shaman's right-handed punch. Sharp pain shot up his arm and he felt as if his bones were on the verge of breaking, but not a hint of withdrawal could be seen on Su Ming's face. He rushed out instead and fought once again against the male Shaman who also did not retreat.

The more the male Shaman fought, the more fearful he became. Based on his previous deductions, he had already done everything that he usually did in a fight like this. His opponent should have been the same as many of the people he met before. First, their minds would break down, and it would then spread to their bodies. Under his relentless barrage, the desire to retreat would fill their minds and bodies.

Once this happened, then his victory in the battle would be certain!

This was his trial as a powerful Battle Shaman - to move forward without stopping! He had to overcome the fear within his heart, crush his enemy's willpower, destroy the mind of the one who wanted to stop him, then as his enemy's mind crumbled, he would walk towards his defeated foe!

"Courage is not recklessness," Su Ming mumbled. As he rushed forward, he swiftly twisted on his feet and imitated the male Shaman's actions. He swept his leg out at him who did the same thing and swept his leg outwards as well.

Booming sounds shook the sky and earth. This intense battle had already attracted almost all the attention of the people in the small area in that gigantic battlefield.

It did not matter whether it was a Shaman or a Berserker, they had all seen Su Ming and the masked man coughing out mouthfuls of blood. The only difference was that one of those mouthfuls of blood had turned into blood mist before the person, and the other mouthful was flowing down along the edge of a mask.

Su Ming staggered back under the force of the blow when he landed on the ground. He shuddered, and at the same time, the male Shaman also took a few steps back for the first time. His gaze when he looked at his opponent was filled with shock.

Su Ming was still the same Su Ming. His level of cultivation remained the same. His strength remained the same. The only thing different thing about him was that he now had that tenacious presence about him.

He wanted to win. He had to win!

There was no need for him to speak. From that determined look in Su Ming's gaze, from the presence exuded from his body, and from him charging out once again at that moment, anyone who looked towards them could clearly sense Su Ming's fighting spirit and his determination to win!

"Fight!" Su Ming said calmly. His voice was not loud, but with the

expression on his face, the instant that single word spilled out of his lips, it was as if he had turned into a gigantic ferocious beast. That beast was roaring at the skies, and as it did so, a shocking presence spread through the area.

The male Shaman gritted his teeth and red appeared in his eyes. With a low growl, he charged out. The instant he closed in on Su Ming, his red eyes flickered. He roared.

That roar was that strange one that had made had shaken Su Ming's heart multiple times, bringing out that uncontrollable fear within him.

Almost the instant that roar started, Su Ming's mind trembled once again. Yet this time, even though that uncontrollable and strong wave of fear rose within him again, he did not retreat. He lifted his fist, and without stopping even for an instant, like a sharp arrow that shot through terror, Su Ming took a step forward. He landed before the Shaman who was letting out that roar, then counterattacked!

That counterattack was Su Ming's punch! And another punch! And yet another punch!

Su Ming did not know how many punches he threw. Booming sounds reverberated in the air. For the first time, the masked male Shaman was repeatedly forced back by Su Ming. He took a step back, and yet another, and as he was continuously forced back, his willpower, his confidence, and his steadfast belief as a Battle Shaman were whittled down, bit by bit, breaking down little by little.

In his eyes, Su Ming had become a true mountain, a giant mountain that could not be crossed over, could not be destroyed!

"Once you overcome your fears, once you have a taste of what courage is like, how would you feel..? I hope that when that time comes, I will still be by your side and hear you tell me how you feel." The elder's kind and affectionate smile appeared before Su Ming's eyes.

As Su Ming continued hurling out punch after punch while going straight up against that strange roar, he found that feeling his elder was speaking of. It was...

‘A feeling that I have won against myself.’

Su Ming closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he spread his arms wide open and no longer chased after the male Shaman. His divine sense spread out abruptly, and the small virescent sword charged out with a whistle. A large number of lightning balls gathered together and filled the area. Han Mountain Bell also manifested in the form of an illusion to charge straight towards the male Shaman.

The instant all these divine abilities appeared, they crashed down on the male Shaman who now had a large amount of blood flowing from underneath his mask and whose gaze had become muddled with a hint of disbelief within.

With a single move, Su Ming also charged out. Booming sounds

bellowed into the sky, shaking the ground around the area. After a moment, a scene appeared in those who were watching eyes, one that caused almost everyone within that small area in the battlefield to freeze for a moment.

In that scene, they saw Su Ming lifting his hand, and in that hand was a head, blood dripping off it. Right then, he slowly took down the mask from that head...

A white mask with a cross shaped crack on it... a Hunter's mask!

Chapter 349: Hunter Su Ming!

The spot where Su Ming fought against the masked male Shaman was just an insignificant part of the giant battlefield. Besides the people around them paying attention to them, no one who was located slightly further away was bothered about it.

Yet even so, the instant Su Ming took the mask from the male Shaman's head, he caught the attention of all the people within that tiny area.

Zi Che saw it, Yan Bo saw it, all the members who were still alive in Su Ming's team also saw it. All the Berserkers in the area saw it as well.

Similarly, when the head of the Hunter from the Shaman Tribe was lifted up into the air by Su Ming, all the Shamans in the area also saw it.

"Hunt the Shamans!" Su Ming stood there with the male Shaman's head lifted in the air and let out a low shout towards the Berserkers near him.

The instant his voice traveled out, all the Berserkers in the area immediately started shouting with him. Excited fervor appeared on their faces, and their gazes as they looked towards Su Ming were filled with respect.

There were not many Berserkers in that tiny area, only about several hundred. However, those several hundreds were repeating

Su Ming's words in their cries.

"Hunt the Shamans!"

The sounds of battle between several hundreds of people might not catch too much attention in this battlefield. After all, there were similar sounds echoing in the air all around. Yet at that moment, the several hundred of people in that area were letting out the same cry, and because of that, a small wave went through the entire battlefield.

These several hundred of people were situated at the south of the battlefield between the Shamans and Berserkers. If anyone looked from the sky, they would only see chaos in that gigantic fight, but if they looked closer, they would gradually see something different. This battlefield was actually divided into four sections.

North, south, east, and west. These four parts were like four big warzones. There was not a clear line dividing these areas, but as the crowd surged into them, they could still somewhat see it.

The southern warzone had tens of thousands of people fighting against each other. Death and destruction was a constant among them. At the very end of the Berserkers' crowd was a comparatively quiet area. There stood nine Berserkers in black masks, and they had a pale-faced middle-aged man with no facial hair in the center of their circle to protect him. That man wore a long robe and his hair was untied. His eyes were shining brightly as if they contained the abyss itself.

He stood there and looked at the battlefield in the south without a single sound. The nine Hunters of the Berserker Tribe blocked off all Shamans from getting closer, allowing the middle-aged man to clear his mind and sense the changes in the entire southern warzone.

He had been standing there for a long time, as if he had been there since the start of the battle to observe the Berserkers and the Shamans, seemingly to quickly learn and understand some of the arts of war.

"It has been a long time since we Berserkers... have waged a war like this... The scale of the battles each decade cannot hope to compare to this. Those are just child's play. Even in the battle 100 years ago, and even the one 200 years ago do you seldom find a battle like this occurring...

"But now, in the short span of three months, these sort of battles have already occurred three times." With a calm expression, the middle-aged man looked at his tribesmen fighting, looked at the savageness among the Shamans, and sighed.

"There is no meticulous deployment of our soldiers, no assistance offered by any sort of battle formation, no orders given by any commanders... This is chaos, and the only thing we have are small teams fighting their own battles.

"They are not the only ones learning. While our tribesmen fighting in the battlefield are learning how to survive, people like me are also learning through these battles so that we can quickly master the way to control a gigantic war like this...

"The Shamans must also be doing the same thing." The middle-aged man cast a glance in the Shamans' direction, but the moment he looked over, immediately, at the edge of the southern warzone, which also happened to be the spot where his gaze fell, several hundreds of people roared at the same time. Their cries thrummed in the air and spread through the warzone.

"Hunt the Shamans!"

"Hunt the Shamans!"

"Hunt the Shamans!"

Once those voices appeared, they gradually rose in volume, causing them to be heard by more and more Berserkers. When they did, they swept their gazes over to the area, as they continued fighting. The middle-aged man's eyes sparkled and he fixed his gaze on that place.

"Go and see what is happening there," he ordered unhurriedly. One of the Hunters from the Berserker Tribe took one step forward with an aloof look and blended into the battlefield in the span of a breath, charging straight towards the spot where the voices of the hundred were coming from.

The cries of the Berserkers around Su Ming turned into waves of sound while he stood still. As they roared because of his words, with one move, Su Ming appeared beside Zi Che and Yan Bo.

Zi Che's face radiated with respect and excitement. Yan Bo was the same. His gaze when he looked at Su Ming was one of respect coming from the depths of his soul.

"Lord Hunter, with you around, we can summon more of our tribesmen to gather on our side, and our strength will be greater!" Yan Bo said excitedly.

Once Su Ming nodded as a sign of his approval, Yan Bo took a few steps forward and stood behind him, then shouted out highly spirited words to the people engaged in battle around them.

"My fellow tribesmen, we are only strong when we are many! What are you waiting for?! You saw what Lord Su Ming did! He killed a Hunter from the Shaman Tribe! He is the Berserkers' Hunter, our Hunter!

"Let us gather together like five fingers clenching into a fist and kill the Shamans!"

As Yan Bo's voice resounded in the air, Su Ming rushed out, turning into a violent gust of wind, charging towards the Shamans.

The killings continued without stop and blood spilled everywhere. Slowly, all the Berserkers who did not have any enemies by their side in that small area swiftly gathered around Su Ming. After a moment, there were nearly two hundred Berserkers following behind him.

This crowd stood out in that chaotic battlefield. Su Ming was not skilled in giving commands, neither was this the place where he wanted to refine himself, but there were always differences between people.

Yan Bo was incredibly passionate about this, and even Zi Che seemed to be showing some talent in this area. Under the duo's organization, the near two hundred Berserker team pressed forward boldly, like a long spear traveling through air in that southern warzone!

Su Ming stood right at the front. His willpower and presence had affected all his followers behind him, making it so that wherever they went, this team became the fastest storm in slaughtering Shamans.

There was no one who would be absolutely safe in such a scattered battlefield like this, and people would instinctively choose to get closer to a larger crowd. This instinctive action caused more Berserkers to continuously join Su Ming's team, as they continued killing and moving forward.

Yan Bo's occasional roar was also a large reason contributing to this. In that roar, he would tell the others that Su Ming had won against a Hunter from the Shaman Tribe and had become a Berserker Tribe's Hunter. Those words, along with Su Ming slaughtering the Shamans at the forefront, the aloof expression on his face, the determination in his gaze, the white mask hanging on his waist, and all the other factors, were enough to prove that what Yan Bo said was real.

That mask was Yan Bo and Zi Che's suggestion. They had advised Su Ming to put it somewhere obvious on his body, because it would perhaps serve as a flag for all the Berserkers who were exhausted from all the fighting they had done up to this point to gather together!

Their numbers grew larger, and when dusk was over, when the booming sounds in the green fog grew louder, the Berserkers following behind already numbered 400.

Some of these Berserkers were warriors of Sky Mist City, some of them disciples of Western Sea Clan, some of them his fellow disciples from Freezing Sky Clan, and some of them were Berserkers from the tribes of various sizes in the Land of South Morning who came to join the battle.

They came from all sorts of places. Perhaps before today, they never knew each other, but as they fought, a friendship forged on the battlefield through their flesh and blood was formed. That was a friendship formed through crying out together, bleeding together, and killing together!

To the entire battlefield, the southern warzone was just a part of it. To the southern warzone, the several hundred Berserkers under Su Ming were also just a part of it, and in fact, they were just a very small part of it.

However, the power bursting forth from this very small part of the battlefield was incredibly shocking. As they fought, they would

perform their familiar shifts under Yan Bo and Zi Che's command. By doing so, everyone had a chance to rest, had a chance to be safe, and with this method, this team's battle prowess reached its strongest.

Every one of them was not worried about being ambushed from the back, because their comrades were right behind them!

Comrade. A term that surpassed that of a tribesman on a battlefield!

Besides these things, there was an even more important existence to them that caused their gazes to be gradually filled with determination, their attacks to slowly gain a sharp edge and become fearless - the person who forever moved right at the forefront, the person who never rested... the Hunter Su Ming!

Su Ming was always there at the very front of the team, as if he was the tip of the it. While fighting, every single step he took forward, it would also mean that the team behind him would also take a step forward.

He was not used to giving orders and did not speak much, but his existence was the entire 400 man team's soul, because he gave to them a willpower, one that allowed them to press onward boldly, to not fear death!

That willpower was even more important than Yan Bo's commands. It was the driving force for all the several hundreds of people to move forward. As long as they saw Su Ming still standing

at the very front, then all the Berserkers who were in the team, still alive even after experiencing the war, would follow without hesitation!

This was a battlefield. This was a place that did not need any personal feelings, where soldiers did not need to plot against each other, where they did not need to think too much. In fact, it was a place where they did not even need to think at all.

Over here, the only thing they needed was a willpower like this. If they had this sort of willpower, then in the eyes of the others, they would look like flames at night that could illuminate the area and attract more people to follow them!

As Su Ming's team continued fighting, the middle-aged man continued looking in his direction from the comparatively quiet spot in the southern warzone. A brilliant light appeared in his eyes.

At that moment, there was a Hunter from the Berserker Tribe wearing a black mask behind him. He spoke in a low voice.

"His name is Su Ming. He just killed a Hunter from the Shaman Tribe and became our Hunter... They have about 400 people in their team, and if he doesn't die, the team's numbers will continue growing."

"Willpower... willpower... I got it!"

The glow in the middle-aged man's eyes grew brighter. Because

of what was happening at Su Ming's side, he found a way for the Berserkers to fight!

Chapter 350: A Performance for All of Sky Mist!

"He mustn't die!" the middle-aged man said suddenly. "Make arrangements. Have four of your people bring him to me, " the pale-faced middle-aged man with no facial hair stated. After his words, four of the nine masked Hunters from the Berserker Tribe around him instantly stood up.

Just as the four people were about to head to where Su Ming was, the middle-aged man suddenly lifted his hand. The four of them paused in their footsteps and turned to look at him with an aloof gaze. They were the Hunters of the Berserker Tribe.

Even if they were asked to protect this middle-aged man and even if the middle-aged man had extraordinary power, the nine of them belonged to the battlefield. They should be in the battlefield now, killing their enemies to refine their minds. That was why even if they were asked to protect this middle-aged man, the nine of them still remained aloof.

"Wait. Don't bring him back just yet. One of you go and tell him that as the commander of the southern warzone, I, Zhou De, order him to bring his team... to that place. No matter what method he uses, he has to place this thing on the ground there!"

As the middle-aged man spoke, he lifted his right hand and pointed into the distance. Soon after, a black cone-shaped object appeared in his palm, and he handed it to an aloof Hunter who walked up to him from behind his back.

The Hunter took the item and did not wrap his fist in his palm in a greeting or show any form of respect. He simply turned around and walked towards the crowd in the battlefield.

The middle-aged man was completely unbothered by the Hunter's actions. He knew that these people were the strongest warriors within the Berserker Tribe. Indeed, they should not be here but on the battlefield.

‘But you don't understand. The most important part of the battle is for the commanders chosen by Sky Mist City for the four great warzones to grow up quickly... Once we have a commander who is qualified enough, there will be much less Berserkers dying...’ The middle-aged man shook his head and looked towards the spot where Su Ming was in the southern warzone.

In his eyes, at that moment, only the spot where Su Ming was in the southern warzone was worthy of his attention. He wanted to find more advantages and disadvantages to the way that team operated.

Su Ming moved in front and the team of four hundred or so people moved behind him. The crowd swept the area clean, and everywhere they went, there would be blood and carnage. Su Ming's robes were dyed in blood again and again. His eyes were bloodshot. That bloodshot look was not due to madness but from exhaustion.

Right now, the sky was beginning to darken, but the battle

continued. Su Ming had no idea how long it would last. Perhaps it would last till night, perhaps it would go on until the next day.

Occasionally, there would be a large batch of Berserkers surging in from Sky Mist City. As for the Shamans, occasionally, a new tribe would gather together and enter from the back of the battlefield. It looked as if their numbers would never end...

Su Ming took a huge step forward. Black light shone by his side and a hole immediately appeared in the center of a male Shaman's brows before him. The moment he fell dead to the ground, that black light returned to Su Ming's side and laid down on his shoulders. It was naturally that strange rod snake.

That snake lay on his shoulder and watched the area cautiously. Due to the murderous aura from its body, no Shaman Beasts dared come close to Su Ming's team.

There were some who were curious about it, but no one knew the reason for it. Only Su Ming knew that all of this was because of that strange rod insect. He had a lot of guesses to what this creature was, but he still did not have an answer to it.

However, he knew that this creature was definitely not an ordinary one.

Just as Su Ming wanted to take another step forward, a glint suddenly appeared in his eyes. He turned his head swiftly towards Sky Mist City, and amidst the crowd fighting against each other in that direction, he saw a Hunter with a black mask from the

Berserker Tribe walking towards them from among the people. As he walked towards them, he would brutally attack all the Shamans in his way and end their lives.

Even if he chose not to wear a mask, he would still be an incredibly distinct existence in the battlefield should anyone see him, because he had willpower, and that willpower had turned into his presence. That presence was not the same as Su Ming's indomitable will in moving forward, but it was instead a brutal will.

When Su Ming turned to look at this person, the Hunter from the Berserker Tribe also saw him. There were several thousands feet between the two people, but that Hunter, he could cross that distance in an instant.

As the Hunter of the Berserker Tribe got closer, one by one, the people in the team also turned around to respectfully look him walking over towards Su Ming.

"You have the right to become one of the Hunters of the Berserker Tribe!" This was the first sentence the man spoke to Su Ming once he walked over. "Commander Zhou of the southern warzone has issued you a command. He ordered you to bring your team and head to that place!"

As the man spoke, he pointed towards a place in the distance. That spot was located at the very end of the battlefield - the border. When Su Ming looked over, he saw about a dozen ferocious beasts that were 1,000 feet in size over there, and around these beasts were several hundreds of Shamans.

In fact, there was a gigantic beast that reached 10,000 feet over there. It was floating in midair and staring at the battlefield on the ground. There was an incredibly peaceful spot over there. Not a single Berserker could be seen several tens of thousands of feet around that area.

That was as far as Su Ming could see. He could not see who else was within that crowd of Shamans, but he could tell that those Shamans were not fighting. They were just watching the battle unfold before them from a distance, as if they were protecting something within.

"No matter what method you use, plant this thing over there. You cannot go alone either. Commander Zhou has stressed that you must bring your team with you!" The Hunter from the Berserker Tribe flung out an item he held in his hands, then wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming. then turned around and left.

He might have remained aloof throughout the entire encounter, but as a Hunter, he had incredible willpower, and only those who were absolutely powerful or were his companions could receive a greeting in the form of a wrapped fist from him.

Only Hunters could receive the respect of other Hunters!

Su Ming looked at the item the Hunter from the Berserker Tribe had thrown towards him. It was a black, cone-shaped thing. There was an eerie chill within it. Besides this particular trait, Su Ming

could find no other clues from this item.

In silence, he stared at the place where the group of Shamans were in the distance and frowned.

"Sir, how... should we get there?"

Wide-eyed, Yan Bo looked towards their destination in the distance. His pupils shrank. The hundreds of Shamans over there were not any ordinary people to begin with, and there was also the matter about the dozen something 1,000 feet ferocious beasts over there, along with the one 10,000 feet ferocious beast floating above.

"There must someone incredibly important to the Shamans being protected over there... It's impossible that there are no Hunters from the Shaman Tribe following such a person. If we go there, we'll definitely run into the Hunters from the Shaman Tribe!" Zi Che said in a low voice.

"But this is Commander Zhou's order..."

"Who is Commander Zhou?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

Yan Bo was taken aback. Similarly, the former leaders of their own teams who had joined the four hundred man team standing around were also stunned. All of them gave Su Ming odd looks.

"Uncle master, this is the southern warzone. We're all in the

southern warzone, and Zhou De was appointed as the commander of the southern warzone by Sky Mist City. All of those in the southern warzone must obey his commands.

"But right till now, he doesn't seem to have issued any orders... Perhaps I've remembered incorrectly." Zi Che quickly ended his explanation.

"I've never heard him issue any orders either..."

"I never heard it..."

The people around them began speaking one after another, but soon, their expressions began changing, because as they started speaking, this crowd of people suddenly realized that Commander Zhou of the southern warzone might very possibly truly not have issued any orders before.

Right then, this might be the very first time he sent his word, and the ones who received the order was Su Ming and all of them.

"Do we fight?" Yan Bo hesitated for a moment and looked towards Su Ming. It was difficult for him to make such an important and difficult decision. He had to listen to Su Ming's thoughts on this.

He was not the only one. All of Su Ming's followers around him simultaneously looked towards him and waited for his decision. If Su Ming chose to fight, then they would not retreat. If Su Ming

chose not to fight, then perhaps some of them would leave, but there would still be quite a large number of them who would stay.

After all, they would be defying an order!

‘Just what is the goal of this Commander Zhou..?’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. He did not immediately make a decision, but instead turned around and fixed his gaze in the direction of Sky Mist City. After a moment, he turned around and looked towards his target destination once more.

He looked at the formidable defences over there, and at the powerful beasts at that place...

"It’s impossible for us to conquer that place with our number. If we want to succeed, we need more people with us," Su Ming stated unhurriedly.

Yan Bo nodded. The others around him also agreed to Su Ming’s point of view.

"Then this Commander Zhou must not have given us an impossible task. There must be a reason to this battle. Perhaps his goal is for us to become stronger and conquer that place..." Su Ming frowned.

"Could it be that this is a performance!" The person who spoke was a young man who looked rather short and frail standing

around them. The young man's face was covered in blood, but he had a valiant look on his face. His eyes were sparkling as he suddenly spoke.

Su Ming looked towards that person swiftly, and that young man instinctively scratched his head, feeling slightly nervous. In this short period of time, Su Ming had left behind an incredibly grand image in his heart.

When Su Ming looked at him, he could not help but be slightly nervous.

"That's right, this is a performance, and our audience is this Commander Zhou. Perhaps... there are other people... because that spot is empty. It's the perfect place for spectators to watch the entire performance!" Su Ming said. The young man's words had chased the fog in his mind.

"We..." Yan Mo mumbled uncertainly.

"We will fight! Why shouldn't we? Since this is a performance, then we will give them a good performance! What's the problem with that?!" A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He could not run from this battle, and since that was the case, he might as well fight!

The moment he shouted his words, the Berserkers who followed him immediately bellowed.

"Fight!"

At that moment, Zhou De was looking at the spot where Su Ming was in the southern warzone, and as he looked, deep anticipation appeared in his eyes.

When he saw Su Ming's team begin moving towards the spot where he requested them to go, he immediately lifted his hand. There were four wooden slips in his hands. The four wooden slips were instantly engulfed in flames and turned into four long arcs that charged in four directions.

One of them went to the northern warzone, another went to the western warzone, yet another flew to the eastern warzone, and the last to the capital of Sky Mist!

AN ANNOUNCEMENT REPEATED FROM THE PREVIOUS CHAPTER FOR THOSE WHO MIGHT HAVE MISSED IT :

Wonder if all of you have seen that the homepage upload says we are publishing only 13 chaps per week?

Dunno why it says that, honestly.

Gemgem and I are both still doing 15 chaps per week, and we are quite a few weeks ahead, so there's no such thing as a lag in our schedule whatsoever or us being unable to keep up to our schedule.

I suppose it's a bug, AGAIN.

But please continue expecting 15 chaps per week from us, no matter what the homepage says. ;3

IF WE ARE GOING TO CHANGE THE SCHEDULE, WE WILL TELL IN A BLARING ANNOUNCEMENT, IN ALL CAPS, SOMETHING LIKE THIS, AND WE ARE NOT GOING TO JUST CUT DOWN ON THE CHAPS WITHOUT TELLING ALL OF YOU. And now go read the preview underneath.

Chapter 351: Attention!

Thick green fog tumbled about above the gigantic battlefield. Rumbling sounds could be heard coming continuously from within. Clearly, the battle inside belonged only to the powerful warriors of the Berserker and Shaman Tribe. They were fighting intensely against each other. The outcome of their battle could decide the progression of the battle beneath them. Yet similarly, the battle on the ground could also decide whether these powerful warriors would stay or leave.

Neither one of them could be absent.

It could be said that this battle was already divided into two sections since way earlier. One section was in the sky, while the other section was the battle on the ground, and the battle on the ground was then gradually divided by the Berserkers into four different zones, which were the four warzones as per mentioned.

Su Ming was in the southern warzone.

At that moment, when Zhou De's four wooden slips burned up and flew into the sky from the southern warzone, there was an old man who was surrounded and protected by a lot of Berserkers deep in the northern warzone. That old man's face was filled with wrinkles. He was frowning as he counted with his right hand. Occasionally, he would take a few steps forward and observe the changes in the entire northern battlefield with brightly burning eyes.

The area where he stood was not exactly very high. Logically speaking, it should have been difficult for him to see the entire situation of the northern warzone from that spot, but the old man clearly used a unique method to be able to understand most of what was happening without even having the need to look.

He looked as if he continued calculating with his fingers, he could find the laws governing the situation. After a moment, he suddenly raised his head, and in the process of the lifting of a hand, a bone slip appeared on his palm.

That bone slip was seven inches in length and entirely white. It looked as if it was made from a creature's tooth. The old man flung that slip out of his hands, and in a flash of white, it charged towards the battlefield in the distance before it disappeared into a spot within it.

Right after he flung that bone slip out of his hand, the old man's expression suddenly changed just as he was about to lower his head and continue calculating with his fingers. A burning wooden slip sliced through the air in a whistle and arrived before him. Once it started floating in front of his head, as the wooden slip burned, the illusionary figure of Zhou De from the southern warzone appeared.

To the easternmost part of Sky Mist was the eastern warzone, which was the spot right before Sky Mist City and also happened to be the part located right at the end of the entire battlefield. The battles within the eastern warzone were the most intense out of all the other battles on the battlefield. The Berserkers within that warzone also looked stronger and tougher than in the other zones. In fact, if anyone took a closer look, then they would find that

there was a sort of order within the eastern warzone.

The zone might be quite large, but it felt like a complete entity. The teams fighting there were all doing so meticulously. Orders were repeatedly sent out from the center. There were Hunters who were specially tasked to send the orders of the eastern warzone's commander to the teams.

The eastern warzone was the area where the number of killings for Shamans were the highest, but similarly, their number of casualties were also the highest. The orders sent to them usually exuded an air of unyielding mercilessness.

There was a woman standing at the center of this warzone. This woman had long hair that swayed in the wind, and she was dressed in black. Her eyes were aloof. Standing by her side were around a dozen Hunters from the Berserker Tribe. These Hunters were incredibly respectful of this woman, which was something that could not be found in Zhou De's side in the southern warzone.

Yet if anyone looked closely, then they could tell from the masked Hunters' power and the fluctuations of power coming from the Arts they practiced that most of these Hunters came from Western Sea Clan. Even if there were a few who were not from the clan, they would still belong to tribes that were affiliated with Western Sea Clan.

The woman's identity was already widely known, and it was made even more obvious due to her appearance, because she looked incredibly similar to Tian Lan Meng. However, their presences were like two polar opposites.

She was Tian Lan Meng's older sister, Tian Lan You!

Her presence was incredibly similar to Han Fei Zi's. They were both cold as ice, but there was something different about them as well. Han Fei Zi's cold demeanor was external, because there was pride within her. That pride was one that was akin to an orchid blooming proudly in an empty valley.

Tian Lan You's cold demeanor came from her entire being, whether it be from her actions or from the depths of her soul. She was like a block of ice that would never melt, and due to the ice sealing her soul, some beautiful lines could be seen on her soul. These lines intersected with each other to form an ice flower.

That ice flower was her.

While Tian Lan Meng might not be cold, but she also had her own pride. However, along that pride was an elegance, a serenity, an ethereal presence sought after in the Dao she pursued, the one belonging to Immortals!

Three people. Three different women. Compared to them, Fang Cang Lan seemed rather ordinary. She did not have pride, did not have that aloof indifference, and neither did she have that ethereal elegance, but what she had was a firm and tenacious spirit underneath that water like gentleness.

At that moment, Tian Lan You held a wooden slip that was no longer burning in her hands. It let out a crack and shattered,

turning into black ash that floated before her. An illusionary figure of Zhou De from the southern warzone appeared in that black ash.

"My three fellow commanders, I have a performance here, and I would like to invite the three of you to watch it!" It was a very simple sentence. Once Zhou De finished speaking, his illusion disappeared without a trace.

The old man from the northern warzone frowned and looked towards the south. As for Tian Lan You, she completely ignored it and continued standing on her spot to pay attention to her own warzone whilst sending out her cruel orders.

The western warzone, which was the closest to Sky Mist City and could be said to be the place that gave the most complete assurance when it came to the Berserkers' safety also heard Zhou De's words from the wooden slip.

The commander in the western warzone was also a woman. She was Tian Lan Meng. As a citizen of Sky Mist City, she had to become a commander just like her older sister and joined this war, one that no one knew how long it would last.

A large number of the Hunters from the Berserker Tribe beside her were from Freezing Sky Clan. However, Su Ming had never met these people. They did not seem to have come from Frozen Ice Sky but came to this battlefield with another method to protect Tian Lan Meng.

Tian Lan Meng looked at Zhou De's disappearing figure before

her and a light crease appeared between her brows. Sheg cast her gaze to the south, an action different from her sister's cold attitude.

At the same time, she lifted her right hand and flung it at the space before her. Immediately, crystalline sparks appeared and gathered into a light screen in front of her. Distortions first appeared on the surface of that light screen. After some time, it gradually became clear, and that light screen projected the entire southern warzone within it.

Tian Lan Meng swept her gaze through the things happening there, and with just one glance, she saw a spot that was clearly different within the southern warzone. There seemed to be a team made up of several hundreds of people over there, and they stuck close to each other as if they were one body as they fought.

That team stood out like a sore thumb compared to the chaos in other places.

Tian Lan Meng lifted her right hand calmly and tapped at a spot on the light screen.

Once she tapped on it, the southern warzone projected on the light screen grew closer, and as it was magnified, numerous scenes of Berserkers fighting against Shamans could be seen flashing on the screen until the sight was eventually fixed on a small area.

There was a team consisting of nearly 500 people. They moved forward like the wind and coordinated with one another with

incredible rapport. There was also an indescribable presence existing among that team.

‘Could it be that Zhou De wants to show me this team?’

Tian Lan Meng’s gaze swept through the screen and she started observing each and every person in the team. As she looked at them, she lifted her right hand and tapped at the screen once more. The moving pictures became bigger once again and started shifting forward.

After a moment, the tip of the team appeared in the picture. There was a person over there with lightning swimming all over his body and green light shining next to him. Like a God of War, he rained down death as he charged forward!

It was this person’s existence that caused this team to press forward fearlessly!

The instant Tian Lan Meng saw this person, her eyes widened like saucers. Her breathing instinctively quickened and she lifted her right hand swiftly to tap on the God of War’s figure on the light screen.

The picture became bigger in an instant, and by then, there was only one person to be seen - Su Ming!

Su Ming was there, moving forward like the wind!

His long purple hair moved like waves in the air and the blood-red long robes danced in the wind. That familiar look made Tian Lan Meng momentarily stunned, but after that, a faint smile appeared on her lips.

‘He’s... back...’ Tian Lan Meng’s eyes remained fixed on Su Ming on the screen, and she continued watching him.

The three commanders from the four warzones were not the only ones who had noticed Su Ming at that moment. There were also people in Sky Mist City who had turned their attention towards him.

There were eight old men standing on the walls of Sky Mist City, their gazes gathered on the southern warzone.

"This child should be the one Zhou De wants us to see!"

"This child’s willpower is very strong. Could it be that Zhou De wants to deploy a battle strategy focusing on willpower in his area of command?"

"Let’s have a look. Since he has the confidence of showing it to us, then it means that he has some confidence in it."

"Refining your willpower in the battlefield is nothing new. That’s what our Hunters are doing, but only a few people manage to do it. It’s impossible that he could make the others do the same. I don’t think Zhou De’s plan will work."

It was just as Su Ming predicted. Commander Zhou was not the only one watching this performance of theirs, there were also others who were watching. Perhaps there were still very few people watching them at that exact moment, but perhaps, gradually... there would be more who would notice this... magnificent performance!

Su Ming took a step forward in the southern warzone. Green light shone on his body, and as the small sword charged out, he lifted his right hand and formed it into the shape of a blade, then sliced down three times in three different locations.

Execution of Three Evils, an Art which could even kill Tai Sui! The three evils were also known as the three murders!

Between heaven and earth, there were three forces - Separation, Beginning, and Nurture. Separation was known as the evil of theft, Beginning as the evil of disaster, and Nurture as the evil of time! They were also known as the murders of theft, disaster, and time!

With one slash, cut down theft, then cut down disaster, and finally, cut down time. Cut down all three evils like how the dragon crushes the void!

After using the Execution of Three Evils several times in the battlefield, Su Ming gradually found out that the Art's destructive power was not really enough in a mano-a-mano, but in this battlefield, it could bring out amazing effects!

And with his current level of cultivation, he could already perform all three slashes!

‘The battlefield, the origin of all patterns of chaos!’

As Su Ming moved forward, his eyes sparkled, and he brought his right hand down in a slice for the first time. The evil of theft appeared in the form of ripples that could not be seen with the naked eye, and with Su Ming as its center, those ripples started spreading out madly in all directions.

‘In the eyes of many, winning is the main point of war, but from the patterns in the world, war is all based on a desire to rob and plunder! The winners are the reason for this calamity! My deeper understanding towards the Execution of Three Evils is not the reason why it’s so effective here. It’s because the patterns that set up this place caused the power of the Execution of Three Evils to increase by several fold!’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. Once he sliced down with his palm, the ripples started spreading out, and all the Shamans around them who were covered by the spreading ripples would start trembling as if they were shivering.

The ripples spread in a circular area of several thousands of feet around Su Ming. Once the Shamans within the area started shivering, one by one, their killing intent completely disappeared. It was as if their hearts had suddenly become heavy, as if their fear of death had instantly increased exponentially.

Because their evil desire to rob people of their lives had been cut down by Su Ming!

Without the evil of theft, the massacres stirred up by this battle were struck an invisible blow, and the Shamans were like sailors who lost their ships and were now forced to struggle in an angry sea.

‘The Execution of Three Evils changes the patterns of the world, and as a result, the Art can release a power that can destroy the sky and earth. This arcane power is the power of the patterns in the world!’

As Su Ming’s power increased, he grew older, went through an increasing amount of things, he gained an even deeper level of understanding of many of the words he did not understand prior to this when he casted the Art.

‘I can cut through the three evils, but I wonder if I can also set them in place!’ This thought suddenly appeared in Su Ming’s head, but he had no time to try it out at the moment. He lifted his right hand once again, and as he continued moving forward and slaughtering the Shamans, he swung his hand down once again.

This time, he still cut the air, but as he completed the slash, the ground under his feet started feeling as if it was trembling, but only he could sense these tremors. The people around him did not even notice it.

‘Separation, Beginning, and Nurture. Beginning is known as the

evil of disaster. Its pattern is different from the patterns that make up a person. This event itself is a disaster and has grown into a major catastrophe. Cutting down this catastrophe should originally be a good thing, but in this chaotic set up, once I cut down the evil of disaster, it'll cause a chain reaction, and it won't be a blessing but a calamity!'

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. For the time being, he still could not see the changes within this small area after cutting down the evil of disaster, but he could already sense that the sky, the earth, even the blood and rocks on the ground, and the wind blowing towards them had seemingly become different.

This was originally the land of the Shamans, but now, as he stood there, he had a feeling that he was standing on the land of Berserkers. He was not the only one who had that feeling, the hundreds of followers behind him all felt the same way.

On the other hand, things were largely different on the Shamans' side. Gradually, as the crowd charged forth, when some arrows flew towards them in a disorderly fashion, when some divine abilities were successfully evaded by some people and those abilities charged towards this area, Su Ming that once he had cut down the evil of disaster, he had changed the pattern governing the desire to kill in this place!

In a bizarre fashion, those arrows and divine abilities all fell on different Shamans like luck was going against them. Being killed by a stray arrow was the highest cause of death in this warzone, and at that moment, all the stray arrows were missing Berserkers and falling on the Shamans.

Su Ming was shocked to the core, but he did not stop. The final evil among the three evils was that of time. Once he cut it down, a gust of wind blew across the land and surrounded the area, causing the air over there to instantly turn different, and the wounds on the Shamans' bodies started becoming worse!!

Once the evil of nurture was gone, the sky and earth instantly stopped moving!

There were many principles that still remained unclear to Su Ming, but he could still tell that once the Execution of Three Evils changed the patterns in this battlefield, what unfolded before his eyes was a strange and astounding power!

"Kill them!" Zi Che let out a deep roar behind Su Ming. The Berserkers around them following Su Ming swept through the land like a violent gust of wind. Everywhere they passed through, a large amount of Shamans would die.

Yan Bo followed soon after with a loud roar towards the sky. "The Hunter Su Ming is here! We call out to all our fellow Berserkers, gather to us! Join us to gain glory! Join us to hunt the Shamans!"

Yan Bo was not the only one shouting. Under his arrangements, there were more than a hundred people who shouted along with him. Their voices were like waves that spread throughout the area, causing more Berserkers to join them as their team continued moving forward.

Su Ming did not pay any attention to Yan Bo's actions. He was right in front, killing and opening the path, bringing the people behind him to charge towards their destination. Blood and carnage filled the area.

As the crowd continued moving forward and their team grew larger, under Yan Bo's arrangement, gradually, it was no longer only one hundred people who shouted, but two hundred!

The shouts coming from two hundred people were stronger and contained greater piercing force as they reverberated through the battlefield. Soon, the number of people shouting grew to three hundred, causing the waves of sound to thunder in the air in such a manner as if it was shaking the skies.

When the number of people shouting grew to six hundred, their voices could already envelop the entire southern warzone, causing them be heard by all the Berserkers and the Shamans.

"The Hunter Su Ming is here..."

"The Hunter Su Ming is here..."

As the waves of sound spread and more people continuously assimilated into Su Ming's team, their numbers reached a thousand. These thousand people were like a crowd that contained an astonishing presence, and with that, this team was like a striking flag in the southern warzone, and everywhere they went to, they came with a presence of a tidal wave!

Most of the time, when the Shamans' Hunters saw the 1,000 man team with the thunderous roars led by Su Ming, their expressions would change, and they would choose to avoid them. If even their Hunters reacted that way, then it was even more so for the other Shamans.

"Sir, with my abilities, even with Zi Che working with me, bringing together a thousand man team is my limit. Once we go over thousand people, it'll be rather difficult to control them. What do you think..?" Yan Bo took a few brisk steps forward on the battlefield to arrive behind Su Ming and spoke quickly.

"A thousand men is fine. We will break through with these people!"

Su Ming turned around and cast a glance at the group. There was a huge swarm of people gathered behind him. Almost all of the one thousand Berserkers were looking at him. Su Ming did not control this team, but his actions and spirit that pressed on forward boldly gave strength to everyone.

The display of his willpower caused all the Berserkers following him to be able to sense it, and under its influence, he became the soul of the team!

Su Ming averted his gaze. Behind him, Yan Bo and Zi Che went off to pass his orders down the team. After a moment, a loud, lasting roar that shook the sky and earth shot out from the mouths of those thousand people. Gradually, they turned into one sound that shook the entire southern warzone, a sound that could even be faintly heard by the other warzones, a note that spoke of

eradicating everything!

This sound was the roars of these thousand people shouting at the same in the loudest voice in their lives!

"Kill them!"

With that roar in the air, Su Ming charged forward from the very front of the team, straight towards a more secluded area with hundreds of Shamans in the distance!

There were hundreds of Shamans over there, several dozens of Hunters, a dozen something ferocious beasts 1,000 feet in size, and a gigantic beast that was 10,000 feet in size. That was... a vital place to the Shamans!

The thousand man team followed right behind Su Ming. The crowd moved like a gigantic dragon on the ground, and as they charged forth, that powerful presence of theirs turned into the center of attention!

Shamans withdrew out of their way, and Berserkers were shocked. Under Su Ming's guidance, the thousand man team shot forth like a sharp arrow through the southern warzone!

Zhou De saw all of this. He clenched his fists and his eyes shone brilliantly with anticipation. His breathing had also quickened as he continued watching.

‘Su Ming, let me see, let everyone see just how strong willpower is! This is your performance, it is your fortune that you are in the southern warzone, and this is also my chance...

‘If you can be the center of everyone’s attention in this battle, then I will also gain their attention! If you succeed, then in the future, the southern warzone will fight in the unique manner where the Hunters will serve as the leaders, forming their own teams. These different Hunters will influence their teams with their willpower and fight!’

Just as the thousand team led by Su Ming swept through the southern warzone like a violent gust of wind and became an incredibly striking sight, the eyes of the northern warzone’s commander began to sparkle. The old man who seemed to be calculating with his fingers did not need to use his eyes to observe things. With a unique Art, he was able to know things as if he had seen them with his own eyes.

Tian Lan Meng was also paying attention to what was happening at Su Ming’s place. There was a hint of anxiety on her face as she stared at the light screen before her, or more precisely, at Su Ming inside the screen leading the thousand men with the presence of a roaring tiger and leaving... the southern warzone!

The eight old men in Sky Mist City who had been talking to each other were all now completely silent. All their gazes were trained at the distance, at the long dragon formed by thousand men charging out of the outskirts of the southern warzone!

As they watched, all the people paying attention to the sight

could sense an indomitable spirit coming from the head of the dragon and filling up the thousand people within, and that spirit turned into an incredible willpower among them!

The old man from Freezing Sky Clan who had taught Su Ming regarding the Art of speed previously at the tip of Frozen Ice Sky was sitting on the sword. He originally did not pay too much attention to the battles in the sky and on the ground; he had his own mission.

Yet at that moment, he appeared shocked, and his gaze was trained on Su Ming and his thousand men who had charged out of the southern warzone!

"Su Ming..." The old man had extraordinary power and his gaze was like lightning. He could see that the person with the blood soaked robes right at the front of the team... was Su Ming!

There was also a person sitting on the gigantic mirror belonging to Western Sea Clan, which was floating in the sky above the southern warzone. That person was a boy, and if Su Ming saw him, he would definitely be able to recognize at first glance that this boy was the Western Sea Clan member who had appeared during that auction.

‘It’s him...’ The boy’s eyes sparkled and his expression changed as he looked at Su Ming traveling on the ground.

Besides these people, the Berserkers at the edges of the battlefield also saw Su Ming and his team charging out of the southern

warzone into the land of the Shamans, straight towards the empty spot in the distance with only several hundreds of Shamans situated there.

In the eastern warzone, Tian Lan You turned her head around for the first time and looked towards the southern warzone.

"Foolish!" she said coldly and averted her gaze to continue conducting the battle in the eastern warzone.

Chapter 352: I am Su Ming!

There is no right or wrong in a battlefield.

There is only obedience in a battlefield.

Since Su Ming chose to join this battle, then he must obey Zhou De's orders. He had to give a magnificent performance and complete this blood experiment.

When he rushed out of the southern warzone and appeared on that wide expanse of land, the one thousand people followed right behind him. The area where the hundreds of Shamans were was a long distance away.

He could see the hundreds of Shamans turning their gazes towards them and looking coldly at all of them.

"Sir, do you want to split up and divide the Shamans' forces..?" Yan Bo's heart was pounding against his chest. He thought he was acting a little too crazy. He was originally just a nobody that no one paid attention on the battlefield leading a dozen something people to fight for his survival in this battlefield.

Yet all of these things changed drastically once he ran into Su Ming. When he led a hundred people, he had been satisfied. He had believed that with those hundred men under his command, he could let them kill more Shamans while increasing their chances of survival to the highest degree.

However, that satisfaction did not last long. Their followers increased to two hundred, then to three hundred, and their numbers grew even larger as time went by. This sort of change made Yan Bo excited, but also afraid.

The instant Commander Zhou's orders came, there was only a heavy hearted feeling in his heart, along with resignation. He wanted to flee, but the order was as solid as a mountain. Once he retreated, then his tribe would look down on him. He could not retreat.

Behind him was Sky Mist Barrier. If he retreated, if the others also retreated, then the flames of battle would spread to the entire Berserker Tribe... That was a sight he did not dare picture, even if he continuously told himself that this battle only happened once a century and that this fight was not the final battle.

He told himself that Sky Mist Barrier would not be breached, but even so, when he truly joined the battle, he was forced to experience the brutality and terror of war.

Everything was possible.

"I don't know the details of how I should lead them. You make the arrangements." Su Ming did not turn his head back. His eyes remained fixed on the Shamans in the distance, and as he moved forward, he spoke in a low voice.

"Sir, my thoughts are that we don't need to change our teams.

There's about 100,000 feet from here to there. Let's charge towards them just like this!" Yan Bo gritted his teeth. He was worried that once they split up, some people would feel shocked by their own actions and begin to feel like withdrawing. If that was the case, it was better to follow behind Su Ming.

"Are you afraid?!" Su Ming asked.

"No!" Yan Bo gritted his teeth.

"I'm not afraid either. At most, I'll just die!" Zi Che charged out of the crowd and returned to his spot behind Su Ming once he finished sending his orders. As he ran forward, he heard Su Ming and Yan Bo's conversation, then laughed and shouted his answer by the side.

Su Ming smiled, and his eyes were filled with fighting spirit. As he charged forward, the one thousand man team shot forward like the wind. That wind started blowing from beyond the area of Sky Mist, and as it blew, it charged straight to the crowd of Shamans.

100,000 feet, 90,000 feet, 80,000 feet, 70,000 feet!

As Su Ming and the rest charged, low roars could be heard coming from the team. They had completely left the battlefield and had by then turned into an incredibly unique and striking existence in the war.

The instant they were 60,000 feet away from the crowd of

Shamans, the Shamans started moving. Five masked Hunters charged forward with around a hundred Shaman warriors behind them, rushing straight towards Su Ming.

Even if they were not the center of attention of all the people at that moment, they were well on their way towards there! Too many people had cast their gazes on them, especially those from within Sky Mist City. Besides the eight old men on the wall, there were also others who had seen the team that had charged out of the battlefield.

The tallest building in Sky Mist City was a gigantic cylinder shaped structure. On top of it was a spherical shaped ball that was 1,000 feet in size. It floated above the cylinder, and within the ball was a quiet chamber.

At that moment, there were three old men sitting cross-legged inside.

The old man in the middle had dry and dull skin. Only his eyes held a profundity that made him seem as if he had lived for tens of thousands of years. He looked in the direction before him, and if anyone looked from his spot, they would find that there were walls blocking his view. But it was as if the walls of the ball itself were invisible, allowing him to see every single spot on the battlefield clearly.

His gaze fell on Su Ming's one thousand man team.

His eyes weren't the only ones either. The other two old men

beside him also had their gazes fixed on Su Ming's one thousand man team.

"Most of the Berserkers in the southern warzone are from my Western Sea Clan," the blue-robed old man sitting to the right stated, smiling.

The black-robed old man sitting to the left let out a cold harrumph once he heard it, but he did not say anything.

Under their gazes, the hundred something Shamans led by the Hunters from the Shaman Tribe right before Su Ming's team closed in on them at an incredible speed, and these two armies clashed with each other 40,000 feet away from that spot.

This was an incredibly devastating battle. There might only be a hundred something Shamans, but they were clearly different from the ones Su Ming had met in the battlefield. Their attacks were resolute and their power strikingly different from those back in the warzone. None of these Shamans were weaklings.

On the other hand, while Su Ming had a lot of people on his side, their levels of cultivation were not the same. If it was not because of Su Ming's willpower that led them press on without stopping, they would have broken down a long time ago.

Right then, as both sides clashed, nearly a hundred of Su Ming's men instantly died. Sounds of battle echoed in the air, and the two Hunters from the Shaman Tribe before Su Ming launched a pincer attack on him!

The two Hunters had power equivalent to those in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Their teamwork stopped Su Ming from advancing, but his left eye remained aloof while shining with fighting spirit, creating a stark contrast to the murderous intent in his right eye.

The battle had just begun, and almost the moment his team of Berserkers were injured, five more Hunters leading another hundred something Shamans charged forth from 40,000 feet away.

Their arrival might not have immediately incited war, but it created a large amount of pressure on Su Ming's team. This pressure was an incredibly brilliant tactic, and its effects could even be said to rival the greatest divine abilities!

"What a great move!" Yan Bo's face was soaked in blood. When he saw this sight as he fought, he could only let out a sigh.

Courage was required to rush out of the warzone, and it was not just a tiny amount that would allow a person to do so. Yet because one thousand people rushed out at the same time, and because Su Ming stood right in front of them, due to the force of his willpower and the general lack of change around them, there would still be people who possessed that amount of courage.

However, when they rushed out, they had run into obstacles, and in an instant, nearly a hundred of their own died. Once they saw a similar team of Shamans rushing forth from the distance, that

invisible amount of pressure was enough to make many a person's spirits crumble.

At that moment, before the second wave of Shamans arrived, some of the Berserkers who were located further down the team began to retreat under this fear...

They could see that in the start, there were only several dozens of people who retreated, and after a moment, hundreds of people no longer moved forward but chose to withdraw, and their speed as they moved back grew increasingly quicker, causing the one thousand man team to look as if it had been split in two parts.

When this scene caught Zhou De's eyes, disappointment filled him.

The old man from the northern warzone sighed and shook his head.

As for Tian Lan Meng, her face was pale. Her gaze was fixed on Su Ming alone.

Right up to that moment, Tian Lan You from the eastern warzone had only given Su Ming's team that one glance and that one remark about their foolishness before she no longer paid any attention to them. It was as if Su Ming's team could not spark even the slightest bit of her interest.

The eight old men on Sky Mist City remained calm. The long

years of their life had given them enough patience to watch the entire performance.

Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood. With a ferocious expression, he rammed his head into the Hunter's mask before him. At such a close distance, he could see the shock in the masked male Shaman's eyes.

Su Ming never stopped moving. He did not choose to stop the people who retreated from the team either. Instead, he used his actions to tell all these people the principle of the courageousness of coming out victorious when two adversaries met and were forced to fight each other.

‘You can retreat once, you can retreat twice, but once you retreat thrice, then even if you don't die, you have already been abandoned by the battle...

‘This sort of person cannot become a powerful warrior! Powerful warriors are the survivors of hundreds of battles. Only they can be remade through life and death experiences!

‘Everyone can become a powerful Berserker!’

With bloodshot eyes, Su Ming continuously bashed his head against the masked Shaman's forehead. When the opponent let out a terrified scream and tried to swiftly charge out, Su Ming grabbed that Hunter. With one rip, the Hunter's body was torn apart and blood sprayed into the air like rain.

But Su Ming also paid a price for this action. His injuries had worsened!

"Those who follow me! If you don't die even after numerous battles, then you'll have become a powerful warrior!" In that bloody rain, Su Ming shouted his very first sentence ever since he rushed out to face the Shamans.

Zi Che followed behind him madly, with bloodshot eyes. Yan Bo also followed with a roar. Even if there were deserters behind them, there were still several hundreds of people in the team. These people saw Su Ming's actions and heard his words.

This was a battlefield. It was a strange place. It was strange because it was the easiest place for conviction, reliance, and respect to form!

Over here, those with weak willpower would instinctively choose to follow those with strong willpower. This was a law, the law of war!

"I am Su Ming! I am the Hunter Su Ming! I am the wielder of Sky Mist City's Night Plate, Su Ming! I have killed many Shamans, and those who follow me will live and die together with me!"

Su Ming took a step forward and charged straight towards the other Hunters from the Shaman Tribe. His roars shot out of his throat and reverberated in the air all around them.

As Su Ming's shout reached the team, the remaining hundreds of people all lost their reason. At the moment, the matter of life and death, of retreating, and of fear were all tossed far away from their minds. The only thing remaining in their hearts was their own blood, boiling hotly and passionately, only thing they heard were Su Ming's hoarse shouts ringing in their ears.

A wave of emotion was brought into play, and as a distinct change happened among them, a willpower coming from all the people in the team appeared swiftly in that battlefield like a sharpened sword showing off its edge!

Zhou De was visibly moved!

A serious look also appeared in the eyes of the old man in the northern warzone. As for Tian Lan Meng, a brief, mystified look crossed her eyes... She stared at Su Ming, and continued staring... and staring...

Tian Lan You from the eastern warzone turned her head around the second time and looked in Su Ming's direction.

One of the eight old men on the walls of Sky Mist City suddenly spoke. "Beat the war drums solely for them!"

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Once he spoke, the sounds of war drums shot out swiftly from Sky Mist City. These sounds were filled with fire. They beat only

for Su Ming and his team, only roared for Su Ming and his team!

"Sky Mist City needs a hero, and this battle also needs... a hero of the Berserker Tribe!"

Chapter 353: The Signs of the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

The roars of the war drums thundered in the air. Even the thick green fog in the sky had also started tumbling about even more intensely. It was as if the battle between the powerful warriors within the fog was near conclusion.

Su Ming and his team of several hundred heard the war drums from Sky Mist City where they stood beyond the battlefield. The fiery war drums were filled with a strong penetrating force that reverberated through the land and echoed in Su Ming and the other people's ears.

"Those who follow me! If you don't die even after numerous battles, then you'll have become a powerful warrior!"

Su Ming's previous shout had fused with the roars from the war drums, causing the willpower of these hundreds of men to turn into a motivation for them to move forward without fear. At that moment, they had forgotten about death. In their eyes, they only saw Su Ming, only saw him as he continued moving forward.

Where that figure was, so would his willpower be. Where that figure was, so would that presence be!

At that moment, they had already attracted a large amount of attention. An increasing number of Berserkers had turned their gazes towards them, and even the aloof Tian Lan You was also looking at them coldly.

It was the same for Sky Mist City.

This small team's performance had now reached its most intense moment. Su Ming charged right in front, and about three hundred people followed behind him, displaying an iron will that was like a murderous dragon, a furious tiger that did not care about anything and only charged forward to kill.

The idea behind the courageous one winning when two adversaries fight against each other could occasionally not be aimed at just one person, but also an entire group! Just like now, the hundreds of people right behind Su Ming were precisely like that!

Their levels of cultivation may not be equal, but they had a presence that allowed them to stare at death with an unflinching gaze!

"There's nothing to fear about death!" With blood all over his body, Yan Bo let out a huge roar. He followed behind Su Ming with a ferocious face and started fighting madly.

The hundred something Shamans may be strong, but no matter how strong they were, there was still a limit. If one person among the hundreds of people following Su Ming could not win against that Shaman, then two of them would fight against him, if two could not make it, then they would fight with three!

If the three of them could not make it, then the person who was

the most grievously injured would definitely grit his teeth and choose to self-destruct. That force triggered by the self-destruction, the thunderous rumbles, and the level of devastation brought by the fights were much more grand but tragic compared to the battles elsewhere.

Courage was needed for a person to self-destruct. That courage needed was usually more than what was required to kill someone or what was required to be killed. This was a personal choice, and that person would need to struggle with his own thoughts, would need true courage before he could do it.

Perhaps there would be plenty of times where many people did not have this sort of courage, but on a battlefield, even if someone did not choose to self-destruct, there was a high possibility that he would not be able to leave alive anyway. A true man would rather die and bring his enemy down with him!

Booming sounds reverberated through the air. The sounds of explosions caused by self-destruction continuously rang out. The vicious smirks before their faces shattered, the final words they said before their bodies exploded drove the others on, stirred up all the Berserkers who were watching them.

In the midst of the war drums roaring in the air, as the hundreds of Berserkers fought on madly, as Su Ming charged forward right at the forefront of the team, a large number of Shamans died in this close quarter battle!

Death was just one of the things that happened to them. More importantly, for the first time, their gazes as they looked at Su

Ming became tainted with fear.

It was impossible for them not to fear. In the face of all those eyes filled with madness, in the face of all these people who, if they did not manage to kill them, would definitely choose to rush forward and trigger a self-destruction once they were gravely wounded, how could they... not be afraid?!

Su Ming's battle was also horrifying to watch. His right arm was already a bloody mess, and blood poured down from his chest. His hair was in disarray, and a deep sense of fatigue continuously spread through his entire body.

However, his eyes remained clear. His left eye still retained that aloof gaze, and his right eye was still shining with that bewitching shade of red. His hair had already turned purple due to the blood, and even if it was twilight, he was still eye-catching.

He had already activated his full speed. As he moved forward in a flash of light and his followers continued chasing after him madly, the group of Shamans remaining after most of their companions had died began to crumble!

It was the breaking down of their minds, a signal that they wanted to back down!

The remaining thirty odd Shamans, including the two Hunters left, chose to retreat simultaneously. They chose to gather together with the second wave of warriors who were swiftly rushing towards them from the back.

They were afraid!

The Berserkers had also paid a huge price. Besides the people who had run away previously, now, there were only a hundred something Berserkers following behind Su Ming.

These hundred something men were all covered head to toe in blood, were all looking ahead with bloodshot eyes shining with a freezing glare, were all... heroes!

The instant these thirty odd Shamans began retreating, Su Ming panted harshly and lifted his head. Suddenly, he took a huge step forward with his right foot. With that one step, his afterimage was left behind on the ground, but his body seemed to have shot through space itself, and they could see clearly that a layer of blood mist suddenly appeared in the air not too far away from the thirty odd Shamans who were running away. Almost the instant that blood mist appeared, Su Ming, with a brief distortion of his body, stood beside the two Hunters.

Su Ming's appearance was incredibly bizarre. Once he appeared, his legs started rapidly turning into a bloody mess. That layer of blood mist just now was due to his body being unable to withstand the effects of him activating that sort of speed for far too many times, and that layer of blood mist appeared when a part of his body exploded.

Along with his appearance came a strong gust of wind that lifted up the desolate air on the ground and charged straight towards the

two Hunters from the Shaman Tribe. With a thunderous roar in the air, one of the Hunters was caught completely off guard and shivered. What awaited him was his world turning upside down, because his head had been sliced off cleanly by Su Ming's palm.

That Hunter should not have been so weak, but his mind had been broken during the previous battle, and he had also seen the reinforcements during his escape. The instant his mind broke down and he became relaxed, Su Ming's extreme speed brought about his doom.

However, he was still a Hunter. Almost the instant his head was sliced off, his body exploded. He'd chosen to self-destruct when he knew he was already dead.

The act of the Hunter triggering a self-destruction was borderline madness, because there were other Shamans around him besides Su Ming. Su Ming bore the brunt of the attack, but the instant the force of the explosion rammed into him and he was pushed into a crisis, while he had no idea whether it was just a misconception on his part, but at that brief instant, he had a feeling that the sacrificed bone he obtained from Han Mountain's ancestor melted a little...

However, it had just melted a tiny little bit. Su Ming did not have time to mull over it. He activated his speed once more and quickly retreated. In a moment, he disappeared, and when he reappeared, he was already right in front of the remaining hundred odd Berserkers.

Almost the instant he appeared, thunderous booms shook the sky

and earth. The Hunter's self-destruction had dragged in many others into the explosion, causing a lot of Shamans around him to be unable to dodge it. Shrill screams of pain filled the air, and about a dozen of them died or were injured.

Blood flowed down Su Ming's mouth and he staggered, coughing out a huge mouthful of blood. His face was stark white, and the world before his eyes became clouded. He only managed to hang on after gritting his teeth.

His heart pounded against his chest. The feeling he had during the explosion made his eyes lit up. By then, he was already very certain. During that instant just now, that bone within his body had indeed melted a little!

He stood there and looked ahead. Behind him were his hundred followers, and before him were the first wave of Shamans who suffered a huge blow to their numbers, along with the second wave of Shamans who were closing in on them rapidly.

"Su Ming, the Hunter!"

"Su Ming, the Hunter!"

No one could say who exactly was the first to start the chant among the hundred Berserkers behind Su Ming, but soon, almost every single one of them began roaring at the top of their lungs. Their eyes burned with fervor. They had seen Su Ming's final act, seen that head in Su Ming's hand right now!

Zhou De took a deep breath in the southern warzone and a faint smile appeared on his lips. He had seen Su Ming's final act and heard the mad cries from the hundred Berserkers behind him.

Tian Lan Meng stared at the light screen before her blankly, looking at a certain figure on it. She looked at his blood soaked robes and the many parts of his body that had turned into a bloody mess, then she bit her lip, was immersed in her own thoughts.

As for the old man from the northern warzone who had been calculating with his fingers, he had also become visibly affected.

Only Tian Lan You frowned, remaining as aloof as ever.

The sounds of the war drums from Sky Mist City grew even more heated. The old men standing on the wall were no longer speaking, but were simply staring at the spot where Su Ming was.

The three people sitting in the ball floating on the gigantic cone in Sky Mist City had also sunk into silence.

Su Ming's level of cultivation was not the cause for their attention, in their eyes, he was very weak and could be finished off with just one blow. They were looking at the willpower that enveloped the hundred people, the willpower that was brought to them by Su Ming as their leader.

What they valued was Su Ming's resolution and determination, along with that courage of his!

Su Ming handed over the head in his hand to Zi Che, who was standing behind him, and panted harshly. At that moment, the second wave of Shamans were already less than 10,000 feet away from them; they would be here soon.

Behind him, the hundred Berserkers were already exhausted. They had fought for an entire day, some even longer. Compared to these well rested Shamans, they were at a disadvantage.

He could already imagine that once the second wave of Shamans rushed over, there would be very few of his companions left...

Especially when this was only the second wave. There would still be a third wave... and the dozen odd 1,000 foot beasts, and also... the 10,000 foot inferior sacred beast!

"The performance has ended! Zi Che, Yan Bo, take them and withdraw back to the southern warzone!" A resolute look appeared in Su Ming's eyes when he suddenly opened his mouth to speak.

Zi Che was momentarily stunned, and Yan Bo instantly looked towards Su Ming.

"But sir, Commander Zhou..."

"Retreat!" Su Ming gave Yan Bo a look.

Su Ming's one single glance made Yan Bo fall into silence and nod his head. He gritted his teeth, but there was no need for him to lay out the order. Su Ming's words were heard by all the hundred something Berserkers.

"I want all of you to live. Now, retreat! Zi Che, you move back as well, this is the order of the ninth summit!"

Zi Che gritted his teeth and nodded.

Chapter 354: Dark Light from the Stone Fragment!

When the second wave of Shamans charged over, many people did not expect that the hundred Berserkers behind Su Ming would rapidly retreat under Zi Che and Yan Bo's lead.

Almost the moment they chose to retreat, displeasure instantly appeared on Zhou De's face and he frowned.

As for the cold Tian Lan You, scorn appeared in her eyes, and she was just about to avert her gaze to no longer pay any attention to them when her pupils suddenly shrank.

Because she saw one person standing there even as all the other Berserkers retreated. He stood there, right in between the retreating Berserkers and the advancing Shamans. At that moment, this person was like a ravine between the sky and earth, separating the crowd of people who were advancing and retreating!

Su Ming did not retreat!

'This is a performance. A bloody performance. Since you want to see it, since all of you want to see it, then there's no need for so many people to die... I will perform for you!'

Su Ming stood there and turned his head around to look towards the southern warzone. He could somewhat see that there was a

person over there staring at him solemnly.

‘Since I decided to join this battle, then I will do my part. I will obey your orders, but... I will use my own ways to obey them!’ Su Ming averted his gaze from the southern warzone and looked towards Sky Mist City.

‘My actions and will all belong to me! No one, absolutely no one, can interfere with them or impose their will on me. Not Di Tian from the void, not Zhou De from the southern warzone, and if I don’t want to... not even Sky Mist City!’ Besides the blood light and aloofness in Su Ming’s gaze, there was also a wild and untameable will.

That untameable will was one that would not submit to any of the wishes in the world, it was a light that would not bend down to any power!

‘I have already reached completion in the Awakening Realm, and there’s only a slight distance left for me to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but that small distance has always been difficult for me to conquer... What happened just now was definitely not a figment of my imagination... Perhaps this is my chance to break into the Bone Sacrifice Realm from the Awakening Realm!

‘If I can completely melt that Berserker Bone in my body, then perhaps... I will be able to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm!’

After going through so many things from Dark Mountain right up to the war between the Shamans and Berserkers now, Su Ming

had finally grown up. He was no longer a teenager, but was now a fine young man.

Not only did his body grow, but his spirit did as well, and due to the birth of his willpower, Su Ming was like a new man who now had determination within him. He had been like a wooden puppet who was bound by a cord, and now, that cord was showing signs of snapping.

He had obtained his own thoughts, obtained his own will, and obtained the courage to press onward resolutely!

He turned around and looked at Sky Mist City. Around 7,000 something feet behind him were several Hunters from the Shaman Tribe at the peak of their form, leading over a hundred Shamans. There was a strong will to kill in their eyes.

These Shamans came like an army and stirred up the dust on the ground that was not overly soiled by blood. As the dust flew into the air, they seemed to have turned into a gigantic and hideous mouth in midair that wanted to devour Su Ming, who was blocking their path as they swept across the land.

Su Ming had his back against the Shamans. The hundred retreating Berserkers were several thousands of feet before him. As these people retreated, they began to realize one by one that Su Ming did not follow them. Gradually, they slowed down. Some of them even turned back to look at him standing behind them.

When they saw Su Ming, they also saw the flying dust and the

murderous Shamans behind him.

"Don't turn back, retreat to the warzone!" Su Ming bellowed.

There was a will contained within that bellow. Perhaps that will would not be as effective on the other Berserkers, but to these hundred who had followed and fought with him, the existence of that will turned those words into the strongest voice in their lives!

"Go back to the warzone and wait for me there!" When Su Ming's voice reached the crowd, he turned around. At that moment, the advancing Shamans were already less than 4,000 feet away from him. They could already see each other's faces clearly.

"If you charge forward when you face a powerful warrior, it is a form of courage. If you charge forward when you face hundreds and thousands of powerful warriors, it is still a form of courage... Perhaps some day, you will come to understand how it feels like." Su Ming lowered his head and his elder's words echoed in his head.

The Shamans were getting closer. In the blink of an eye, they were already less than 3,000 feet away!

2,000 feet, 1,500 feet, 1,000 feet!

The instant these Shamans were only 1,000 feet away from Su Ming, he lifted his head and a low roar flew out through his lips. In an instant, he charged forward.

‘A life and death crisis can make the Berserker Bone in my body melt. I need to be exposed to a stronger danger and go through an even harder trial of life and death. Only then can I make that Berserker Bone melt completely, and only then can I... attempt to Sacrifice my Bones!’

At that moment, he reached his absolute fastest speed ever since he joined the war!

A strong gust of wind howled in the air. Su Ming was so fast that in an instant, he had traveled several hundreds of feet. He was now very close to that group of Shamans.

‘This is a very difficult task to complete. Even if everyone died, it would still be very hard to finish this task... There’s only one way... and that is for me to use this extreme speed to go to that place and place this cone there...

‘With my speed, it’s not impossible for me to do it. I can even return alive... but the others can’t! Besides, in this sort of danger, that Berserker Bone in me will definitely melt!

‘Faster! I need to be faster!’

Su Ming shouted in his heart. Banging sounds echoed from within his body. Under his willpower and with that unique method of refinement, his speed increased explosively once more. At the same time, due to the increase of his speed, he could clearly sense that the Berserker Bone in his body melted a tiny little bit.

‘It’s still not enough, I’m still too slow. I have to be faster so that it’ll melt even more!’ Su Ming’s felt his spirits lifting. He knew that his theory was correct, and now, the only thought in his head was to become even faster.

The desire of wanting to become faster fused with his thoughts, turning into his will. With this will, the strange black stone fragment hanging on his neck suddenly let off a dark light.

The origins of that stone were unknown, and at that moment, it was glowing with a dark light as if it had sensed Su Ming’s will. It was just like that time when he received his Berserker’s Initiation before Dark Mountain’s statue of the God of Berserkers. Due to his desire to become a Berserker, that black stone had shone with a dark light and tricked the statue to acknowledge Su Ming’s blood as good enough to become a Berserker. Right now, the feeling Su Ming obtained from the dark light was the same as the one in the past.

That dark light shone, and Su Ming suddenly felt as if his body had turned into wind. That feeling came too suddenly, and soon after, his whole body was wrecked with a pain as if he was being ripped apart. His speed increased explosively, and he left behind an afterimage right before the incoming Shamans.

A violent gust of wind howled and blew against them, and pained screams came from among the Shamans. There were even some of them who seemed like they had exploded without reason. The incoming gust of wind was so strong that it was like a typhoon.

After a moment, Su Ming had already appeared behind the crowd

consisting of over a hundred Shamans. He did not stop and charged straight towards that 10,000 feet gigantic beast and the spot that the Shamans were protecting.

Besides the howls of the wind in his ears, Su Ming could hear nothing else when he used that extreme speed. The feeling as if he had turned into wind became stronger.

However, Su Ming knew that this was definitely not a speed he could achieve. That black stone fragment had used the same method it did all those years ago when he was in Dark Mountain. It had, in some unique and unknown way, turned him into the wind!

He was the wind, and even his heart and mind were immersed in the feeling of having turned into it!

There was no need for him to resist, no need for him to let wind seep through his body, because he had already become a part of it. His will was the wind's will, and wherever he was, so would the wind be.

At that moment, he was 35,000 feet away from his destination. Su Ming did not notice that at that same moment he had the feeling as if he had turned into the wind, his body was letting off a dazzling light. That light was as blue as the sky during the day!

Similarly, he did not notice that as his body shone with that dazzling blue light, the Berserker Bone left behind by Han Mountain's ancestor in his body was melting away at a nigh inconceivable speed.

That bone belonged to a powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Its existence had let Su Ming manifest almost 1,000 veins and had also let his power increase at a much faster rate in the Awakening Realm compared to the others.

Right then, there was only a tiny portion left of the bone compared to before, but as it continued rapidly melting away, in an instance, it... completely dissolved!

As it vanished, a large amount of energy filled Su Ming's body, causing his power to explode forth and his speed to increase even more.

But that was not all, as Su Ming's speed increased, the feeling as if he had become the wind turned stronger. His spine was rapidly absorbing that energy into it, and the blue light on his body actually came from his spine.

The feeling if he had turned into the wind was not just a figment of his imagination. In truth, at that moment, there was indeed wind stored in his body. That wind should have passed through his body once it crashed into him, but as Su Ming's spine shone with that blue light, absorbing the energy in his body, the wind did not come out from within him, it was instead sucked in at a mad pace by Su his spine. It was as if it had turned into a black hole!

Su Ming also did not see that the rolling green fog in the sky was tumbling about intensely like angry waves at sea. As booming sounds continued coming from within, a burst of energy seemed to

be charging forth from all directions in the sky to press on that green fog that contained the powerful warriors, as if it wanted to crush it.

Thunderous roars came from the sky. Those violent sounds shook the earth and sky, almost becoming the loudest sound in the battlefield at that moment. Many people averted their gazes from Su Ming and instinctively looked towards the sky.

Yet that one look brought about a wave of shock that not only affected the Berserkers, but the Shamans as well!

Chapter 355: The Change in the Sky!

As the green fog tumbled about in the sky, it looked as if a pair of invisible hands were plunged deep into the fog, and with one vicious tear, ripped it apart.

That layer of fog disintegrated completely, and as it scattered around the area, the three powerful Shamans within retreated with an expression of shock on their faces. The five powerful Berserkers also quickly fell back with the same expression.

It was as if the green fog in the sky was ripped into shreds in an instant and was tumbling backwards in all directions, and as it did so, the black sky was revealed!

In that sky, they could see clearly that there were rays of blue light shooting out towards them from the distance, and as the light appeared, the originally dark sky turned blue! Yet that shade of blue was different from the blue hue of the day. It was a dark blue filled with a strange solemnness.

At the same time, whistling sounds appeared out of thin air in the sky. Those whistles sounded as if someone was singing, as if someone was roaring, and though people could not discern it, they could still feel an indescribable wave of pressure rapidly gathering in the sky, then descending upon the land and spreading in all directions.

"The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice!" someone instantly cried out from among the six powerful Berserkers who were falling back in

the sky.

"This is the sign of the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice about to descend upon us. The deity statue from the Great Yu Dynasty is crossing over through space to come here!

"Someone has reached a breakthrough in the battlefield and has called upon the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice!"

The six powerful Berserkers were not ignorant fools. With just one glance, they already knew that someone had reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm. This should have just been a trivial thing to them, but at that moment, their expressions had revealed that this was definitely not something minor!

"A normal Berserker breaking through the Awakening Realm to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm definitely won't be able to summon the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice. The only way for the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice to appear is through... the birth of a Divine General in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!" one of the eight old men watching the sky from the walls of Sky Mist City commented in a hoarse voice.

"And this is its true self! If it was just a projection, then it would definitely not have the power to tear apart that fog, neither would it create a pressure so mighty it could put a stop to their battle!

"This is its complete, true form! Someone actually managed to summon the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice to reveal its complete form! From what I can remember, there is only one Berserker who

managed to summon the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice in its complete form in the past one thousand years. Just who is it that managed to summon the deity statue in its complete form?!"

"Even if a Divine General in the Bone Sacrifice Realm was to be appointed, only half of its true self would show up. But now... the deity statue is here in its complete form! In this year, the second True Divinity of the Land of South Morning has appeared!"

Compared to these powerful Berserkers making their guesses regarding the change in the sky and their knowledge towards it, while some among the tens of thousands of people on the ground already had an inkling of what was happening, most of them were still in a daze and did not know what was happening. They were filled with shock in their hearts as they looked at the sky.

At that moment, Zhou De had also shifted his gaze to look at the sky. His attention was no longer on Su Ming. On the entire battlefield, only Tian Lan Meng and Su Ming's hundred followers still had their eyes glued on him.

Only they were looking in his direction.

Su Ming's entire person had turned into a dazzling ray of blue light. That blue light existed in itself. The people could only see the light and not see what was inside it. As that blue light flashed, Su Ming's speed continued increasing, and in an instant, he was already only 10,000 feet away from his destination compared to the 35,000 feet from a moment ago.

Everything else had turned into a blurry mess besides his destination in Su Ming's eyes. He only saw a woman 10,000 feet away with groups of people around her to protect her.

That woman wore a long robe and was also looking at Su Ming elegantly. She was not a breathtaking beauty and could only be called as pretty and clean. There was a colorful feather stuck in her hair, and she wore no other accessories in her long locks.

Her gaze was profound, as if it contained some unknown power that could make all those who fell into her line of sight feel as if they had sank into her eyes and could not get out.

When Su Ming was 10,000 feet away from the woman with his current speed, the sky had already turned into a dark shade of blue. Under that dark blue hue, the entire sky turned into a giant vortex, and as it spun rapidly, an indescribable pressure descended upon the land swiftly.

With that pressure, the Shamans and Berserkers on the ground were no longer able to continue fighting. The Berserkers were not the only ones who felt respect growing from the depths of their hearts under that pressure, the Shamans were the same.

For the first time, a ceasefire had appeared on the battlefield!

Only Su Ming continued moving towards the only place that existed in his eyes. However, there were only a few people who were watching. Even most of the Shamans had their eyes turned towards the strange sight in the sky.

When Su Ming was 8,000 feet away from the woman, a powerful and brilliant light that illuminated the entire ground shone out from the center of the giant vortex in the sky. That light was blue and covered the entire land in an instant.

Almost the moment that strong blue light illuminated the land, a deity statue of 10,000 feet slowly descended from within the vortex.

The deity statue's light shone far and wide. Its face could not be seen clearly, but as it appeared, it was as if even time was forced to stop. That incredible pressure made all the Berserkers on the ground immediately prostrate themselves on the ground.

They were not the only ones. Visible struggle appeared on the Shamans' faces, but without being able to control themselves, they also prostrated themselves on the ground. It was as if the existence of the deity statue could make not just the Berserkers revere it, even they had to show their reverence towards it.

At that moment, if there was a foreigner who looked down from the sky, he would definitely not be able to tell just who was a Berserker and who was a Shaman. They looked as if they belonged to one race and were battling against each other for two different causes.

The only ones who were not kneeling down were the powerful Berserkers with truly incredible power. They were standing in midair in Sky Mist City, and while their expressions were

respectful as they looked at the deity statue in the sky, they were not too deeply awed by its might and pressure.

Besides these people, the ferocious beasts were also not kneeling down, along with the woman with the long hair dancing in the air. She was standing alone underneath a 10,000 feet sacred beast and in the middle of the dozen over ferocious beasts, while everyone else besides her were prostrating on the ground.

That woman was even lifting up her hand and picking up a lock of her hair that was dancing in the wind. There was a ring on her finger.

The Berserker Bone in Su Ming's body had completely dissolved and was absorbed into his spine, which had also sucked in an endless amount of wind. That wind disappeared into Su Ming's body, causing him to be so fast that with one move, he already appeared 5,000 feet away from that long-haired woman.

Right then, the eight old men who had their heads lifted as they stood on the walls of Sky Mist City to observe the change in the sky suddenly experienced changes in their expressions. Gradually, looks of disbelief and shock appeared on their faces.

They were not the only ones who reacted this way. The six powerful Berserkers and the three Shamans all reacted the same way.

"The pressure... has increased!"

The pressure that had originally existed in the sky as the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice descended suddenly increased. At the same time, the center of the vortex in the sky suddenly started spinning backwards.

In an instant, the direction of the vortex completely changed, but that was not all, the vortex even started spreading in all directions while emitting huge rumbling sounds, surpassing the presence of the deity statue's appearance. It spread to an area so wide that it did not just go past the entire battlefield, but also went past the entire Sky Mist City.

"This is... this is the sign of the deity statue of Berserker Soul appearing!" Someone from the eight old men standing on the city walls immediately cried out in surprise.

As he spoke, a shocking boom came from within the vortex in the sky as if the sky itself had shattered. A small part of a deity statue that could not be described with words slowly peeked out from within.

It was just one small part, and it already made the entire land tremble, made all nine of the powerful warriors from the Shaman and Berserker Tribes floating in the sky to rapidly retreat and fall to the ground, as if they could no longer stay in midair.

That small part that was revealed was shining with a brilliant red light, and it could be seen that this was just an edge of the very bottom of this deity statue whose size was completely unknown. It was just an edge, and it was already showing off such a powerful might. If the entire deity statue descended upon them, then the

pressure alone might cause several tens of thousands of people on the battlefield to burst apart.

The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice and the deity statue of Berserker Soul had appeared together. This sight had completely surpassed everyone's expectations. This strange sight was never recorded in any ancient texts, and when it appeared, it made all those who saw it be struck dumb with awe.

Once that small part of the deity statue of Berserker Soul came out, the deity statue sank down several inches once again, and even the powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm could not withstand this pressure and were forced to prostrate themselves.

"Just what is going on? Why is this happening?!"

"Could it be that someone had just gone straight from the Awakening Realm to the Berserker Soul Realm? This... This is..."

"Just what is the reason behind two deity statues appearing at the same time?!" Just as everyone's minds were thrown into a confused mess and the war was suspended because of this incident, a small voice came from within Sky Mist City.

"This is the Wind Berserker... he is the first to receive his legacy..."

That voice was ancient, as if it had traveled far along the passages of time. That voice spread in all directions and fell into all the ears

of the powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm. As for the others, they could not hear it.

"Divine Generals in the Bone Sacrifice Realm are different from the Divine Generals in the Awakening Realm. They have some slight divisions of class between them, and the True Divinity has the highest class of them all... The will of the True Divinities had disappeared along with the first God of Berserkers, and their will now only exists in an indistinct haze...

"I have some information regarding the True Divinities remaining in my fragmented memories. There are four classes of True Divinities. The head is Wind, and what comes next is Cloud, then Lightning, and finally Fog.

"Scions of Cloud, Lightning, and Fog have appeared throughout the ages, but the Wind Berserker has never appeared... Now, the scion of the Wind Berserker has appeared.

"Because only the first scion receiving his legacy from the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice will have the true form of the deity statue of Berserker Soul appearing to anoint him personally... If that person dies, then the subsequent scions of the Wind Berserker won't find this happening to them."

When the deity statue of Berserker Soul revealed a small part of itself from the gigantic vortex, Su Ming was less than two thousand feet away from that woman.

Chapter 356: Thou Art the Wind Berserker!

Affected by the pressure from the deity statue of Berserker Soul, the dozen odd ferocious beasts lurking around shivered as they knelt down. They did not stop Su Ming. In truth, even without the appearance of the deity statue of Berserker Soul, with that rod snake, Su Ming could still pass through these ferocious beasts safely. This was also the reason why he came alone and why he was not afraid of these creatures.

In a flash, Su Ming was only a 1,000 feet away from the woman. The 10,000 feet ferocious beast floating in midair was also retreating while shivering under the pressure from the deity statue of Berserker Soul.

The woman still remained calm. As she looked at Su Ming charging towards her, uncertainty and confusion appeared in her eyes, but in an instant, those emotions turned into surprise.

"It's you..."

That was the first sentence spoken by that woman!

The moment she said those words, a complicated look appeared on her face, along with a hint of pity...

"Destiny..."

At that moment, Su Ming had stirred up a violent gust of wind

with that indescribable speed as he charged through the Shamans who had lost all power to resist and were shivering as they prostrated themselves on the ground.

The instant he arrived at his destination and the very moment he was about to stabbed that black cone in his hands into the ground, those two phrases, the three words from the woman fell into his ears.

Destiny!

It had been a long time since Su Ming had heard that word.

The instant he heard it, his body trembled, but he did not stop moving his hand and threw the cone onto the ground.

The woman did not stop him during the entire process. Su Ming did not plan to take the woman's life either, because while the woman was standing along over there, the presence coming from her gave Su Ming the feeling that she was an incredible threat to him, but strangely, even though she was a threat, there was also a hint of familiarity that he could not describe.

That familiarity was just like when he had met Si Ma Xin in the past and when he met Han Mountain's ancestor all those years ago...

The two phrases, those three words echoing in his ears made Su Ming's heart lurch. Just as he was about to retreat once he

accomplished his task, he lifted his head and looked at that woman.

The complicated emotions and pity in the woman's eyes made a bang go off in Su Ming's head. This was not the first time he had heard of the word 'Destiny'. He had already etched that word into his heart a long time ago, and that was why while he was shocked, the bewilderment and lack of knowledge he had when he heard that word from Han Mountain's ancestor was absent.

Instead, as those rumbles went off in his head, Su Ming's heart went through an intense transformation; he had finally found another person who called him Destiny!

This was a chance, a chance that Su Ming had been waiting for a very long time. He was no longer a teenager, neither was he an immature child any longer. He had already experienced many things, and these experiences had allowed him to grow up, to gain his own will.

"Is my little sister alright..?" he suddenly asked, but the instant he opened his mouth and spoke, the black cone he stabbed on the ground suddenly shone with a black light. That light shot outwards and covered the entire area, and as if it knew where Su Ming was, it charged towards him.

A powerful force of absorption came from that black light. From Su Ming's experiences, he could tell with one glance that the black light was not harmful to him. What was contained within was a power akin to that of Relocation.

Clearly, Zhou De had already thought of a way of retreat for the person carrying out the mission when he gave it to them. Judging by the area it surrounded, the Relocation was not limited to just one person. It could cover all the Berserkers in its area and quickly Relocate them.

Almost the instant that black light enveloped Su Ming, the woman heard his question. She was stunned, then gave him an answer that made him feel as if he his soul was devoured by millions of lightning bolts.

"To her, Dao Chen... You... You..." The woman instinctively said the first half of her sentence before her expression suddenly changed drastically. Terror appeared in her eyes and she took a few consecutive steps backwards.

Su Ming's breathing quickened. He had asked that question to test whether the voice in his dreams truly existed and was really connected to him.

Even though the woman had not finished her sentence, Su Ming had understood.

His body was swallowed by the black light, and in an instant, he disappeared from the land.

The instant Su Ming disappeared, suddenly, a voice that shook the sky and earth came from the deity statue of Berserker Soul that had revealed a small part of itself in the air. There was not a hint of

emotion in that voice as it echoed in all directions, only aloofness and mercilessness.

"Thou art the Wind Berserker... Thou hast fulfilled the laws governing the True Divinities set by the first God of Berserkers, I shalt grant thee the name of the Wind Berserker... Make haste to the Great Yu Dynasty and receive the True Spirit..."

When the voice spread in all directions, Su Ming, who had originally disappeared with that black light, was suddenly surrounded by a ray of blue light and appeared in the sky above the battlefield, right underneath the deity statue of Berserker Soul that had revealed a small part of itself.

Confusion appeared in Su Ming's eyes, but that confusion soon disappeared. He forced down the emotions that had stirred up due to the woman's words. Right then, as he looked at the small part of the deity statue revealed under the endless vortex, a strong wave of pressure crashed into him.

The strength of that pressure was one Su Ming had never encountered in his life, but he could tell that this pressure did nothing to his body. Almost the instant he appeared, the countless number of Berserkers on the ground all saw him appearing, but what they saw was different for each of them!

Most of the people could only see a piercing blue light. They could not see Su Ming's face within.

There were only a few who could see his face. One of them was

Zhou De. Tian Lan Meng also saw him, the old Commander of the northern warzone saw him as well, and even Tian Lan You's expression changed. She, too, saw him.

The old men from Sky Mist City also saw Su Ming in the sky.

It should have been the same for the Shamans since the Berserkers saw him, but the moment Su Ming appeared in the sky, a cold harrumph came from within Sky Mist City.

That harrumph started off weak, but as it begun, it stirred up a large amount of ripples that echoed in the world. If it had been some other time, the appearance of these ripples would not have been anything, but now, with the mighty pressure coming from the revelation of a small part of the deity statue of Berserker Soul that seemed to have sealed off all power in the world, it could be seen that the person who let out that sound was incredibly strong—that cold harrumph had still managed to cause this amount of ripples.

The sound of that harrumph echoed in the ears of all the powerful Shamans, causing their minds to instantly begin ringing. Their vision became clouded, and as if all their senses had been sealed off, they found themselves unable to see Su Ming!

If this sort of power was used during the battle just now, it would have brought about miraculous effects, but it never happened. Clearly, casting this sort of divine ability was not easy.

Su Ming stood in midair and looked at the deity statue that had

revealed a small part of itself in that gigantic vortex. He could not hear that harrumph, all he could hear echoing in his ears were the deity statue's cold words.

A huge storm had stirred up within him and his heart started pounding against his chest. Among all the living things in this land, including this deity statue, only Su Ming himself knew that he was not that Wind Berserker!

He was not the Wind Berserker, if he was, then it was impossible that he would not have noticed anything prior to this. If he was, then he would have definitely not needed such a long time to understand the concept of speed, he would also not have needed to repeatedly train and refine his body to withstand that sort of speed.

He was absolutely certain that he was not that so called Wind Berserker!

However... that deity statue, so mighty that it made him feel like an ant, had just stated without a doubt that he was the Wind Berserker.

This made Su Ming's heart race, and at the same time, he remembered how the black stone had shone with that dark light when he willed himself to become faster so that he could make that Berserker Bone melt.

It was that dark light that had turned Su Ming into wind, causing his speed to arrive at an extreme pace that had surpassed his

previous attempts.

‘Deceiving the world, huh..? It tricked Dark Mountain’s statue of the God of Berserkers in the past, allowing me to gain the method to practice the Ways of the Berserkers so that I could become a Berserker... and this time... it deceived this deity statue!’ Su Ming was taken aback for a moment, and he found himself somewhat in disbelief.

‘It’s lying to the deity statue so that it thinks I’m the Wind Berserker?’ Just as Su Ming sank into a state of shock, the voice of the deity statue of Berserker Soul appeared in his ears once again.

"Thou art the first Wind Berserker, by the will of the first God of Berserkers, I shalt grant thee the Provenance of Wind... This item is no longer in the world, and was refined personally by mine own master, the first God of Berserkers..."

As the deity statue’s voice echoed in the air, a crystalline light shot out of the vortex in the sky and went straight towards Su Ming. In an instant, it fused into the center of his brows and started dissolving once it entered his body.

When it started dissolving, Su Ming trembled. He could feel the presence of wind within his body. The power of that gust of wind was so strong that it dried his throat right when he noticed its presence.

"Thou art the first Wind Berserker, by the will of the first God of Berserkers, I shalt grant thee the Wind Separation Slash Art..."

That aloof voice echoed in the air, and another ray of crystalline light shot out from the vortex to disappear into the center of Su Ming's brows.

"Thou art the first Wind Berserker, by the will of the first God of Berserkers, I shalt grant thee the Crystal of Inheritance..."

The Crystal of Inheritance was clearly an incredibly valuable item. It shone with a dark blue light and descended slowly from within the vortex, then went before Su Ming as if it wanted to fuse into the center of his brows. Yet the moment it touched his forehead, the crystal suddenly started shaking violently as if it wanted to retreat!

At the same time, a change instantly appeared in the voice of the deity statue of Berserker Soul that seemed to be coming from within the vortex.

"Thou art not..."

The instant the deity statue of Berserker Soul spoke, Su Ming swiftly lifted his right hand and grabbed the Crystal of Inheritance that was shivering and withdrawing from his forehead. At the same time, he began rapidly shouting in his heart.

‘Deceive it!’

The two encounters had allowed Su Ming to gain a vague sense of the black stone fragment's other uses. As he shouted in his heart,

that stone shone with a dark light once again. During that one single flash, Su Ming had already grabbed the Crystal of Inheritance and put it away into his storage bag.

"Thou... art the Wind Berserker!"

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. He was feeling slightly nervous at the moment, because once the deity statue of Berserker Soul finally finished handing him all the things that belonged to the Wind Berserker, the eyes of the true and complete form of the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice right underneath the small, exposed part of the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice began shining with a brilliant light.

"Thou art the scion of the Wind Berserker. Thou hast fulfilled the first law set by the first God of Berserkers for those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, I shalt grant thee... the Southern Barren Square Caldron. Make haste to the Great Yu Dynasty to obtain it..."

Chapter 357: Bone Sacrifice!

The voice belonging to the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice was devoid of emotion and filled with indifference as it echoed in Su Ming's ears. Su Ming's heart was pounding intensely against his chest, and he felt a hint of nervousness within him.

He was nervous because he knew that all of this should not have come into his possession!

Yet due to some unforeseen circumstances, all of these things now belonged completely to him. He also obtained the legacy of the Wind Berserker and everything that belonged to a Wind Berserker because of this.

The fusion of the Provenance of Wind had especially allowed him to clearly feel a gust of wind that was different from the wind in the world around him. While he might not be able to control that wind at will, once he refined it, he would definitely be able to stir up strong gusts of wind within him that may or may not be the same as the wind in the world.

Once he managed to do it, then his speed would surely... reach a level so amazing that the mere thought of it was making his heart pound in excitement

This alone was extraordinary in itself, but he had also obtained the Wind Separation Slash Art. That Art had also fused with the center of Su Ming's brows and was left deeply etched into his memories, like a brand.

It was the strongest wind related divine ability among the Berserker Tribe - Wind Separation!

Su Ming had only glanced through the Art in his head, and was already shocked by its level of strength and terrifying presence. Although this Art was not his own creation, but its power was definitely anything but ordinary. After all, this was an Art personally created by the first God of Berserkers, it was a legacy Art he created for the Wind Berserker under his command!

Su Ming's throat was dry, because besides these two things, he had obtained the even more important Crystal of Inheritance. That item was now in his storage bag, and just now, the instant he grabbed it, he sensed the astonishing life force and power within the crystal. If he could obtain that power, then he would definitely be able to instantly reach another level of cultivation!

It was a pity that the Crystal of Inheritance possessed a strange sensory ability. It was the first to notice that there was something off about Su Ming. If the black stone fragment had not shone once again with that dark light, he would have been exposed.

The surprise came too suddenly, and Su Ming felt a little overwhelmed. Once the title of the Wind Berserker was bestowed upon him, the voice of the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice immediately followed suit and reverberated in the air.

"Thou art the scion of the Wind Berserker. Thou hast fulfilled the second law set by the first God of Berserkers for those in the Bone

Sacrifice Realm, I shalt grant thee the illusionary armor of Bone Sacrifice. Make haste to the Great Yu Dynasty to retrieve the true armor..."

As that aloof voice spread out, the blue light on the 10,000 feet deity statue shone and a ray of light shot out from the center of its brows straight towards Su Ming. When it surrounded Su Ming, the Divine General Armor of the Awakening Realm automatically manifested on his body. The black smoke appeared in the form of threads and swirled around him, fusing rapidly with the blue light.

The black smoke and blue light blended with each other. Gradually, that black shade disappeared, and a dark blue armor appeared on Su Ming's body. That armor looked incredibly mighty, covering Su Ming from head to toe. In fact, judging by its looks, his armor was about the same as the Divine General Armor he'd seen Bai Chang Zai wearing in the past!

The Divine General Armor of the Awakening Realm could not even hope to be at the same level as this!

This was just an illusionary armor to boot. The true armor would definitely be even more outstanding.

Yet even now, the string of gifts bestowed onto him had not ended...

"Thou art the Wind Berserker..."

"Thou art the Wind Berserker..."

Humming sounds appeared in Su Ming's head. He listened to the words bestowing those gifts to him, but felt that it was a pity that all of them were in the Great Yu Dynasty and that he needed to go and obtain them himself. Yet even so, those gifts were already enough to make all those people who heard go mad with envy.

"Thou art the scion of the Wind Berserker. Thou hast fulfilled the laws set by the first God of Berserkers, thou wilt... Sacrifice thine Bones now!" The 10,000 feet deity statue of Bone Sacrifice spoke with a thunderous voice, then lifted its gigantic right hand and pointed towards Su Ming.

That gigantic finger looked to be about several dozens of feet in size, and it was charging straight towards Su Ming. Su Ming did not dodge. He already had a similar experience when he Awakened, and he did not want to deny Sacrificing his Bones either. After all, he knew that he did not exactly obtain his identity as the Wind Berserker through the regular way...

‘Sacrifice my Bones! I want to Sacrifice my Bones!’ A bright light appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He wanted to become stronger, wanted to obtain great power, because only by doing so could he become a powerful Berserker and gain the right to be above all wills!

Only then could he be his true self and search for the answers he wanted, to open his eyes and look at a world no one else could see!

That finger closed in on Su Ming in an instant and touched the center of his brows. Although it came charging with an incredibly mighty presence, when it tapped the center of Su Ming's brows, its touch was as gentle as the wind.

That one touch made Su Ming's body tremble furiously. He could feel an indescribable wave of energy swiftly surging into his body, charging into him with a force like a hot knife cutting through butter and starting to flow through his veins.

Once it circulated through his body nine times, that wave of energy let out a huge bang and rushed straight into his spine.

A person's spine was different when he was an adult compared to the time when he was a child. Normally, a child's spine was formed by 33 vertebrae, but once that child became an adult, he would only have twenty-six vertebrae.

But due to the differences between people, there were also some who had a different number.

Su Ming's spine was formed by twenty-six vertebrae! The spinal cord formed from twenty-six vertebrae was now trembling under the power coming from the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice.

It absorbed that power, and had even absorbed that Berserker Bone Su Ming had obtained earlier. At the same time, it had also sucked in an endless amount of wind.

Su Ming's Qi had dissolved and turned into the power of Awakening when he Awakened in the past. That power of Awakening was stored within his body like blood and flowed through him just like blood. If he needed it, that power would also burst forth from within with incredible strength.

However, the Bone Sacrifice Realm and Awakening Realm were completely different from each other. This was not just an increase in power, it was also a change of Realm, and even his body would have to go through an astounding transformation.

Bone Sacrifice! Bone Sacrifice!

The meaning of these words was to sacrifice the bone in a Berserker's body, and that bone was the spine!

The Ancients of the Berserker Tribe believed that the most important part of a person's body was the spine. As if connecting the sky and the earth, it allowed a person to stand and allowed people to be known as humans!

The spine could also let people summon an explosive amount of strength, and at the same time, it was also the pillar of the mind. It supported a person's will and his body. It was the source of everything in a body.

The Blood Solidification Realm in a Berserker's cultivation was to continuously manifest their blood veins so that the Berserker Tribe's source of the power could burst forth from within their body. As they continued gathering that power and as their blood

veins increased, it would cause their blood to become purer as if it was refined.

This was the goal of Blood Solidification. Only by doing so could the power of Awakening be born from that pure blood when a Berserker Awakened, a power that was akin to blood and was stored within the body, a power that could not be seen but could be felt!

This would be the first time the person would use the power of the Berserker Tribe's blood, which would allow Awakened Berserkers to fly and draw their own Berserker Mark. With their Berserker Mark, they could stimulate the very basic level of power from their blood.

The Bone Sacrifice Realm was different!

This Realm required a deeper level of utilization and application towards the power of the Berserker Tribe's blood. Due to the belief of the Berserker Tribe and the importance they placed on the spine, they placed all the power of Awakening in their bodies onto a piece of bone on the spine with a unique method. At that time, when that bone had absorbed all the power of Awakening, it would go through a transformation, and as it continued to be refined and sacrificed, it would turn into a true Berserker Bone!

Only then would that Berserker be considered to have entered the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

The powerful Berserkers in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice

Realm were not that much different from the Berserkers who attained completion in the Awakening Realm. There were still not too many obvious changes. After all, if there was only one bone that was turned into a Berserker Bone, the power of the Bone Sacrifice Realm could not be revealed.

As long as a Berserker had turned one of the vertebrae into a Berserker Bone, he would be considered to have reached the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm according to the stage division among the Berserker Tribe. However, it was precisely because of this that the subsequent refinements would be increasingly more difficult.

When a Berserker obtained his or her second Berserker Bone, then that Berserker would be considered to have arrived at the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice, if he or she wanted to arrive at the peak of the middle stage, then thirteen Berserker Bones were required to do so.

This was also the reason why Su Ming could kill those in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm and even some in the middle stage. Yet if he ran into the powerful warriors in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, Su Ming's battle would be incredibly arduous. He would need to use all his attacks in his disposal with all sorts of combinations to be able to put up a fight.

Once a person had fourteen Berserker Bones, then he would be considered to be in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. The powerful Berserkers in that stage could be said to be at the most magnificent moment of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Their power could usually turn them into the rulers of an area.

That sort of glory would reach its peak when they obtained twenty-five Berserker Bones in the later stage of the Realm! In fact, the people in that stage would be considered the strongest among all those below the Berserker Soul Realm!

This was because the completion of the Bone Sacrifice Realm was to offer all twenty-six vertebrae in the spinal cord and turn them into true Berserker Bones, and once they did so, it would be as if they had opened a path between heaven, and from a mortal they would become a saint!

However, the sacrifice of the twenty-sixth Berserker Bone was too difficult. Even if by a pure stroke of luck a Berserker obtained a great opportunity and managed to offer up the twenty-sixth Berserker Bone, once it appeared, he or she must immediately attempt reaching the Berserker Soul Realm.

There was only one chance!

If that person succeeded, then he or she would arrive at the Berserker Soul Realm and become one of those who had reached the highest level among the four great Realms in the Berserker Tribe. If that person failed, then his or her entire spine would be crushed into dust and disappear into nothing, and he or she would instantly die!

The completion of the Bone Sacrifice Realm was like a cord of life that bound all the Berserkers who had reached that Realm. If they managed to break free, they would turn into saints. If they did not,

they would die.

That was why there were many who did not dare try and were willing to stop at twenty-five Berserker Bones, becoming the strongest among all below the Berserker Soul Realm!

Su Ming had already known about these things regarding the Bone Sacrifice Realm when he was at the ninth summit. As his body shuddered and the deity statue's power surged into the very first vertebrae at the top of his spine, that piece of bone started transforming rapidly, and gradually, it became different from his other bones.

It shone with a dazzling blue light that shot out of Su Ming's body and spread in all directions. If anyone looked from the distance, they would see that his entire body was covered in blue!

The speed of the transformation was so quick that in the span of a few breaths, that bone was utterly transformed and turned into Su Ming's very first Berserker Bone!

Chapter 358: That 1000th Blood Vein!

The instant the first Berserker Bone appeared, sweat broke out on Su Ming's forehead, because during that instant, he felt that everything within him - his blood, his power of Awakening, everything, including his own life force, had surged into that recently appeared Berserker Bone.

It was as if that Berserker Bone had turned into a void and was devouring everything madly.

Su Ming's body started withering away rapidly. His cheeks became sunken and his flesh was shriveling swiftly. In just a few moments, he became thinner.

Everything about him was absorbed by that Berserker Bone!

However, Su Ming did not resist. He continued standing there with a calm gaze. That Berserker Bone only stopped absorbing his life force when a third of it was sucked away.

The instant it stopped, the blue light shining on it gained an intensely piercing glare!

‘It just absorbed a third?’

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Although he had become thinner and did not have his full strength any longer, he had a feeling, a feeling of power that came because he had obtained that

Berserker Bone!

It may seem contradictory, but in truth, that moment of weakness was only temporary. As for the strength he felt, it was because he had broken through the Awakening Realm and become a true, powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

The entire world had become different in his eyes. Right then, he could see a faint, gigantic shadow in the vortex in the sky, something that he could not see before.

That was the true self of the deity statue of Berserker Soul hidden within the vortex!

He saw now that the world was not perfect. There were numerous fine cracks on it that were exuding an ancient presence. These cracks did not just appear, but had existed since the start!

He also saw He Feng, who he could not find earlier. He had already changed to another body and had turned into another Berserker on the ground. He stood there with sparkling eyes, immersed in his own thoughts. It was as if he did not notice Su Ming's gaze at all.

Besides that, Su Ming could also sense a vast amount of power in the world. That power belonged to the world itself. He could see it, but he could not use it.

"Bone Sacrifice... When you offer up your bone and turn it into a

Berserker Bone, you will be able to begin controlling the vast amount of power in the world..." Su Ming mumbled and understanding formed in his mind.

At that moment, silence had washed over the Berserkers and Shamans on the ground. They were looking at the sky, and even though they could not see Su Ming's face, the strange sight and the deity statue's cold words allowed them to understand just what sort of fortuitous event that person whose face they could not see was going through.

They also knew that this person had... broken through the Awakening Realm and arrived... at the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

The Shamans were also watching. The humming sounds were reverberating through the powerful Shamans' minds, causing them to be unable to see Su Ming's face. The only people who could see Su Ming were the few people in the Berserker Tribe. However, they could only see his face. Under the pressure of the deity statue, they could not see too many changes happening within Su Ming's body and could only make their own deductions based on the presence they felt.

"It has ended... Once he inherits the legacy of the Wind Berserker, he will become a True Divinity of Bone Sacrifice...

"The only person who could make Sky Mist's ancestor help him conceal his appearance even though the ancestor is in isolation can only be the True Divinity of Bone Sacrifice."

"But he has a long way to go. Inheriting the legacy requires time, becoming stronger also requires time. It could depend on him alone whether he can become a powerful Berserker at Bai Chang Zai's level."

Tian Lan Meng could also see Su Ming. Joy could be seen in her eyes as she looked at him and a gentle smile appeared on her face.

The cold Tian Lan You was still frowning, but she kept her gaze trained on Su Ming. This was the first time she met this person on this day, but he had already left an incredibly deep impression on her. It did not matter whether it was when he led the charge with his thousand men or when he stayed alone with a steadfast resolution, or even when he had turned into most striking sight in the battlefield, all of these were things she could not ignore.

However, the person who had the most complicated feelings would definitely be Zhou De. He never expected that the person he valued and the same person he arranged for the performance this time would turn out to be a True Divinity of Bone Sacrifice!

"It has ended... He now has a Berserker Bone and has become a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm," someone from the eight old men standing on the walls of Sky Mist City slowly remarked.

Most of the others had the same opinion. This matter would end here and then, and it would be followed by the two deity statues' departure. After that, perhaps the battle would continue...

Yet at that very moment, Su Ming, who was right beside the deity

statue of Bone Sacrifice, suddenly started shining with an even stronger blue light in the sky. That light was incredibly striking, and as it shone, surprised eyes immediately looked over.

"This is... the sign of the second Berserker Bone appearing!"

"Almost everyone who just broke through the Awakening Realm can only use their power of Awakening to complete the sacrifice of one Berserker Bone. He... could it be that he..."

"What's his name? Which tribe or clan did he come from? How many blood veins did he manifest when he Awakened?!"

"Could it be that the power of Awakening he managed to accumulate within himself when he Awakened had far surpassed a normal Awakened Berserker?"

"That must be. Look at him. He was just a Berserker who had reached completion in the Awakening Realm just moments ago, and he could already kill those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. That's already enough to tell us what is going on!"

Surprise appeared on the eight old men's eyes.

"His name is Su Ming, and he is from Freezing Sky Clan... When he Awakened, he had manifested 999 blood veins!" That old voice that had spoken just a moment ago traveled out once again from Sky Mist City.

That voice was still sent out in a manner that only a few limited people among the Berserker Tribe could hear it.

Once those words were spoken, Tian Lan You's expression was the first to change. Disbelief appeared on her face, and she was not the only one to react like that. Zhou De reacted in the same manner and even sucked in a sharp breath. The old monsters in the Berserker Soul Realm who would usually not appear but were now in the battlefield as the absolute strongest Berserkers found themselves with a spark in their eyes.

"When he sacrificed his first Berserker Bone, he had only used up about a third of the power in his body..." the old voice said once again, causing all the people who heard to turn their gazes sharply towards Su Ming.

At that moment, once the first vertebrae in his spine had turned into his first Berserker Bone, the blue light that had been covering Su Ming's body all along suddenly grew even brighter, and the source of its sudden increase in intensity was his second vertebrae.

The blue light shining out from the second vertebrae could only mean one thing - when Su Ming Awakened, the power of Awakening that was stored within him had far surpassed the amount contained within a normal Awakened Berserker.

If they looked into it, they would find that this was directly related to the fact that Su Ming had 999 blood veins during the Blood Solidification Realm. He was already standing at the very top of the Blood Solidification Realm when he was still at that Realm, and along with the Berserker Bone from Han Mountain's

ancestor contained within him, Su Ming's power far surpassed all his peers when he Awakened.

With the addition of his Creation Art and Tian Xie Zi's guidance, the instant he arrived at the Bone Sacrifice Realm, all the potential within these things exploded forth.

That was the meaning of letting all his accumulated strength surge forth at the same time!

The abundant blood veins during Blood Solidification and the dense power of Awakening in the Awakening Realm had caused Su Ming to have a seventh of his strength remaining after completing the sacrifice of his first Berserker Bone. That power was enough for him to offer his second Berserker Bone as a sacrifice!

After all, he would only be at the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm if he had just one Berserker Bone, but if he had two, then he would be in the middle stage!

It was not as if there had been no one who managed to do this in Berserker history, but there were just too few people who managed to do it. This required a very solid foundation and an incredibly great stroke of luck. None of these could go missing!

Right then, as the blue light on Su Ming shone with that intense glare, his blood and everything else started withering away once again. A large amount of his blood and life force were being sucked away at a frightening speed by the second, newly appeared Berserker Bone.

The first Berserker Bone had only required a third of his blood and life force, but the second Berserker Bone simply continued absorbing those things even after absorbing another third of it in the blink of an eye!

Clearly, the price required for each new Sacrificed Berserker Bone would increase exponentially.

Su Ming could feel his body rapidly weakening, but in exchange for that moment of weakness was a great power. The moment the second Berserker Bone was about to appear in his body, it brought about an indescribable feeling, and Su Ming could also sense that vague power in the world even more clearly.

It was a power that existed everywhere, a power that could not be sensed by those in the Awakening Realm. Only those who had reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm would be able to sense it due to the Berserker Bones in their bodies. However, they would need to be in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm to be able to control it even somewhat. Only those in the Berserker Soul Realm would be able to completely control the power of the world!

Su Ming felt as if he had fused together with the world. It was as if he had become a part of it. Perhaps it could even be said that the world was a part of him now!

In the blink of an eye, Su Ming's body had already largely withered away. Just when he appeared so fragile that he looked beyond recognition and there was only a two tenth of life force and

blood left within him, the second Berserker Bone finally revealed itself completely on his spine.

The instant it did, Su Ming let out a long howl towards the sky. That howl shook the sky and spread out in all directions, stirring up a wave of ripples that spread out with a rumble.

The decline of Su Ming's body and the feeling of power, these two contradictory senses fused together and spread all around him along with that howl.

Two Berserker Bones!

The progression of events had far surpassed the expectations of the Berserkers underneath. They had originally thought that Su Ming had reached his limit when he sacrificed the two Berserker Bones.

Even Su Ming himself had thought the same thing, until...

The moment there was only a two tenth of his blood, life force, and power of Awakening left within him, all the blood vessels in Su Ming's body swelled up rapidly and appeared on his skin. They looked incredibly hideous, like there were green centipedes crawling all over his body!

That was what it seemed like, but if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to tell that all the blood vessels on Su Ming's body had grouped together to form a twisted blood vein!

It was a green vein, a vein that contained fresh blood... It was the vein that Su Ming did not choose to manifest in the past, but in truth, it had still come to him. It was hidden in Su Ming's blood, and now, it had turned all the blood vessels on his body... into the 1000th blood vein!

Chapter 359: Turning Aura to Liquid!

The 1,000th blood vein!

It had always existed, but Su Ming did not know about it right up to this moment. If when he arrived at the Bone Sacrifice Realm, he'd been satisfied with just one Berserker Bone, that 1,000th blood vein would not have appeared.

If he'd chosen to stop after the second Berserker Bone appeared, it would also not have appeared.

However, even if he did not say anything, his decision was reverberating in his heart like a shout.

He wanted to become stronger. He wanted to become a powerful warrior, the type that would dominate over all other wills, a presence that no one could control in the world, an untamable person over whose decisions no one could place any control, whom no one could force to obey to their will!

He wanted that third Berserker Bone, wanted to fulfill his will when the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice was still there, wanted to use its strength and go forward a few more steps at the moment he had just arrived at this Realm!

This was Su Ming's desire!

That 1,000th blood vein appeared due to his desire. Almost the

instant it appeared, the third vertebrae in Su Ming's spine burst forth with a powerful blue light. That blue light penetrated through his body and covered a circular area of 1,000 feet around him, causing the sky, the area underneath the vortex, and the side of the deity statue to be completely dyed in blue!

"What powerful greed... but it's a good sort of greed! 1,000 blood veins... 1,000... Send my orders out. Su Ming will now be a Child of Sky Mist!" The old voice from Sky Mist City seemed to be letting out a long peal of laughter that boomed in the air.

At that moment, all the people who could see Su Ming's face clearly were shocked to the core.

"He actually has 1,000 blood veins?! This is something that hasn't happened in the Berserker Tribe for a very long time!"

"How could it be possible that we have never heard about him when he has such potential..?"

"It doesn't matter how famous he was previously, from now on, he will be the center of attention in the Land of South Morning!"

Su Ming did not know what was happening underneath. At that moment, all his attention was placed on the third, recently appeared and rapidly transforming, Berserker Bone.

At the same time that the Berserker Bone started transforming, the two tenths of his remaining blood and life force were

continuously devoured. The appearance of the 1,000th blood vein also delivered a large amount of energy incessantly, and gradually, when all the blood vessels on Su Ming's emaciated body sank back down and disappeared into his skin, at that instant, a deep wave of weakness filled his entire body.

Yet it was also at that moment that the third Berserker Bone appeared within him!

As the three Berserker Bones shone, the powerful feeling coming from within them allowed Su Ming to feel the vast amount of power in the world, even if he had his eyes closed.

He could now sense the power in the world even more clearly now.

"This power existing in the world... This aura that exists in every corner... I... should be able to use it..." Su Ming mumbled. At that moment, he was in a state of weakness he had never been in before. In fact, he felt as if he could be blown away with just one gust of wind. His body was as dried up as a corpse; that was the price of Sacrificing his Bones.

There was a certain amount of time required before he could recover. However, once he recovered, he would definitely be unable to use a method such as this to manifest another Berserker Bone, because without the strange power existing within the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice to create pressure and solidify his power, it would be impossible for him to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm from the Awakening Realm.

He had only one chance!

And it depended on him on just how much he could seize!

The next time the deity statue appeared would be when Su Ming reached the Berserker Soul Realm. Of course, the premise would be that he managed to reach it and not die when he attained completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

After all, to most people, the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm was their final target!

When Su Ming closed his eyes and went on to sense the power of the world, the deity statue of Berserker Soul that had revealed a part of itself started showing signs of disappearing from the vortex in the sky. The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice also started becoming transparent, as if it was about to disappear...

The pressure on the land also started fading away. Before long, the world would return to normal, and it would mean that the serendipity Su Ming encountered this time would also be over.

As the pressure disappeared, some of the people on the land stood up, though with great trouble. However, their eyes still remained fixed on the sky to look at the indistinct person covered in blue light.

Time passed by, and the deity statue of Berserker Soul in the

vortex had mostly disappeared. Judging by its looks, it would fade away completely in a moment. The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice was also about to disappear completely.

Su Ming still had his eyes shut. He was incredibly weakened at that moment, and he felt exactly like the time before he had become a Berserker and was just a normal tribe member. Yet the more weak his body was, the clearer he could sense the power of the world existing around him.

He gradually discovered that while he might be weakened, but he... did not seem to be completely crippled... It was as if there was still a presence existing within him. However, it was very weak and was usually an insignificant existence in his body due to the power of Awakening. However, as the power of Awakening faded, it slowly started to gain prominence.

That was... the Refined Aura!

It was the aura stored in the opened path within Su Ming's body which allowed him to gain his divine sense!

‘This is... the Art of Aura Refinement. It's the other cultivation method I named after I perceived and learned it from He Feng...’

Su Ming opened his eyes. He was not sure whether it was a figment of his imagination, but he could feel that the aura in the passages within his body was rather similar to this power in the world.

This similarity made him recall having a familiar sort of feeling when he first obtained this Refined Aura, and it was the reason why he named this Art Aura Refinement!

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. That aura contained within the opened path in his body now stood out prominently to his senses. With a glint shining in his eyes, he opened his mouth and took a deep breath.

That one inhale allowed him to clearly feel the aura in the passages of his body starting to rapidly circulate within him. The instant that aura swiftly circulated through his body once, the power of the world surged towards him and he sucked in a huge breath of it.

That one breath of power from the world made Su Ming's body suddenly swell up. The life force and blood he'd lost was also somewhat restored.

But that was not all. More importantly, Su Ming could feel that the aura contained in the passage became several times stronger, and was now swimming through his body rapidly like a dragon.

Su Ming was slightly puzzled, but he knew that he did not have a lot of time to think about it. The two deity statues were about to disappear. He immediately opened his mouth wide and sucked in another breath.

This time, once the power of the world went into his mouth, his body filled up and all his blood and life force was instantly restored

to full, but at the same time, a sharp pain that was almost unbearable appeared within him.

Once again, the aura in that opened passage became much stronger, and as it circulated within him, it almost connected with the power of the world!

Almost the moment Su Ming made this move, the expressions of the three powerful Shamans on the ground changed drastically. Their pupils shrank, their eyes were fixated to the sky.

Although buzzing sounds were going off in their minds and their divine senses seemed to be sealed off, their bodies could still sense the changes within the power of the world. The force coming it charging forward gave them the impression that the person in the sky was not a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but one in the Berserker Soul Realm!

The expressions of the old Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm also changed to ones filled with disbelief and shock.

"That's the power of the world! He can actually control the power of the world!"

"This is a power only those in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm can marginally use, and only those in the Berserker Soul Realm can control. Just how did he do it?!"

"There's something off about him..."

Su Ming's life force and blood recovered, and the feeling as if he was about to explode became stronger, causing him to lift his head and let out a howl towards the sky. When he did so, blue light burst forth from the fourth vertebrae on his spine.

The instant the blue light spread out, the two deity statues that were about to disappear suddenly stopped vanishing. Instead, they gained physical form once again. As their bodies materialized, Su Ming's body immediately started withering away under that unique pressure they used to help those who were about to arrive at the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

The blood and life force contained within his recovered body due to the power of the world surging into him were instantly sucked away by the fourth Berserker Bone, and he started shrivelling up at a rapid speed.

Excitement appeared in Su Ming's eyes, he had never expected that his unintentional act could bring him such great serendipity. His heart pounded against his chest, and when his body started withering away, he opened his mouth towards the sky and sucked in a large breath once again.

The power of the world surged towards him as he inhaled and was sucked into his mouth. It allowed his body to recover once again, and at the same time, his newly restored life force and blood were absorbed by the fourth Berserker Bone. On the other hand, the aura that was like a dragon coursing through the opened path in his body swelled up, and its head connected with its tail as it continued circulating in his body.

The instant the aura's head connected with its end, Su Ming closed his eyes and his body lurched forward. A large amount of black ooze was immediately forced out of his body, making it seem as if he had just gone through another metamorphosis.

With that metamorphosis, the opened path in his body instantly swelled up, and the connected aura within it also rapidly merged together. Then, Su Ming sensed that once the aura gathered together as if it was pressed into each other, it started turning into droplets of liquid.

His aura had turned into liquid!

His body also changed because of this. He became even more slender than before and lost all the characteristics of a member of the Berserker Tribe. His hair, too, became longer and his skin turned so fair that it looked as clear as crystals. A unique temperament came from within him - it was a quiet air, but at the same time, strangely captivating!

Right at that moment, Su Ming opened his eyes. His gaze held a profundity within that seemed to be able to suck in all things in the world, and at that moment, his temperament became astonishingly similar to that of the female Shaman who had called him Destiny moments ago!

It was as if they were cut from the same cloth, as if they practiced the same cultivation method!

It was also at that moment when Su Ming opened his eyes that he finished sacrificing his fourth vertebrae and turned it into a Berserker Bone!

"If I'm going to aim for something, then I'll definitely... aim high." Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the two deity statues above him. A hint of madness appeared in his gaze as he mumbled under his breath.

Chapter 360: Power of the God of Berserkers!

Su Ming spread his arms wide. He had already tried to absorb that power from the world once again, but once the aura in that opened path in his body turned into liquid, it seemed to have temporarily become saturated and could not take in anymore power.

Yet Su Ming did not want to give up just like that. While staring at the two deity statues that were gradually fading away once again, a glint appeared in his eyes and a large amount of lightning started swimming all over his body.

In the blink of an eye, those lightning sparks covered Su Ming's entire body, causing that blue armor of Bone Sacrifice on him to be filled with crackling bolts that wandered all around it.

‘Since there's a Wind Berserker and a Fire Berserker, then could there be a Lightning Berserker? It's a pity that the Fire Berserkers have been destroyed by the God of Berserkers from what I remember, so I can't reveal that power easily under the deity statues.

‘If that is the case, I only fulfill the criteria of the Lightning Berserker. I just don't know whether Lightning Berserkers existed under the command of the first God of Berserkers.’ Lightning sparks flashed all over Su Ming's body and thunder roared with an intensity that shook everything in all directions.

The appearance of lightning on his body instantly caught the attention of all the people on the ground. Although most of them could not see his face, they could still clearly see the bolts of lightning and hear the crashes of thunder.

"What... What does he want to do?"

That was the question that arose within almost all of their hearts.

The people who could see Su Ming's face clearly were also surprised and baffled by his actions...

‘Deceive it!’ Su Ming cried out in his heart, turning that cry into wind and pushing it into the black stone fragment. The stone instantly started glowing with a dark light that covered Su Ming swiftly before it disappeared.

The instant it did so, the bolts of lightning on Su Ming's body instantly became larger by several dozens of fold. Then they started spreading, and in a blink of an eye, they had already covered a circular area of nearly 10,000 feet!

It looked staggering!

However, Su Ming knew that this was all fake. It would be incredibly difficult for his Origin Vessel to call out such powerful lightning. All of this was a mere illusion and contained no power.

Nonetheless, his heart was racing against his chest. He stared at

the deity statue of Berserker Soul, but before him, the deity statue of Berserker Soul did not show any signs of stopping in gradually fusing into with vortex in the sky and dissolving.

Disappointment appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he sighed.

‘Looks like there’s no such thing as a Lightning Berserker...’

Yet at that very moment, the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice that should have also disappeared started rapidly gaining physical form from its initial dissolving state. The pressure that had largely vanished prior to this instantly reappeared right away!

The gigantic deity statue slowly turned its head around and looked at Su Ming.

"Thou art the Lightning Berserker..."

The moment these five words were said, extreme ecstasy appeared in Su Ming's eyes. However, the entire battlefield on the ground experienced an emotion different from his ecstasy. The instant those five words were said, a powerful buzzing sound broke out on the battlefield on the ground!!

It was a storm that was created once all those gazes filled with disbelief and cries of surprise filled with inconceivability fused together!

"Lightning Berserker? Isn't he supposed to be the Wind

Berserker? Why did he turn into a Lightning Berserker now?!"

"This... This is... Could it be that he's the Wind Berserker and the Lightning Berserker at the same time?!"

"How could this be?!"

The eight old men on the city walls sucked in a sharp breath and shock appeared on their faces. They looked at each other with confusion.

"The Wind Berserker and Lightning Berserker are the same..."

Just as all of them were caught in a state of disbelief, the 10,000 feet deity statue of Bone Sacrifice in the sky spoke with a thunderous voice that reverberated through the air.

"Thou art the Lightning Berserker... Thou hast fulfilled the first law set by the first God of Berserkers. Thou art not the first scion, but for that, I shalt grant thee the Origin of Lightning..." As the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice spoke, it lifted its right hand as if it was grabbing something from the sky. Instantly, thunder rumbled and a bright red bolt of lightning appeared on the deity statue's right hand. It flung that bolt of lightning towards Su Ming.

The red bolt of lightning howled as it charged, and in the midst of all the excitement Su Ming felt in his heart, it seeped into the center of his brows and disappeared.

"Thou art the Lightning Berserker. Thou hast fulfilled the second law set by the first God of Berserkers. I shalt grant thee... the Nine Thunderous Destruction Art...

"Thou art the Lightning Berserker, I shalt grant thee... the Crystal of Inheritance..." When the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice spoke up to that point, it suddenly stopped and sank into silence.

It only started speaking once again after a long while.

"The Lightning Berserker already exists... In accordance to the third law set by the first God of Berserkers, the Crystal shalt be split into two, and will only be whole once again when they fuse together..." Those words were followed suit by the deity statue lifting its right hand once again and seizing the air. A crystal that was half the size of a fist immediately appeared in its hand. That crystal shone with sparks of lightning, and there was even some blood on it.

The deity statue flung the crystal out, and it charged straight towards Su Ming. Due to the incident that happened when he was appointed the Wind Berserker, Su Ming took a step forward without any hesitation and grabbed the remaining half of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance. The instant his hand touched it, a shocking, thunderous boom resounded in his head.

That thunderclap contained a roar that seemed to have traveled from a distant land. That voice was filled with a sort of madness, and dripped with hatred along with murderous intent.

"I am Chi Lei Tian from the Eastern Wastelands. I don't care who you are and I don't care what method you used to snatch away half of my Lightning Crystal, you're dead! I'll definitely find you! Give me back my Lightning Crystal!"

The hatred contained within that voice seemed to have passed through space itself, causing Su Ming to feel shocked. A glint appeared in his eyes and he tightened his grip around the Lightning Crystal, then put it away into his storage bag.

"Thou art the Lightning Berserker and also the Wind Berserker... Thou hast fulfilled the first requirement of the nine requirements to inherit the power of the first God of Berserkers. I shalt grant thee a portion of the power belonging to the God of Berserkers... This power can be used twice to destroy heaven and earth!"

The final words spoken by the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice could be heard by all the people on the land, and in that instant, it was as if their voices were swallowed by thunder. An abrupt silence fell among all of them.

The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice lifted its right hand and its entire right arm turned to dust. Within it was a strand of hair that charged towards Su Ming. It was just a strand of hair, and it already gave Su Ming a feeling that the sky had crumbled and the earth had cracked. A booming sound went off in his head, and he found himself barely able to stand.

If he as the receiver felt that way, then it was much more so for the others. The instant that strand of hair appeared, all the people underneath could not help but prostrate themselves on the ground

once more. Even that long-haired woman turned pale, and as her body trembled, she was forced to kneel down.

Even the old monsters in the Berserker Soul Realm were forced to do so!

There was no one on land who was not prostrating on the ground. Even the ferocious beasts were doing the same thing!

Su Ming stared at the strand of hair coming towards him blankly. It tied itself around his right index finger nine times, making it seem as if it was deeply etched into his finger.

A power that made Su Ming's skin crawl burst forth from that finger. The strength of that power was so great that it gave him the false impression that he could blow apart the sky with one jab of that finger, and with another jab, destroy the earth.

This was a small portion of the power belonging to the first God of Berserkers!

It was also at that instant that Su Ming knew he took too much. Even if he had obtained the legacy of the Lightning Berserker, it would still had been fine for him. He could have continued staying there and not be worried about those from the Berserker Tribe harboring ill will towards him.

However... he did not expect that once he obtained the legacy of the Lightning Berserker, he would be able to draw forth words that

could make all Berserkers go mad - the legacy of the first God of Berserkers!

The legacy of the first God of Berserkers could only mean one thing. It could even be said that all Berserkers knew clearly what it meant - a new God of Berserkers!

It was especially so for the old monsters in the Berserker Soul Realm. The appeal of becoming the God of Berserkers could be said to have overridden all their other desires. Perhaps after the first God of Berserkers died, not a single person who had become the scion of two True Divinities had appeared over a long period of time. That was also why no one had been able to fulfill the first rule set to inherit the power of the first God of Berserkers.

Then it was only natural that no one knew the first God of Berserkers had left behind such a legacy!

This would become a piece of information that would cause a stir in the entire Land of South Morning. It would be known to all the powerful Berserkers in South Morning, and that information would spread among the Shamans in a very short period of time and cause a sensation as well.

This would mean that he, Su Ming, would be thrown into an indescribable situation!

The price of this would be that he would have to face death with every move he took, and it would be far more dangerous for him compared to the battles during war. The Shamans would definitely

want to kill him just in case!

There would definitely be a lot of people who would want to capture him among the Berserkers as well. After all, Su Ming was the only one who had ever fulfilled the first rule among the nine rules set to inherit the power of the first God of Berserkers. They might be able to find more clues from his person.

Even if those were just clues, it was enough to drive a person mad.

It was a heavy price, but it also gave Su Ming ample rewards. Although it was just two jabs, the power of the first God of Berserkers coming from Su Ming's right index finger at the moment made him believe wholeheartedly that even those in the Berserker Soul Realm would turn into dust under the power of that jab!

'It's a bloody legacy... This is a trial for the scion, a cruel trial!' A pained expression appeared on Su Ming's face, but he absolutely would not choose to regret it, even if he could already clearly feel the greed within the pairs of eyes looking towards him from the ground.

'I can't return to Sky Mist City...' Something flashed past Su Ming's eyes. At that moment, the four Berserker Bones in his body had reached the peak of their power due to the liquefied aura in the passages within his body. His fatigue was gone and his condition had recovered.

'I can't return to the land of the Berserkers for some time... Even

if ninth summit is around, I'll very likely cause them trouble, since this matter is too big... The Shamans. I have to go to the land of the Shamans. Over there, I'll train and refine my body and increase my power. When the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrives, the entire Land of South Morning will descend into chaos. At that time, there will be very few people who will pay attention to me.'

A decision immediately formed in Su Ming's heart.

'I need a chance. I chance to leave this place...'

The entire battlefield was now swathed in a death-like silence. Only heavy breathing could be heard. By Su Ming's side in the sky, the 10,000 feet deity statue of Bone Sacrifice who had lost its right arm was slowly vanishing, gradually turning semi-transparent. It looked as if it was about to disappear into the sky.

Right at the instant it was about to do so and the sky was about to return to normal, suddenly, a thick layer of black fog that connected the sky shot out from the land belonging to the Shamans.

That fog tumbled about, and a shocking, piercing shriek came from within it. Then, suddenly, a long spear shot out from within that fog. With a presence so great that it had practically never been seen before, it rushed forth. Its target was not Su Ming... but the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice that was about to disappear right beside him!

Chapter 361: Leaving the Battlefield!

There might be people existing in the world who had the guts to attack the deity statues, but they were rare and few in between. Within the Land of South Morning, there were naturally no Berserkers who had this sort of presence and this sort of courage, and there was only person among the Shamans who had this sort of power and presence!

That person was the strongest among the Shamans, whose level of cultivation had broken through End, the Great Patriarch who was the pinnacle of the Shaman Tribe!

Only he would have this sort of presence, he who had fought alone against the three great Berserkers in the past, and though gravely injured, had not died, had only fallen into deep sleep!

He was also the only one who would not care about Su Ming being the scion of the first God of Berserkers and would throw that spear out in an attempt to destroy the statue of the God of Berserkers, because he was the Great Patriarch who wanted to prevent all future Berserkers from ever entering the Bone Sacrifice Realm forever!

That spear sliced through the air, and wherever it went, the sky would seem to be split apart, revealing a large crack. With a presence that was difficult to describe with words, that spear appeared right before the disappearing deity statue of Bone Sacrifice with a whistle and crashed into it.

There were no ripples, neither were there any rumbles. The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice might have been pierced through by that spear, but there was not a hint of damage on it. It merely cast a freezing glare at that black fog before it vanished without a trace.

"If our deity statues could be destroyed so easily, the Berserker Tribe would have not have existed till this date. If the Immortals can't do it, then how could you, you old Mo Luo? You're just a dog of the Immortals!" an old voice stated from Sky Mist City. At the same time, a middle-aged man in long blue robes walked into the sky.

He did not look old, but his eyes contained an aged an ancient look that was formed after living through an endless amount of time. He looked very handsome, and his features looked rather similar to Tian Lan Meng.

"Besides, only some of your clones have woken up. Your real body must still be asleep, yes? Do you think that with just a clone, you can step into Sky Mist City?!" As the middle-aged man spoke, he walked into the sky and stood beside Su Ming, who was just about to retreat.

"Back down and go to Sky Mist City. I have some questions to ask you later." The middle-aged man's voice was calm, but there was a tone in his voice that said he would not tolerate any disobedience. His eyes also casually swept past the strand of hair wound around Su Ming's right index finger.

Respect appeared on Su Ming's face along with a hint of fear. He quickly lowered his head and obeyed, then obediently backed

down to fly towards Sky Mist City.

Almost the instant he did so, a cold snort came from the fog where the long spear had rushed out. With a whistle, that fog charged straight towards the blue-robed middle-aged man. The sky instantly shuddered, and the battle resumed.

The three powerful Shamans followed suit at the same time to finish the fight that was interrupted just now and started clashing against the six Berserkers in the sky.

The people from the two races on the ground also started fighting against each other once again.

Right then, a loud screech burst forth from the land of the Shamans. It was the mackerel pike that swam in the sea of clouds which Su Ming had seen during the day!

The size of the mackerel pike could not be measured by feet. At that moment, it had revealed a part of its body from the horizon in the distance, along with an astounding presence. The woman standing on it held a green bamboo with some holes in it. She placed it by her lips and blew gently into it and a string of notes drifted into the air.

The instant those notes echoed in the air, the vengeful spirits of the dead from the entire battlefield started gathering out of nowhere. The corpses littered everywhere on the ground also started crawling up slowly. A thick aura of death enveloped the area in an instant.

The sounds of battle thundered viciously in the battlefield. The appearance of the mackerel pike had also caught the attention of the eight old men from the walls on Sky Mist City. The instant chaos appeared on the battlefield due to the gathering of the aura of death and the corpses who started crawling up, Su Ming, who was flying towards Sky Mist City, suddenly stopped moving.

His eyes sparkled, and without a moment of hesitation, he quickly changed his direction. With his full speed, he turned into a long arc and charged towards the southern warzone.

His action still caught some attention even with the chaos happening on the ground, but because he was going to the southern warzone, most of the people who were keeping close watch on him became uncertain.

By the time doubt rose within these people who were watching him, Su Ming had already arrived at the southern warzone. He stopped for a while, disappearing into the fighting crowd, then with one move, he reappeared on the other side of the crowd, coming face to face with a Shaman who came forth to kill him. Su Ming walked past him, and when he did so, his fist shot out like a gust of wind, and he struck the Shaman's chest, causing the man's body to tremble and cough out blood. Then he fell to ground dead.

Su Ming was very cautious. He had no idea just how many people were watching. Even if he was moving quickly through the crowd, he could only shake off those who were not that strong. The true powerful warriors, especially those in the Berserker Soul Realm, could somewhat lock onto his position. If he did anything out of

hand, someone would definitely come searching for him.

The battlefield was in a slight state of chaos at that moment. The vengeful spirits that filled the air, the corpses that crawled up from the ground, and the aura of death that surrounded them caused the area to turn hazy. Su Ming fought without stop, just like the other Berserkers.

It was as if he did not return to Sky Mist City because he wanted to continue fighting, not because he was trying to run away or anything. Gradually, as Su Ming continued moving, he seemed to have arrived at the edge of the southern warzone by chance. When he arrived at that place, a distinct, uneasy feeling filled his senses, as if there were ants running down his entire back. Clearly, this was a sign that there were powerful warriors watching him from some unknown spot, and their gazes were filled with hostility, or else he would not be having this feeling.

Without batting an eye, Su Ming retreated with a fellow Berserker by his side who had killed until he lost control of his reason.

‘It’s just as I expected, I’m in trouble because I have something precious...’ Su Ming’s eyes sparkled.

‘I need a chance, a chance where everyone’s attention is shifted away...’ Su Ming frowned and resumed fighting, but he did not wait for too long before a chance like this appeared on the battlefield!

The ground trembled. It started off with light tremors, but soon, the ground started trembling with a force that could cause mountains to shatter and the earth to crack. The tremors came from the eastern warzone located right before Sky Mist City and continued spreading outwards. Soon, as a muffled roar shot out from the ground, all the people from the eastern warzone quickly withdrew to both sides of the place.

A gigantic crack split the ground, and a humongous, ferocious beast in the form of a snake that was one hundred thousand feet long and several thousands of feet wide charged out from within.

The revealed part of that creature alone was 10,000 feet long, but it was not a snake, because it did not have eyes. It was a gigantic thing that looked like an earthworm. Its entire body was purplish red and there was a large amount of mucus dripping down its skin, causing all the people who were splashed by that to let out shrill cries of pain while their bodies immediately started rotting.

That ten thousand feet creature only had one mouth, and as of then, it opened it wide, revealing the eerily sharp teeth inside. It howled towards the sky, and with one swing, it flung its gigantic body against Sky Mist City.

But that was not all, almost the instant that creature flung itself at Sky Mist City, a second crack appeared on the ground in the northern warzone. Another creature like this shot out, and as it howled, it flung its body vertically against Sky Mist City.

At the same time, when the ground started trembling in the southern warzone, a crack suddenly formed not too far away from

Su Ming. That crack seemed to possess an invisible pair of gigantic hands that tore it apart, causing it to suddenly widen and allow the third creature such as the previous two to charge out.

Almost all of the powerful Berserkers within the entire Sky Mist City could not help but turn their gazes towards the three terrifying creatures at that moment. It was also at that instant that Su Ming started retreating, and when he did, a glint appeared in his eyes. He saw the gigantic creature that shot out of the crack in the southern warzone opening its mouth as if it wanted to howl.

Su Ming suddenly moved, and black smoke appeared under his feet. That black smoke rapidly gathered on his body and turned into a body that looked exactly the same as his.

It was the transformed form of his Phantom Fork, and it had the exact same appearance as well as his presence.

Once the Phantom Fork turned into Su Ming, it charged straight towards the howling creature. At that same time, Su Ming took a deep breath. A strong gust of wind suddenly burst forth from the spot within his body that stored wind. That wind swept through him, and his speed suddenly increased exponentially. Then he charged towards the south, straight towards the edge of the battlefield.

Su Ming left behind a few afterimages on the ground, and when he reappeared, he was already several tens of thousands of feet away. With another flash, he charged towards the south.

Almost the instant Su Ming sped forth with his full speed, and old man that had never given up on watching him from the walls of Sky Mist City instantly moved, with a glint in his eyes and a cold snort on his lips. His speed did not lose to Su Ming's, and in the blink of an eye, he was already ten thousand feet away from the wall.

At the same time, there was also a dried up old man among the Shamans who took a step forward and turned into a wisp of green smoke. In an instant, he had already traveled ten thousand feet.

The two of them chased after Su Ming, one behind the other.

Su Ming spread out his divine sense as he traveled. His liquefied aura stored in the opened passage in his body started circulating rapidly, causing his divine sense to instantly cover an area of several tens of thousands of feet, and he could also sense everything within that area incredibly clearly in a manner that far surpassed what he could do before.

He clearly saw the two old men quickly chasing after him, and there was a distance of thirty thousand something feet between him and them.

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. He had already analyzed his situation previously and knew that he absolutely could not return to Sky Mist City. He would not take any risks in this matter and did not want to hand over the initiative to anyone's hands. It would be for the best if he had control over it himself.

As he charged forward, the four Berserker Bones in him burst forth with the power belonging to those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, causing Su Ming's speed to abruptly increase by a fold, and in an instant, he widened the gap by fifty thousand something feet.

‘I have to widen the distance between us and shake them off, then leave the battlefield!’

The violent gust of wind formed by the Provenance of Wind in Su Ming's body started circulating rapidly once again, causing his speed to instantly increase by a large margin once more. His body was barely visible, and in the blink of an eye, he was gone.

But the two people still continued chasing him.

Chapter 362: Chase!

As the three of them dashed forward, they gradually left the battlefield. The sounds of battle behind them slowly grew distant.

Su Ming had managed to time his leave from the battlefield incredibly well. Or else there would definitely not just be two people chasing after him, there would be more, and with a high possibility of those old monsters from the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm appearing as well.

Thank goodness this was just the beginning of the battle in Sky Mist City. With Sky Mist City's own protection, the city would not be conquered in a short period of time. There were also more warriors from the Berserker Tribe who were moving towards the city, because the number of powerful Berserkers that were originally staying in the city itself were not many.

It was the same for the Shamans. The battle was going to continue and would not end in a short period of time. All of these things that were happening now were just them trying to probe for information from the other party.

Su Ming activated his full speed and traveled through the land of the Shamans like a gust of wind.

The two men behind him pursued him relentlessly. However, they were also wary of each other and had split up, especially the old Berserker. If it was not because Su Ming was just too big of a temptation for him, he would definitely not want to risk charging

into the land of the Shamans during war or entering too deep into their land.

On the other hand, the old Shaman's eyes were sparkling and a cold sneer was on his lips. Not only was he determined to capture Su Ming, he also wanted to kill the other person.

With their own thoughts in their heads, the two charged forward, and as they did so, the two old men frowned. Su Ming's speed did not show a hint of stopping even after so long. Not only that, he was also becoming faster.

But that was not all. As Su Ming continued flying before them, he was also going higher. The two of them could only follow, but once they reached a certain height, they found themselves facing a strong gust of wind existing in the sky that seemed to be above the nine heavens. Once a person exceeded a certain level of speed with that wind around, it would definitely turn into a strong repelling force.

In fact, if they went even faster, that gust of wind blowing right against their faces would slice against their bodies like knives and cause them intense pain.

While one of them was at the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm and the other an End Shaman, if they were exposed to this sort of wind for an extended period of time, their speed would also be affected.

Yet before their eyes, Su Ming was like a fish in the water. Not

only did the strong wind resistance not slow him down, it instead made him faster. As he charged forward, he widened the gap between them until they were 80,000 feet away from each other in an instant.

That distance between them was only going to continue growing. Once they were more than 100,000 feet apart, it would only become harder for the Shaman to chase Su Ming down. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he lifted his right hand as he dashed forth. He clenched his fist before loosening it abruptly, and the instant his fingers unfurled themselves, wounds appeared on all five of them. Five drops of blood flowed out at the same time. With the wind against them, the five drops of blood gathered together to turn into a small human.

That small human's entire body shone with a red light, and once it appeared, a shrill sound rang out. Flames appeared on it as if burning away the power contained within the body. It charged forward.

It was so quick that in an instant, it was already only 30,000 feet away from Su Ming, then with another shrill cry, that small human shrank once again. When it shrank to the size of a palm, its speed increased exponentially, and this time, it appeared less than 1,000 feet behind Su Ming. That small human's body instantly exploded, and a drop of blood charged straight towards Su Ming.

Right before the old Shaman and that old Berserker's eyes, they saw that drop of blood falling on Su Ming's back, causing him to shudder and cough out blood. In an instant, his speed abruptly fell.

The old Berserker's eyes sparkled and he drew a line in the air before him with his right hand. A strong ray of light gathered and turned into a runic symbol. The old man slammed his palm down on the flashing runic symbol, and it instantly disappeared.

However, the space 10,000 something feet behind Su Ming distorted and the runic symbol instantly appeared. As it flickered, it exploded, turning into a wave of air that did not spread outwards, but instead turned into a wolf made of air waves that pounced on Su Ming with a howl.

BANG!

Su Ming coughed out blood again as if he was already incredibly weakened by this extended period of rapid flying. Now, as he was also heavily injured by those two old monsters, he could no longer fly and pummeled to the ground.

When he plunged down, his face was directed towards the two old men behind him, allowing the both of them to clearly see that not only was his face pale, completely bloodless, his eyes were also shut tight. Pain could be seen on his face, along with fatigue that could not be hidden away. The two old men would not have easily believed in it if that was all, but the chaos in Su Ming's Qi and his weakness was something that could not deceive their senses.

After all, Su Ming could not hope to compare to these two people in terms of everything besides his speed.

The old Shaman's eyes sparkled and he charged towards Su

Ming, but just when he showed a sign that he was about to rush towards the youth he lifted his right hand and swung it at the old Berserker who was traveling on the other side.

As he swung his arm outward, booming sounds reverberated in the air and a wave of ripples instantly appeared before him. The ripples rapidly spread out and closed in on the old Berserker. That old Berserker let out a cold snort, then bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. It turned into a sea of blood that crashed into the incoming ripples, causing a large amount of booms to echo in the air.

At the same time, the old Shaman pointed at the plummeting Su Ming with his left hand, and immediately, a gentle wind charged towards Su Ming and went under him, causing his descent to slow down considerably.

This did not mean that the old Shaman was helping Su Ming. He was simply afraid that Su Ming would die when he fell down unconscious from the sky. If he died, then the losses would outweigh the gains.

The two of the old men had already given up on chasing down the plummeting Su Ming and chose instead to first attack each other; Su Ming was already not a cause for them to worry about. As long as they got rid of the other, then the remaining person could capture him.

Because Su Ming was already unconscious and could not run away.

As these two people fought against each other and Su Ming plunged downwards, he suddenly opened his eyes. They were bloodshot and filled with exhaustion, but they were sparkling. He allowed himself to continue falling, and as he stared at the spot where the booming sounds were coming from in the sky, a cold smirk appeared on his lips.

He continued staring until his body closed in on the ground and he crashed with a bang. The instant his body touched the ground, he shifted slightly, allowing himself to be completely uninjured by the fall. He laid down on the mountainside, still as a rock.

‘With their power, the chances of either one of them dying should not be high... but it’s not completely impossible. If the old Berserker dies, then I’ll be up against the Shaman. Escaping him will be slightly more difficult. After all, this person is a native to the area compared to me...

‘But if the old Berserker wins, it’ll be easier...’ Just as Su Ming was busy thinking, his expression suddenly changed and he narrowed his eyes into slits.

Right before his eyes, he saw the old Shaman quickly retreating from the spot where the two of them were fighting. As he retreated, he coughed out a mouthful of blood, and when the old Berserker chased him down, the Shaman lifted his right hand swiftly. As red light shone, a long red spear charged towards Su Ming from the sky with a howl.

The long spear traveled incredibly quickly and closed in on Su Ming in an instant. Judging from where the tip was pointed, the spear was aiming for the center of his brows.

The old Berserker's expression changed drastically and he instinctively moved, wanting to stop that long spear. But once he stopped it, the old Shaman would escape, and once he escaped, then it would mean that the old Berserker's return to the land of the Berserkers would be filled with all sorts of dangers.

However, if he did not save Su Ming and he died, then all his efforts in chasing him down would be wasted. This was a difficult decision, but the old Berserker still managed to make up his mind in an instant.

He did not take the risk but instead charged straight towards the old Shaman. To him, his life was the most important thing. Once he killed that Shaman and destroyed all possibility of him sending any information out, then he could cautiously go back to the Berserker Tribe.

Even if Su Ming died, he could still examine his corpse, and he might be able to find some clues from those items as well.

Almost the moment he chased down the old Shaman, Su Ming swiftly flew up from the ground and dodged that long spear charging towards him. He lifted his right hand and quickly popped the thing he had been holding onto since a long while ago into his mouth.

It was a drop of liquid - a drop of Sea Marrow!

The instant it entered his mouth, Su Ming's exhausted body seemed to be pumped back full of life force. His power instantly recovered and his body overflowed with life force. A glint appeared in his eyes and he charged in the distance at full speed. In an instant, he was already 10,000 feet away.

The old Berserker who was chasing the Shaman immediately noticed that Su Ming's Qi had recovered. The old Shaman's expression also changed. They had examined Su Ming's condition thoroughly just now, but had absolutely not expected that he would be in possession of a medicine that would allow him to recover so swiftly!

This sort of medication was incredibly rare and it would be highly difficult for a normal Berserker in the Awakening Realm to obtain such a thing, and it would also be a complete waste if they took it!

"Damn it!" Struggle appeared in the old Berserker's eyes once again. Should he chase down Su Ming or kill the Shaman..?

The old Shaman's eyes shone and without any hint of hesitation, he charged into the distance. Behind him, the old Berserker gritted his teeth and chased after.

He had to first kill that old Shaman, or else a crisis that could endanger his life would appear. Only when he had reduced all threats to his person to the minimal degree would he feel safe

going after Su Ming's life.

Su Ming flew at full speed, sighing. This sort of deception where he made himself look weakened could only be used once, and it would only be effective the first time he used it. His plan had only been successful because his two pursuers were wary and hated each other, or else this would not have worked.

If they continued chasing him down, then this method would lose its effectiveness. After all, while a person who had already reached the level of the Berserker Soul Realm might occasionally make a mistake, those mistakes would definitely not happen too frequently.

Now, even if Su Ming used any other methods, he would still be unable to compare to these old monsters who were already wary of him. His experience was simply still not enough...

‘I might need to use the power of the God of Berserkers!’

Su Ming gritted his teeth.

Chapter 363: Berserker Soul's Killing Intent!

There was a powerful gust of wind at the highest part of the sky. This wind was the strongest wind that could only be found high up in the sky. If anyone traveled at a high speed under it, they would find it incredibly hard to endure through it. Their bodies would start feeling as if they were being torn apart.

This was the power of the wind.

Even Su Ming, who had the Provenance of Wind in his body and also stored wind inside body, found it hard to last for a prolonged period of time under this high wind. Once half a day had gone by under his continued charge, he found that it was already too difficult for him to continue, and with a turn, he charged towards a lower altitude.

To Su Ming, the wind in the sky became stronger the higher he was. On the other hand, if he was at a lower altitude, the wind would be significantly weaker.

As he charged forward, he flew towards the deeper parts of the land of the Shamans. He did not stop even for a single instant, and continued dashing forward at this speed even when night arrived.

The dark sky turned bright, then turned dark once again. Most of the places Su Ming went to were remote areas, and since this was a time of war, most of the Shamans from the tribes in this large area had went away. That was why even though Su Ming had been running away for three days straight, he had not run into too

many members of the Shaman Tribe.

Besides, he was simply too fast. Even if he did run into other Shamans, they would usually only see a long arc and could not tell whether he was a Shaman or a Berserker, causing him to be able to travel unhindered.

Su Ming only stopped during the fourth evening and opened up a cave as a place for him to stay on a large plain. With exhaustion filling every inch of his body, he sat down inside that cave.

He had already gone past his limit with four days of flight. If it had not been because he had been taking in medicine all this while, he wouldn't have lasted till now. By then, he had already lost his direction, and he also did not know where exactly he was in the land of the Shamans. However, as long as he could shake off that old Berserker, all of this was worth it.

Su Ming panted harshly and evened out the chaotic power in his body as he remained sitting with his legs crossed. The period of time since he reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm was too short, and as he had been flying rapidly for such a long period of time, his power had gradually started to show signs of instability.

‘I’ve been flying for four days, and that old Berserker has gone off to kill that Shaman. Since we went off in two separate directions, he should not be able to find me now, but I still need to be careful in case he has other tricks up his sleeve.’

Su Ming closed his eyes, but he did not dare immerse himself

completely in exercising his breathing. He kept his divine sense spread outward and slowly started circulating the power of Bone Sacrifice within him.

Time gradually passed by. One day, two days, three days... On the fifth day, Su Ming opened his eyes. The exhaustion in his eyes had gone down slightly. He took a deep breath. The power of Bone Sacrifice within him had finally become stable and was no longer like five days ago, where it was showing signs of deteriorating.

‘But in case of emergencies, I can’t stay in this place for long.’ A look of caution appeared on Su Ming’s face. He stood up and was just about to leave the place when his expression drastically changed.

Within his outspread divine sense, he could clearly sense a strong wave of ripples charging towards him from one hundred thousand feet away. Naturally, the person within those ripples was the old Berserker.

‘I knew it. He had a way to find me.’ Su Ming did not hesitate and shot up from the ground, then charged out with gritted teeth in midair.

The old Berserker looked as calm as ever. He had a cold sneer on his lips, but his face was rather pale. Clearly, killing the Shaman and chasing after him for a few days had also caused him to be injured by the time he found Su Ming.

However, he believed that even though he was injured, it was

still incredibly easy for him to capture his target.

‘You can’t escape.’ A glint appeared in the old Berserker’s eyes and he relentlessly chased after Su Ming.

The two shot through the sky one after the other. There was one hundred thousand feet between them, but that distance was gradually being shortened. Two hours later, when there were only eighty thousand something feet between them, a chilling glint appeared in the old Berserker’s eyes, and a mocking sneer formed on his lips.

Almost the instant that mocking look appeared, the old man’s body trembled. As he trembled, popping sounds abruptly came from his body. It was as if his bones were knocking into each other. The old man’s face instantly turned purplish red and veins also started popping up on his skin.

All of this was soon followed by the old man letting out a roar towards the sky. With a single charge—it was as if a crack had appeared in the sky—he flew so indescribably quickly that he was already faster than Su Ming by several fold. Right when he created a crack in the air before him, his body disappeared.

A life threatening sense of danger shot up in Su Ming’s mind. He came to an abrupt halt and forcefully changed his direction. He no longer went forward, but instead retreated.

This forceful change in direction made blood flow out of Su Ming’s mouth, but the instant he started retreating, the air before

him looked as if it was shattering. As if he was forcing his way through, the old Berserker appeared before Su Ming out of thin air.

This sort of movement could not even be considered as speed anymore, but was more like an instant warp.

The old man who had come out also coughed up blood. His face was pale, but his expression was ferocious. Once he appeared less than one hundred feet away from Su Ming, he swiftly lifted his right hand, and instantly, a sea of blood surged up beyond him. That sea of blood covered a circular area of 1,000 feet and charged at Su Ming like a tidal wave.

As that tidal wave surged forward, it adopted a shape that seemed like a blood wave with its mouth wide open as it pounced on Su Ming to devour him.

All of this might have seemed to happen over a long period of time, but in truth, it happened in an instant. It had taken less than two breaths for the old man to warp to this spot 80,000 feet away and cast that divine ability.

As for Su Ming, he had only managed to retreat 100 something feet after forcefully changing his direction.

The intense, life threatening sense of danger made Su Ming's skin crawl. The world before him became completely dyed in blood when that blood wolf completely filled his vision, howling and pouncing on him.

A strong power that made Su Ming's heart and soul tremble spread from that blood wolf. This was the power of those in the Berserker Soul Realm. This was the power of the divine ability belonging to that old monster in the Berserker Soul Realm.

To Su Ming, who had just recently reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm, it was impossible for him to clash against this sort of divine ability. But it was also difficult for him to dodge it, because as that blood wolf closed in on him, an oppressive feeling enveloped the area as if it had sealed off the place where Su Ming was.

The shadow of death covered Su Ming's entire body and his eyes instantly turned red. The blue armor of Bone Sacrifice immediately manifested on him with Runes aligned within the armor. At this moment of life and death, Su Ming's potential seemed to be infinitely brought out, and with just one attempt, he managed to align all the Runes successfully.

Right then, the blood wolf pounced on Su Ming defended by the Divine General Armor. He shuddered violently and coughed out a mouthful of blood. It was as if 10,000 mountains had crashed into him. His Qi surged within him and his power started shattering. Even the four Berserker Bones started cracking.

What made Su Ming's mind go off in loud booms was that he felt a force of absorption that was difficult to resist coming from the blood wolf's mouth. It was as if it wanted to suck away his soul, but thank goodness... he had the Divine General Armor.

His Divine General Armor struggled for a few breaths before it shattered. Su Ming was flung backwards violently, but his actions

were not completely useless. The strength of the Divine General Armor, coupled with the alignment of the Runes caused Su Ming to only be heavily injured under that hit from the Berserker Soul Realm. He did not die immediately.

He was continuously pushed back by that huge force like a kite with a broken string. As he coughed out blood, the blood wolf howled and rushed forward once again.

However, that blood wolf was no longer as distinct as it was before. Once it clashed into Su Ming's Divine General Armor, the blood wolf fell into a semi-transparent state, but even so, killing or capturing the completely defenseless Su Ming was still a piece of cake for it.

The old Berserker's pupils shrank. He did not expect that Su Ming's Divine General Armor would be able to resist his divine ability. Even though that armor had shattered, he had not been able to instantly retrieve Su Ming's soul.

"Glimmering Light!" With a cold harrumph, the old man took a step towards Su Ming.

Almost the moment he walked forward, that semi transparent blood wolf caught up to Su Ming and continued attacking him, looking as if it would not disappear if it did not retrieve his soul.

In the blink of an eye, the blood wolf closed in on him and was just about to ram against his defenseless body, but right when the blood wolf got closer, a big bell abruptly appeared around Su Ming!

Han Mountain Bell!

The blood wolf instantly knocked onto the bell. Rumbling sounds shook the sky and earth. Loud bell chimes hummed in the air, and the strong chimes made even the old Berserker freeze for a moment.

The instant he froze, a black line suddenly shot out from the spot where Han Mountain Bell and the blood wolf crashed into each other. With a shocking speed, it charged straight towards the center of the old man's brows.

However, that old Berserker was a monster who had already reached the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. In an instant, he had recovered, and with a swing of his arm, he caught the incoming black line. However, what awaited him was a sharp pain on his palm and blood spilling out of his lips.

That black line pierced through his palm, but similarly, when the black line shot through the old man's palm, it also suffered the power of the palm strike. Its tail instantly exploded and it fell backwards.

"What is this?!" The old Berserker's palm was a bloody mess and shock appeared on his face.

Almost the instant he was injured by that black line, the blood wolf's gigantic body crumbled and dissolved beside Han Mountain Bell. Han Mountain Bell also shrank in an instant and fell back into

Su Ming's body.

Su Ming coughed up blood once again. He was already gravely injured, but he did not continue running away. Instead, with bloodshot eyes, he charged against the old Berserker as if he had gone insane.

The distance between the both of them was not far to begin with, which was why Su Ming managed to close in on him right when the old Berserker's palm was shot through and shock appeared on his face. By doing so, while it seemed as if Su Ming was running headlong into his own doom, his charge allowed him to arrive less than 30 feet away from the old Berserker.

Like a moth charging into a flame!

With Su Ming's level of cultivation, his current move could only be described with those seven words. However, if he did not do this, he would not be able to run away either and would still die. The willpower he had refined from the battlefield allowed his mind to not breakdown despite being under this intense life threatening crisis.

He counterattacked.

Chapter 364: The Power of the God of Berserkers!

The old Berserker let out a cold snort. With a glint in his eyes, he lifted his left hand and swung it at Su Ming. That one swing caused the sea of blood beyond his body to surge high into the sky, but right at that moment...

The old Berserker's expression suddenly changed in a manner so great it had never happened before!

Because the incoming Su Ming lifted his right hand and stretched out his index finger, the finger with the strand of hair containing the power of the God of Berserkers wound around it. The finger that could destroy the sky and earth and contained a power that could make those in the Berserker Soul Realm appalled!

It was just a lift. It was a movement made to touch the sea of blood that was created with the power of his entire body. There was a hint of flame on the strand of hair on that finger.

It was just those actions, and a terror that horrified the old Berserker out of his wits burst forth from the depths of his heart uncontrollably. Ever since he reached the Berserker Soul Realm, he rarely ran into things that made him this terrified.

This terror even surpassed the fear he experienced when he gritted his teeth and took that one step that could very spell his doom when he had attained great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

This terror was something he had never encountered and experienced before in his life. This unique shock surpassed everything that he had ever experience. It was like... a judgment!

This was judgment!

It was as if the person standing before him was not the weak and fragile Su Ming, but was instead a person who radiated with supremacy. That person was looking at him, lifting his right hand, pointing towards him.

That person was like the first God of Berserkers!

This was the judgment of the first God of Berserkers. This was the finger of judgment that robbed him of his life, robbed him of his will, robbed him of everything that made him who he was!

He could not bring up even an ounce of resistance before this finger, not even the slightest of thought to fight back. He even had the feeling that he was as weak as a layer of thin ice that would shatter the moment it was touched.

That terror turned into a tidal wave that almost flooded his heart and soul, making the old Berserker's pupils shrink. He let out a shrill cry and quickly retreated. This was an instinctive reaction. If he did not retreat, he would definitely die. If he did not retreat, even his own body would go against his own will.

As his heart pounded in his chest, it suddenly seemed to have stopped. It was as if even his heart did not dare move under the power of that one finger.

Almost the instant he retreated, blood poured out of the corner of Su Ming's lips. A glint suddenly appeared in his eyes. Just when the power of that one finger was about to be released and a small part of the strand of hair on his finger burned away, he immediately put down his finger.

He had mentally prepared himself towards the might of the God of Berserkers' power beforehand, but even if he did prepare himself, he was still shocked by what he felt in his heart.

Su Ming was unwilling to use such a mighty power to kill this Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm before him!

'I can only use this twice, and I was forced out of the land of the Berserkers because of the God of Berserkers' power. If I use it once here, it's not worth it!'

The instant Su Ming put down his right index finger, green light shone at the center of his brows, and the small sword charged towards the old Berserker.

Su Ming did not linger around to look at the outcome. Instead, with one move, he charged towards the sky in the distance. As he traveled forth, he brought out some medicine and swallowed them, leaving far into the distance in the blink of an eye. The small virescent sword's speed was incredibly quick. It rushed towards

the old Berserker and pierced through his chest, and once it did so, it left with Su Ming. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared.

Once Su Ming disappeared, the old Berserker coughed out a mouthful of blood and lifted his head, revealing a complicated look formed through lingering fear and savageness.

After a long while, he dipped his head down and looked at the puncture on his chest. His heart had been pierced through by that sword. If anyone else had this sort of injury, they would have died a long time ago. However, this wound was not fatal to that old monster in the Berserker Soul Realm.

With a complicated look, the old man stared in the direction Su Ming had left, and hesitation appeared on his face, but soon, the greed in his eyes vanquished his hesitation. He gritted his teeth but did not continue his chase. Instead, he flew down to the ground to begin healing himself.

‘Power of the God of Berserkers... This is the power of the God of Berserkers... This is a power that has surpassed those within the Berserker Soul Realm. If I have it, then no one in the Berserker Soul Realm will be my equal!

‘And the true use of this power isn’t to kill, but to be used to gain an epiphany!’ A mad wave of greed appeared in the old man’s eyes.

‘If I can reflect on this power constantly once I have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm or have reached the later stage, then perhaps... I will have a chance to break through

the Berserker Soul Realm! This power can drive all those monsters who have great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm mad!’

The old man’s breathing quickened, and his breathing tore at his wounds, but he had already long since ignored that pain. Right then, his mind was filled with the shock brought to him by the power of the God of Berserkers.

Su Ming’s caution had allowed him to evade a life threatening crisis. If he had been greedy and attacked once again while the old man was caught in a daze, then he would definitely have to use the power of the God of Berserkers once again, or else once that old monster from the Berserker Soul Realm launched a counterattack, he would be unable to take it.

After all, he was still too weak! Besides, he could not always use the power of the God of Berserkers. This power would be released when the strand of hair started burning. If he had to do this repeatedly, he would much rather kill that old man.

That old man had temporarily given up on chasing him down. As that old man went to the ground to heal himself, Su Ming escaped in the sky. Blood continued flowing out of the corner of his mouth. If he did not have his medicine helping him, he would have collapsed a long time ago.

After fleeing for three days straight, Su Ming plummeted to the ground abruptly. It was a greyish piece of land, and every inch of earth exuded an air of ruin. Once Su Ming crashed down with a bang, he coughed up blood once again.

‘If I don’t want to waste the power of the God of Berserkers, then I must think of a way to kill that person!’ Su Ming wiped away the blood. Panting, he surveyed his surroundings. This place was completely empty. There was not a hint of a living soul here.

‘That person’s speed is far too astonishing. He actually managed to close up 80,000 feet in an instant. This is not a matter of speed anymore, he must be using another method!’ When Su Ming thought back on the fight three days ago, it still made his heart pound in fear.

‘Berserker Soul... This is the Berserker Soul Realm...’ Su Ming struggled up. Once he swept his gaze past the ground, he saw an endless amount of ravines and cracks on the plain. It was unknown how this strange terrain was formed.

He stood there and watched for a long moment before lifting his right hand and patting a bag in his bosom. A red light instantly flew out from the bag and turned into the Fire Ape by his side.

There was still a large amount of human heads tied around the Fire Ape’s waist, and it held a rod in its paws. There was a nervous look on its face when it appeared, a clear sign that it had been paying attention to all the things Su Ming did while in the storage bag.

Like that battle, like the appearance of the two deity statues, like the old monster from the Berserker Soul Realm going after his life.

Su Ming looked at the Fire Ape and saw a hint of terror in its eyes. In his silence, Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it wide. The chain on the Fire Ape's neck was instantly released.

The chain fell, causing the ape to immediately regain its freedom.

The desire for freedom had been something the Fire Ape had been dreaming about ever since it was caught, but having it suddenly given to it like this made it momentarily stunned.

"I promised you that I will return you your freedom once I come to the land of the Shamans. This is the land of the Shamans. Be careful and don't get close to people. Before long, this place will go through a huge catastrophe. Perhaps you can find another way to survive with your intelligence.

"Go. Someone is after my life now, so I can't send you off. If we are ever fated to meet again, we will." Su Ming looked at the Fire Ape. No matter what, this ape was not Xiao Hong. Su Ming still knew that.

That was why he would not force the Fire Ape to stay. Instead, he gave it freedom.

The Fire Ape was momentarily stunned, then cast Su Ming a glance before it turned into a fiery red blur that charged into the distance. With just a few leaps, it disappeared from Su Ming's sight.

Melancholy appeared in Su Ming's heart as that fiery red blur disappeared. He remained silent for a moment before he shook his head. He swept his gaze through the ravines and cracks on the ground before choosing one of them and jumping inside.

He had to immediately start exercising his breathing to heal himself. The power contained in that palm strike from the old monster in the Berserker Soul Realm had made him feel as if his organs were about to be crushed, and there was the fact about him pressing onward incessantly for several days as well. Su Ming would have collapsed if he had not swallowed a large amount of medicine.

More importantly, his four Berserker Bones had cracked after that old monster from the Berserker Soul Realm struck him. This, to Su Ming, was the most devastating blow.

Su Ming opened up a temporary stone chamber to heal himself in that giant ravine on the plains, then sat in there and closed his eyes to begin exercising his breathing. Yet the moment he closed his eyes, he opened them immediately again. Right before his eyes, he saw a fiery red figure appearing at the exit of the stone chamber.

It was the Fire Ape.

It bared its teeth at Su Ming, then lifted its fist and waved it in the air before pointing outside, then began gesturing once again before finally rolling its eyes and leaning at the side as if it was angry.

"I know this is a desolate place... Fine. Continue staying by my side for the time being, when we reach a place that is not a wasteland, you can leave." Su Ming smiled and looked at the Fire Ape, then closed his eyes again.

The battle Su Ming joined beyond Sky Mist City had ended, but the war was still ongoing. There was a new group of warriors assembling in the territories belonging to the two races.

Perhaps it would not take too long before another battle started.

Most of the people in Sky Mist City chose to remain silent about Su Ming's departure. It was as if everyone had unanimously chosen to not talk about this matter. The others also chose to not talk about the old Berserker who went after Su Ming. An indescribable atmosphere had strangely surrounded the powerful Berserkers within Sky Mist City.

Tian Lan Meng remained silent about this. No one knew exactly what she was thinking of.

As for Su Ming's over a hundred followers, Yan Bo, Zi Che, and the rest of them did not understand why Su Ming did such a thing. They, too, remained silent.

The stone monument in Sky Mist City that recorded the Berserkers' battle achievements would be renewed every single day as it recorded the achievements made by the Berserkers. Su Ming was not up there, but there was a person called Yue Feng who had made it to the top 200.

At that moment, there was a handsome young man with long black hair who gave off a strangely captivating air when he smiled standing underneath the stone monument in Sky Mist City. He was standing before the person from Sky Mist City who recorded battle achievements and was handing over a storage bag to that person.

"An additional 37 battle achievement points to Yue Feng, now ranked 198th!" The person from Sky Mist City recording the battle achievements lifted his head and cast a glance at the black-haired man.

"Thank you." That strangely captivating man smiled. Then as he turned around to leave, he cast a glance in the direction of the land of the Shamans.

"Master, what are you doing now..? Are you being chased down by others? Heh heh, I can feel it. One of these days, I will surpass you and become the true Fire Berserker in the world!"

Chapter 365: Troubled!

The land of the Shamans appeared desolate to the eye. Most of the ground was grayish black and greenery was seldom seen around the place. There was an air of depression around this place as if it was the source of death.

The color of the sky was not blue either but gray, looking as if a dust storm had lifted up the sand on the ground and covered the sky.

Compared to the land of the Berserkers, the land of the Shamans lacked vitality. Their land was filled with cracks and ravines. No one knew just how long those cracks had existed, neither did anyone know whether they were man-made or naturally caused when the earth shifted.

There were only the sounds of the moaning wind around the area, the rest was dead silence. The few small creatures that lived in this sort of environment occasionally were the only signs of life on the land.

In one of the walls of the gigantic ravines on the grayish black mass of land was an incredibly secluded place. There was a large crack in there, and deep within that crack was a stone chamber that was made by man.

Su Ming sat in there with his eyes closed and face pale as he slowly exercised his breathing. The Fire Ape squatted at the exit of the crack before him cautiously. Sometimes, it would turn its head

around to look at him.

Su Ming had already changed his bloody clothes and was wearing a black robe with his long hair spilling over his shoulders. The bracelet that formed by black smoke was circulating slowly on his right wrist.

His index finger looked incredibly normal, the only thing off about it being the strand of hair wrapped several times around it. However, this was the finger that contained the power strong enough to shock those old monsters in the Berserker Soul Realm, and could even... destroy the world!

Time passed by gradually. After an unknown amount of time went by, Su Ming slowly opened his eyes. The instant he did so, a profound look appeared in his eyes, and his entire presence changed as well. He was like a huge ocean that could not be seen through when others looked at him.

"Bone Sacrifice Realm..." Su Ming mumbled softly. He could clearly feel what was different within him now. On his spine, the four Berserker Bones shone with a blue light. It contained an explosive power, a power that not only allowed Su Ming to sense the invisible power in the world, it also made him become much stronger than he was when he was in the Awakening Realm.

What was more, as of then, the cracks on the four Berserker Bones had mostly recovered. There were only three cracks left, and they would need some time before they were fully healed.

‘It was by chance that I left the battlefield... but since this accident happened, it might also turn out to be a fortuitous event for me! I can increase my power here, and then leave to find that long haired woman who appeared in the battlefield. That woman knows many things about Destiny. Perhaps I can get some answers from her!’ A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes and he lifted his right hand to touch the center of his brows.

Wind immediately stirred up within his body. That wind seemed to be a part of him and was swirling about in his body. It looked like there was no pattern in its movements, only disorder, yet even so, it was enough to make Su Ming become much faster than before.

‘It’s a pity I don’t know how to make this Provenance of Wind stronger...’

As Su Ming mulled over his thoughts, he brought out a crystal about the size of his fist from his storage bag. The instant he did so, wind started swirling about and moaning in the stone chamber. It came too suddenly, causing the Fire Ape to swiftly turn its head around. Once it saw what Su Ming was doing, it relaxed.

Su Ming slowly pressed the Wind Crystal of Inheritance against the center of his brows, but the instant the crystal touched his forehead, a strong repelling force spread from within it, as if it did not want to fuse with Su Ming no matter what.

After a long while, Su Ming moved away his right hand with a dark face. He stared at the crystal in his hand and let out a cold harrumph.

‘You won’t acknowledge me, huh..?’ Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he put the crystal back into the storage bag and closed his eyes slowly. When he did so, the Wind Separation Slash Art he obtained from the deity statue of Berserker Soul appeared in his head.

This Art was a unique legacy to the True Divinity Wind Berserker. It was given to him separately from the Crystal of Inheritance, which clearly showed just how extraordinary this Art was. Su Ming had obtained the whole entire Art, and knew that there were only three Styles to it.

The first Style was Sun Genesis.

The second Style was Lunar Burial.

The third Style was Wind Separation.

These three Styles in this wind related divine ability gave Su Ming a feeling that they were filled with a tremendous power, but they were just like an illusion. He could only sense it, but could not touch it.

‘The Crystal of Inheritance!’ Su Ming opened his eyes and frowned. He could tell that the reason why he could not explore the three Styles was largely related to the fact that he had not fused with the Crystal of Inheritance.

‘But since the three Styles of Wind Separation were given to me as a separate legacy, then I might not necessarily need the Crystal of Inheritance to master them...’ As Su Ming continued mulling over his thoughts, his mind kept on going back to the three Styles he obtained.

Time passed by, and in the blink of an eye, it was already three days later.

During those three days, Su Ming did not venture out. He stayed inside the stone chamber that served as his temporary lodgings, but he had no progress whatsoever. It was as if besides using the Crystal of Inheritance to learn it, there was no other shortcut for him to use

If he could not fuse with the Crystal of Inheritance, then the three Styles of Wind Separation could only remain in his mind like an illusion. He could only sense it but could not get the details.

In fact, even if he could sense the Art, it remained as a vague and indistinct feeling in his mind. It was as if the three Styles of Wind Separation were covered by a veil so that no one could see them clearly.

It was during an afternoon after those three days when the meditating Su Ming suddenly opened his eyes. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he shot up from the ground. With a swing of his arm, the Fire Ape turned into a red light. Once Su Ming put it away, he charged out like a long arc, but he did not fly out of the ravine. Instead, he plunged down to the deeper parts before flying in another direction.

When he charged out, Su Ming had also put on a straw hat that could cover his face along with a black robe, causing people to be unable to tell that he was a Berserker at first glance. In the blink of an eye, he charged into the sky.

Not long after he left, the air outside the ravine, which had served as his temporary lodgings for the past few days, suddenly distorted and a person walked out. That person's expression was incredibly dark, and there was a murderous air around him. That person was naturally the old man.

It had been half a month since he chased Su Ming into the land of the Shamans. Killing that Shaman had wasted some of his time, and he had to spend some more time to heal the wound caused by the sword piercing through his chest when he was stunned by Su Ming using the power of the God of Berserkers. If he did not possess a unique method to find Su Ming, he would have lost him a long time ago.

Yet even so, Su Ming still managed to detect him beforehand every single time he came searching. He could have written it off with some random reason the first time, but now that it had happened again the second time, there was no way that the old man would not be able to know that there was still an unknown mystery to Su Ming.

‘As expected of a True Divinity who received the legacy. You’re just in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm now, and you’ve already made me chase after you for so many days. If you had the chance to grow, then you might be able to reach the

Berserker Soul Realm.

‘You could have run much farther ahead, but you chose not to do so, as if you’re trying to provoke me. You wait for me to catch up to you, then try to lure me to the deeper parts of the land of the Shamans...

‘Hmph, you’re not a Shaman either. Doing this will do you no good either!’ The old Berserker let out a cold snort. He closed his eyes, and after some time, as if he could see exactly where Su Ming had gone off to, he opened his eyes and turned into a long arc and flew off.

Su Ming flew in the sky. His face covered by the bamboo hat was calm, but there was a murderous glare in his eyes. However, that person’s level of cultivation was simply too high. Su Ming was not his opponent. It would be far too difficult if he wanted to kill this person without using the power of the God of Berserkers.

The only way Su Ming could think of was to use the Shamans to kill this person!

That was why he was flying deeper into the land of the Shamans. He was certain that if he continued flying like this, he would definitely catch someone’s attention. As for what he would do to hide his identity when the Shamans arrived, Su Ming had already made preparations.

Afternoon went by quickly. When the sun started shining with its last rays for the day in the horizon and twilight arrived, the old

man was two hundred thousand feet behind Su Ming.

The old man had consumed quite a large amount of medicinal liquid during the entire chase. It was fortunate that he had enough stored away, or else it would have been very difficult for him to maintain a high speed such as this.

Due to the Provenance of Wind contained within Su Ming's body, not only was his speed extremely fast, he also wasted little of his energy. This was the power of the Wind Berserker. Su Ming might only be in control of a small part of it, but it was enough.

However, even if it was so, Su Ming had still consumed a large amount of medicine. Nonetheless, his medicine was naturally of a much higher quality compared to the old man's. With the medicine balancing out the difference in the level of power between them, that was why the old man could only arrive at a distance two hundred thousand feet away from Su Ming even after the entire afternoon had gone by.

If that had not been the case, with the huge difference of power between them, it would be entirely impossible for Su Ming to have run away for so many days.

Even when he saw that the old man was already only two hundred thousand feet away from him, Su Ming remained calm. He sent his divine sense to scan the area behind him, then swiftly flew higher once again. With his speed, he instantly shot above the nine heavens and arrived at the highest spot in the sky, where the endless gusts of wind were.

The old man who was one hundred thousand feet behind him nearly cursed out loud the moment Su Ming flew upwards. His face was so dark that it was almost like ice that would never melt, and a sense of powerlessness rose within him.

Over these days, every single time he nearly caught up to Su Ming, he would immediately fly up to the spot among the nine heavens where the high wind was. While Su Ming's speed was not the slightest bit affected, the old man was forced to slow down.

Once they were very far apart from each other, Su Ming would stop staying in the layer of the sky where the high wind was and would descend once again, then cause a huge ruckus at a lower altitude. He would cause loud, booming sounds as he moved forward, as if he was afraid others could not see him.

"Damn it!"

Anger burned in the old man's eyes and a great sense of helplessness rose in his heart. A few days ago, when he was chasing Su Ming down, he had cast an Art that used up quite a lot of his power, causing him to instantly appear eighty thousand feet from Su Ming, then launched an attack which he thought would almost definitely be able to strike him down, but Su Ming had endured through it. He might have ended up heavily injured, but the old man also came out of the encounter looking rather pathetic.

From then onwards, Su Ming no longer gave him a chance to get within eighty thousand feet of him. Usually, when he was two

hundred thousand feet, he would immediately fly into the area where the high wind was.

The old man also did not dare use that instant warp Art of his anymore. That Art used up too much of his power, but the main reason for him to not use that power was this - he was wary of Su Ming.

The old man struggled over whether he should continue the chase.

Chapter 366: Unable to Leave

"Young cultivator, I bear no ill will. I only attacked last time because I wanted to make you stay." The old man's words traveled forward like a straight line in the layer with the high wind.

"After all, you're our people's deserter. Leaving the battlefield is an act of betrayal. I attacked you because of this as well! As a True Divinity, I can give you a chance. Come back with me to Sky Mist City. I promise you, your life won't be in danger."

Although the old man had said those words, Su Ming, who was several hundreds of thousands of feet away, did not even turn his head back and continued onward without a single word. The distance between them grew bigger.

"You may have the power of the God of Berserkers, but I'm certain that you don't want to waste the only two chances you have. Besides, this is only a clone of mine, and it would be a fortune of mine to be able to experience the power of the God of Berserkers's jab with my clone." The old man continued speaking with a dark expression on his face.

"How about this? I will swear by my statue of the God of Berserkers that I won't harm you, but you're not allowed to continue running either. Stay by my side and let me examine the power of the God of Berserkers... Don't worry, I won't let you do this for nothing. I'll give you treasures as thanks."

The old man was forced to do this. He longed for the power of the

God of Berserkers, but after going through the life threatening crisis, he had grown incredibly wary of Su Ming.

However, this made him really conflicted, because he was only wary of the power that Su Ming could use twice. He was completely unbothered by Su Ming himself. It was that conflict that made him struggle, caught by his own greed between wanting to chase him down and not at the same time.

If he chased him down and forced Su Ming into a corner so he would use one of the chances, then the old man's fate was all but predicted.

Yet if he did not chase him down and just gave up like this after chasing for so long and so far into the land of the Shamans... he found himself unwilling to accept that outcome.

However, even if he continued with the chase, he found it hard to close the distance between them due to the wariness he had in his heart. Once more time passed by and they entered deeper into the land of the Shamans, then he would feel grow more and more uneasy. This sort of dilemma was enough to drive him mad and make him despise Su Ming to the core.

Just as the old man was hesitating and chasing him down, Su Ming had already widened the distance between them by more than 500,000 feet while in the high wind. With this sort of distance between them, he could descend without fear and cause a ruckus at a lower altitude as he charged forward.

This sort of cycle continued for another two days. By then, the ground underneath was no longer grayish black, and green appeared on the earth, a clear sign that they had moved out of the wastelands and were gradually moving closer to the places where Shaman tribes were located.

Only then did that old man finally make his decision. He gritted his teeth and came to a halt, as he glared at Su Ming, who was several hundreds of thousands of feet away. Hatred flashed briefly in his eyes, but he turned around and gave up on the chase. Instead, he returned to his original path and charged back.

In the end, he still chose to gave up. After all, this sort of chase would yield no results. Once he thoroughly weighed out the pros and cons of these two difficult situations, he found that unless his power was at the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm and possessed an even more powerful divine ability, then he would perhaps stand a better chance at killing Su Ming before he had the chance to activate the power of the God of Berserkers.

Yet now, he could not do this. That was why, instead of continuing with the chase like this, it was better for him to give up completely.

However, right when the old man chose to give up and go back the way he'd come he found, with a dark expression on his face, that Su Ming had also chosen not to continue with his escape. He was instead following behind him as if he had turned the tables and was now chasing him down.

But that was not all. He could have ignored him if that was the

case and let Su Ming follow him. He was certain that the youth would not dare return to Sky Mist City. If Su Ming continued following him like this, then before long, he would leave on his own. Besides, if he followed him for a prolonged period of time, then perhaps the old man could have a chance to obtain the power of the God of Berserkers.

To the old man, this was a good thing... That is, if he did not discount the booming sounds behind him and the words he could hear even from a long distance away.

Su Ming's pursuit was followed by intentionally created thunderous booming. Those sounds and the rumbles caused by the occasional punch into the air continued reverberating incessantly in the air.

This was the land of the Shamans, and there was still quite some distance before he could reach Sky Mist City. If the old Berserker was careful, it was possible for him to return quietly, but if... such booming continued behind him, then it would be very difficult for him to return safely.

‘Damn it! Damn it ! Damn it!’

The old Berserker felt as if he was being driven insane. He had already given up on chasing Su Ming down and killing him, but the brat did not even appreciate what was good for him and was instead acting as if he was stuck to the old man, causing his return to be filled with trepidation.

The booming was becoming increasingly louder, and the old man did not want to know what would happen if he did not stop Su Ming! The previous few days when he had been chasing the other, these sort of booming sounds had already appeared, and they might have already caught the attention of the Shamans.

Now, this was also happening on his way back. The old man would definitely not believe that there would be no Shamans who would come forth to investigate such a matter.

Not only was the old man going crazy from those sounds, they were also becoming a real headache to him. That was why he simply chose to stop once again, change his direction, and resume chasing Su Ming.

Yet as he changed his direction, Su Ming also did the same thing in the distance. The two of them resumed the role of the pursuer and the pursued. The only thing that did not change were those booming sounds. They rang in the air and did not fade away.

That booming was a noise that made the old man feel incredibly agitated when he heard it, but also fearful at the same time. Even if he was the pursuer, he also had to pay a lot of attention to his surroundings, worried that the noise would draw in the attention of the Shamans.

His current state of mind was just like a person who wanted to move silently in the middle of a night and did not want to be discovered, but there was always loud noises by his side...

The old man's eyes turned red. This was the first time he ever became afraid of someone in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, and the reason for it was not because of the power of the God of Berserkers Su Ming had, but because of his actions.

Those actions made him want to tear his hair off his head. After chasing him for a long while, the old man was just about to let slip a roar out of gloom, but he swallowed it down. He turned his head and gave up on the chase once again, charging at full speed back towards Sky Mist City.

Su Ming changed his direction behind him at a leisurely pace and followed behind while creating that booming that shook the sky and earth.

If the old man sped up, then Su Ming would also speed up. If he slowed down, then Su Ming would also slow down. If he stopped, then Su Ming would also stop. There was forever several hundreds of thousands of feet between them.

‘I’d like to see just how you’ll deal with this once you lure in the Shamans! If you, as a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, am not afraid, then why should I be afraid?!’

The old man's eyes were red by then. He was honestly at the end of his wits due to Su Ming's actions, which was why he decided to simply not think too much about it and charge forward without a word. It was as if he was fueling his speed with all his pent up gloom and vexation.

The two of them moved forward one behind the other. No matter how one thought about it, Su Ming looked as if he was the one chasing down the old man, but the gigantic difference of power between them made this chase seem incredibly weird...

A Berserker in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm was going after the life of a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm...

Once this chase went on for three days, due to Su Ming constantly creating booming sounds all over the land of the Shamans, he finally caught the attention of those in the Shaman Tribe.

In truth, most of the Shamans in that area had gone to war. That was why Su Ming and the old man had not run into Shamans trying to stop them during this period of time.

That was not to say that the batch of Shamans from the battlefield had returned. Su Ming and the old man had instead caught the attention the new batch of Shaman warriors who were heading to the battlefield in Sky Mist City!

More accurately speaking, this was a migrating tribe. The warriors in the tribe had formed teams to protect their tribe as they moved forward, and at the same time, once the tribe had reached the location that was arranged for them, a large number of their people had to head to the Shamans' gathering place located outside Sky Mist City.

There were many migrating tribes like these throughout the entire Shaman Tribe. The tribe Su Ming and the old Berserker ran into was one of them.

They were formed of black shadows that seemed to have covered the sky. Those shadows were closely packed and numbered to several thousands. Each of the black shadows was a largely shrunken mackerel pike!

The large mackerel pike swam through the clouds, and on its back was a Shaman warrior. There were also thousands of Shamans traveling on the ground, causing the earth to tremble. Nine ferocious beasts that looked like turtles but had square shells and were several tens of thousands of feet in size protected them from behind.

There were large many Shamans sitting on the nine strange turtles. There were also some buildings that seemed to have been picked off from the ground and placed on the shells.

Further behind them was a long string of people forming a team whose end could not be seen as they sent dust flying into the air with their march. This was clearly not the migration of a small tribe but a Shaman Tribe leaning on the larger side of the spectrum!

There were bound to be powerful End Shamans in this sort of tribe. As Su Ming followed after the old Berserker as if he was chasing after him, both of them noticed the Shamans who had practically blotted out the sky and earth with their numbers coming from the distance. The Shamans also saw Su Ming and the

old Berserker in the distance.

In truth, these Shamans first heard the booming sounds before they saw Su Ming and the old Berserker.

Most of them had their eyes trained on the old Berserker right from the start because of his incredible power, his uncovered face, and because the Shamans could tell that he wasn't a Shaman!

More importantly, because he was escaping! Fleeing in the direction forward for a Berserker in the land of the Shamans was something that logical. Hence it was only logical that the person who was chasing after his life was his enemy, and in the land of the Shamans, the only people who were against the Berserkers were mostly Shamans.

Besides, Su Ming was wearing a straw hat, and when he'd noticed the group of Shamans with his divine sense, he brought out a Spirit Plunder, but he did not place next to himself. Instead, he held it in his hands. Even so, the unique dark light and power of absorption that came from the pill still spread out, causing the air around Su Ming to look as if it was distorting. Which was why, at first glance, he looked rather similar to the young Soul Catcher he'd seen previously.

There were also Su Ming's words, which were spoken in a hoarse and ghastly voice...

"My fellow tribesmen behind me, where are you from? I am Mo Su, a Medial Soul Catcher from Lizard Shaman Tribe. Please aid

me in killing this person! He is a powerful Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!"

The old Berserker who seemed to be fleeing rapidly in front almost puked blood when he heard those words. He had no time to speak in his mad dash, and as he was running away, he began cursing in his heart.

‘Does he think those Shamans are blind? Medial Soul Catcher, my foot... Huh?!’

His thoughts came to an abrupt halt.

Chapter 367: Autumn Sea

When Su Ming spoke, a Shaman Crystal appeared in his left hand. With one squeeze, the crystal instantly shone with a brilliant light. With a flash in the sky, that light turned into a gigantic lizard above Su Ming!

That lizard was naturally the sacred beast of Lizard Shaman Tribe!

There were many uses for Shaman Crystals. Su Ming had learned from Wu Duo that one of their many uses was a way for Shamans to show their tribe's sacred beast as a form of courtesy if they ran into other Shamans in an unfamiliar place.

In the end, he had chosen not to probe into Wu Duo's origins, but had instead chosen to ask about the Shamans' customs and characteristics... Wu Duo had told him everything. He had also somewhat guessed Su Ming's intentions, but he did not expose him because they were people walking down the same path, albeit they were from different races.

They perhaps have not had a deep friendship, but after fighting through numerous battles together, they had slowly come to form a unique rapport, and this way they had come to form a friendship between two people of different races.

Perhaps it was a brittle friendship, but it might also not be that brittle.

At the very least, right now Su Ming was using the method Wu Duo told him to activate the power of the Shaman Crystal. Once he brought out the illusion of the sacred beast of Lizard Shaman Tribe based on what he saw in the past and what he remembered, the Shaman Tribe that had stirred up the dust on the land and blotted the sky and earth manifested their own in the form of an illusion in the sky.

From a Shaman Crystal, a gigantic and ferocious beast was called out.

It was a gigantic mackerel pike, one that Su Ming was familiar with and had seen before!

The illusion of the mackerel pike appeared in the sky. Compared to it, the lizard was really insignificant...

However, if the tribe revealed the image of the sacred beast, then it meant that they had acknowledged Su Ming's words and had also accepted his exercise of Shaman etiquette, which was why they had returned the greeting.

The sudden scene caused the fleeing Berserker to widen his eyes in disbelief. He had no knowledge of this sort of Shaman etiquette.

In truth, there were not many people who knew of this sort of etiquette in the land of the Shamans, because it was really insignificant. Even if a people could call out sacred beasts, it usually only took one glance for them to recognize whether other people were Shamans as well.

The most distinct characteristic would be the strength of that person's mental prowess!

At that moment, Su Ming had already spread his divine sense so that it covered his entire body. Then, along with the mysterious air spreading from Spirit Plunder that was hidden from sight in his hand, he gave all those around him a feeling that he was a Soul Catcher, even though he was wearing a bamboo hat.

The old Berserker who was running away might not know about this rule of conduct, but he knew that Su Ming was definitely not part of the Shaman Tribe.

When the group of Shamans appeared behind him, his skin crawled, but as he continued charging forward, with a sinister intention, he said, "Interesting, since when has the True Divinity Wind Berserker of the Berserker Tribe and the scion of the first God of Berserkers become a Shaman? Why didn't I know about this?"

Almost the moment the old man said those words, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. He did not explain himself but loosened the grip of his right hand, causing Spirit Plunder in his hand to float above his head. It shone with a brilliant dark light as if it wanted to absorb everything in the world into it.

Su Ming distinctly remembered that when the young Soul Catcher he killed in the land of the Berserkers saw this pearl, he had said that this was the Soul Catcher Pearl that only End

Shamans could create!

This pearl seemed to be rather famous in the Shaman Tribe... Besides, Su Ming also remembered that when he brought out his Spirit Plunder in Lizard Shaman Tribe that the Patriarch of that tribe had also recognized this as an item that belonged to the Shamans, and had been baffled as to why Su Ming could possess and use it.

"Soul Catcher Pearl!"

It was just as Su Ming had predicted, the moment the pearl was brought out, someone from the migrating Shaman Tribe behind them immediately cried out in surprise.

The old Berserker was stunned, and at that moment, an old woman walked out abruptly from the thousands of mackerel pikes in the sky behind Su Ming. The old woman's hair was white and her skin filled with wrinkles. There was a tattoo of a mackerel pike on her face. She held a cane made of fish bone in her hand, and with one step, she appeared right before Su Ming, several tens of thousands of feet behind the old Berserker.

She was a Latter Shaman!

Su Ming's pupils shrank under the straw hat covering his head. The instant the old woman walked past him, he could feel a power that was similar to that of a divine sense from the old woman's body, scanning him.

There was also a man whose hair was so long it was about ten feet in length sitting on the head of a turtle located at the center of the nine turtles on the ground.

The man looked to be in his forties, but there were age spots that only belonged to the elderly covering his skin. He originally had his eyes closed, but at the same time the old woman appeared, he opened his eyes slowly. Within them was a light that could make someone feel shaken to the core.

It was just a gaze, but it was enough to make Su Ming's entire body tremble. It also made the old Berserker, who was fleeing in front, feel as if his soul was about to scatter. His body suddenly came to a stop, as if he was tied up and could not move forward!

"End... Soul Catcher!"

The old Berserker's expression turned incredibly sour. He could not move his body at all, as if his soul had been captured. That was not all, he had also lost control of his body and was slowly turning around. Then, like a puppet, he started walking towards the old woman.

Terror and shock could be seen clearly in his eyes.

"Take off your straw hat."

Just as the old Berserker started walking over without any form of resistance, as if his body was controlled, the man sitting cross-

legged on the turtle on the ground trained his eyes on Su Ming. His gaze was profound and his words were spoken in a strange rhythm.

Su Ming instantly felt a mighty willpower coming forth from the man's eyes. In an instant, it touched his outspread divine sense, turning into a force that caused him to stagger. However, the man immediately pulled back his divine sense, so Su Ming was not harmed.

A thought appeared in Su Ming's head and he slowly took the straw hat down, revealing... a face covered by a black mask!

That mask belonged to Han Mountain's ancestor!

Although he was wearing a mask, Su Ming's eyes also shone with profundity. The unique presence he gained after he reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm was also clearly reflected on his body, even though he did not show his real face.

That profound gaze, the floating Spirit Plunder, and the divine sense that was spread around his body caused the Su Ming now to look as if he was truly a Medial Soul Catcher!

At that moment, his presence became rather similar to the man's on the turtle.

This was a similarity that was only possible between Soul Catchers!

Even if the old Berserker now had his body controlled, he could still see how Su Ming looked like at that moment. Even if his heart was filled with terror, he still could not help but have this thought appear in his head...

‘Could it be... he’s really a Soul Catcher..?’

"Interesting, I can sense the presence of a Berserker, a Shaman, and an Immortal on you..." The man whose hair was ten feet long was actually an incredibly handsome man. Even if he had those age spots which belonged to the elderly, they did not destroy his good looks. Instead, they gave him a charm brought by age.

"You’re the first person whom I can’t figure out on sight, tell just which race you belong to. You’re like a Soul Catcher, and if other Shamans looked at you, they would think you were a Soul Catcher as well, but... you’re not a Soul Catcher!"

"Take off your mask." The man shook his head slightly and commanded leisurely.

Su Ming’s heart pounded against his chest. When the man’s words echoed by his ears, a glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes and he did something bold. Han Mountain Bell was inside him, and within Han Mountain Bell was that strange rod snake.

Su Ming had once released that rod snake during battle in the war, and it had also pierced through the old Berserker’s palm. He could still remember clearly that the snake had swallowed the illusionary Candle Dragon that appeared once the young Soul

Catcher opened his eyes!

Su Ming had clearly sensed the rod snake's excitement and desire the instant it devoured the Candle Dragon.

Su Ming did not take down the mask, but instead poured all his thoughts into the black stone fragment hanging below his throat. This was his last resort - entering the strange dimension to escape all dangers.

However, there were drawbacks in doing this. This was Su Ming's greatest secret, and unless he absolutely needed to, he did not want to use it.

At the same time he began making preparations to activate the stone, Su Ming opened up a small crack on the Han Mountain Bell contained in his body and released the strange rod snake's presence!

That presence instantly surrounded Su Ming's entire body. However, that presence was clearly very weak, so there were not many who managed to notice it. Only the natural instincts of the ferocious beasts allowed them to notice it, and only some people with unique senses could sense it.

Almost the instant that presence spread from Su Ming's body, all the mackerel pikes in the sky let out piercing shrieks and retreated simultaneously. Terror appeared on their faces, as if they had just sensed something terrifying.

They were not the only ones reacting that way. All the creatures on the ground were acting in the same manner. Even the nine turtle beasts that were one hundred thousand feet in size also started trembling furiously. Eight among the nine started roaring, and those roars did not sound as if they were fighting against something, but were instead roars of terror.

The turtle underneath the long haired man did not roar, but it was shivering incessantly. The long haired man sitting on it was stunned and his eyes became as wide as saucers. Dark light shone within his eyes and he stared fixedly at Su Ming. Gradually, his expression changed.

"Candle Dragon!"

"I am a Medial Soul Catcher from Lizard Shaman Tribe traveling through the land of the Shamans. Ever since I was born, I already possessed the presence of the Candle Dragon. Senior, you are a Soul Catcher, you should be able to tell whether this presence is real or fake!

"I'm not taking off my mask for personal reasons. Please don't make this hard for me." Su Ming spoke slowly and calmly. In the time he spoke and spread out the rod snake's presence, he completed activating the path to the dimension in the stone. He could enter it any time he wanted now.

Uproars rose all around them. As the creatures roared, the Shamans standing on them started looking at Su Ming differently. To them, besides the mask, he was identical from his head to toe, including his eyes, to the terrifying Soul Catchers they'd met

before.

Even the Soul Catchers standing in the crowd underneath had the same feeling.

The long-haired man stared at Su Ming for a few moments before he said languidly, "Our fellow tribesman from Lizard Shaman Tribe, we are now in a time of war. Don't leave now. Join Autumn Sea Tribe and become our tribe's Soul Catcher."

Su Ming frowned.

"I can join you, but you must give that person to me. I want to turn him into a puppet and grant him the status of an Undying."

Chapter 368: Blood of the Shamans

Autumn Sea Tribe was one of the larger tribes in the land of the Shamans. This migrating group was just a part of it. The team was so long that from afar they looked as if they were connected together. They traveled close to each other, and there were also a large amount of gigantic ferocious beasts dragging with them some unique looking buildings with the members of Autumn Sea Tribe sitting on them as they slowly moved forward.

There were thousands of mackerel pikes swimming in the sky, and they looked as if they had blotted out the sky. Whistling sounds reverberated in the air, and there were also quite a large number of these mackerel pikes who spread out around the perimeter as if patrolling the area.

Su Ming sat on top of a turtle that was 100,000 feet in size. There were nine members of Autumn Sea Tribe sitting around him. The levels of cultivation of these nine people were anything but ordinary. All of them were Medial Shamans.

They had Su Ming surrounded in the middle as if they were flanking him. It was an order from the male End Shaman.

There was a person lying beside Su Ming - the old Berserker. He could not move his body, but his mind remained clear. His heart was filled with shock from what he had seen previously.

He had originally not believed that Su Ming was a Soul Catcher, but the progression of events had made him hesitant. By that

point, he was already completely uncertain as to who Su Ming was!

Su Ming remained silent as he sat on the turtle. His expression was calm and not a hint of what he truly felt in his heart could be seen. He was sitting on the second of the nine turtles. The first turtle right before was the male End Shaman's ride.

From where Su Ming was, he could see the long-haired man whose back was turned towards him as he sat on the first turtle in the distance. That length of hair was something Su Ming had never seen before. He was also the first ever End Shaman Su Ming had ever seen before.

When he remembered that an End Shaman had the power equivalent to those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, Su Ming's pupils shrank.

‘How many End Shamans are there among the Shamans..? There can't be a lot of them. It's just like how there are very few Berserkers who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm.’

Su Ming's understanding towards End Shamans and Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm was very limited. This was simply too far away to him.

‘It was just one gaze, and he already made a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Stage almost break down... and then he captured him just like that. The strength of an End Shaman should be considered as the peak in the Land of South

Morning.

‘End Shaman... I wonder what his name is; he must be a famous person in the Shaman and Berserker Tribes.’ Without bringing any attention to himself, Su Ming started examining his surroundings.

The tribe was not moving quickly. When dusk arrived, the migrating tribe started slowing down. The members of Autumn Sea Tribe started setting up beast skin tents and building up bonfires skilfully on the desolate land. Everything was done in an orderly manner and there was not a hint of them scrambling about in their actions. It was as if everyone knew exactly what they had to do.

When dusk went by and the sky turned completely dark, the bonfires lit up the area. Even if they were a migrating tribe that was resting at that moment, the area which they occupied was still very large. At the very least, when Su Ming stood up and looked into the distance, he could only vaguely see the end of the line and was unable to determine just how big was this temporary tribal village.

The moon gradually peeked out from the clouds, and firelight flickered on the ground. Even though it was dark in the distance, the tribe was rather well illuminated. There were some children playing around, occasionally, playful laughter would ring in the air. Gradually, as the members of Autumn Sea Tribe brought out food and some of them started roasting meat over the bonfires, the aromatic scent of food filled the air, and bustling sounds permeated the air.

Su Ming sat beside a bonfire and took in everything. If he did not look at the Tattoos, he could even have a false impression that he was not sitting among Shamans, but among Berserkers.

It did not matter whether it was their food or their manner of living, everything between the two races were too similar. The only differences between them were their divine abilities and their Arts.

As Su Ming fell into a daze, he saw three children about seven or eight years of age on the other side of the bonfire. They wore beast skins and their hair was a little messy. They were playing tag. One of the children had big eyes and rosy cheeks; he looked very adorable.

The boy was running in front with cheerful laughter. His two friends chased after him.

"The two of you are too slow. I'll count to three. If you still can't catch up to me, then I won't let you two play with this rattle drum."

The boy running in front held a round-shaped rattle drum with a handle connecting to the drum in his hand. However, the ground was not flat, and as he turned his head around to talk, he tripped over something and instantly fell to the ground.

When he fell, his two friends behind him immediately caught up to him, and the three of them instantly started playing together.

However, as the three of them played around, squabbling sounds started, causing Su Ming to look over.

"It's your fault! You broke the rattle drum! It's your fault!"

"My papa made this for me! You have to give it back!"

The boy who had fallen down previously had his head lowered at that moment and looked as if he was about to cry. The rattle drum he held in his hands now had a tear on it.

The two other children standing before him looked hurt and angry. The three of them started yelling at each other.

Things like this occasionally happened among children. Most of the Shamans around chose to ignore this when such arguments happened. Compared to the innocence of the children, the adult Shamans were feeling heavy-hearted, because before long, they would also have to join the battle, and perhaps in the end, very few of them would survive.

Su Ming looked at the three children and stared at the toy rattle in that boy's hand before he stood up slowly. The instant he got up, the nine Medial Shamans surrounding him instantly trained their gazes on him, and guarded looks appeared in their eyes.

Su Ming ignored those nine gazes trained on him and started walking towards the three squabbling children.

The nine Medial Shamans frowned at Su Ming's actions. One of them that was in between Su Ming and the three children stood up when he started walking over. He stared at Su Ming and was just about to open his mouth when his vision blurred. When the world before him became clear once again, he had already lost sight of Su Ming.

That person was momentarily stunned, before he turned his head around swiftly and saw Su Ming with his back towards him as he walked towards the three children.

As that person's expression changed, the other eight reacted in the same manner. Just as all of them wanted to close in on Su Ming, they saw him arriving beside the three children. He stopped and crouched down.

"Let me see. Maybe I can repair it." Su Ming may have been wearing a mask, but the gentle look in his eyes and the soft tone in his voice was still as clear as day.

The three children were stunned, then looked at Su Ming with wide eyes.

"Uncle, can you repair the rattle drum?"

"My papa made it for me. It's his fault that it's broken."

"Uncle, please repair it. It's my fault that it's broken."

Behind Su Ming, the nine Medial Shamans who wanted to get closer came to an abrupt halt. They had heard Su Ming's words and seen his actions.

Su Ming took the small rattle drum from the boy's hands and examined it. At that instant, nostalgia appeared in his eyes. The similarities between the Shaman and Berserker Tribes had caused even the children's toys to almost be the same.

For example, this rattle drum. Su Ming remembered that his elder had made one for him when he was young. It was a small rattle drum made using beast skins, and there was a small stone tied to both sides of the drum with strings made of straw. If he held it in his hand and turned his wrist a little, the small stones wrapped up in string would hit the surface of the drum and let out rattling sounds.

This was one of Su Ming's favorite toys when he was young. He looked at the rattle drum in his hand and a smile appeared on his face under the mask. One side of the drum was torn, which was why no sound could be produced.

Su Ming lifted his hand and ripped off the torn beast skin, then ripped off a corner of the boy's shirt, then placed it on the drum once again. Once he fixed it in place, he turned his wrist with the drum in hand, and instantly, rattling sounds appeared in the air.

The three children immediately started cheering, and excited looks appeared on their faces. Once they took the repaired rattle drum from Su Ming, two of them looked at each other, then ran into the distance excitedly.

"Uncle, thank you. I'm Abu." The boy who had previously broken the rattle drum when he fell waved at Su Ming and happily ran off to join his friends.

At that moment, Su Ming was not paying any mind to the blood feud between the Shamans and the Berserkers in the Land of South Morning, neither was he paying any attention to the war between both sides that would last for an unknown period of time next to Sky Mist City.

He looked at the innocent children and sighed.

"Brother Mo, I didn't expect that you would help the children repair the rattle drum. You must have seen your past self in them." A cheerful voice came from behind Su Ming.

Along with those words came a young man dressed in a black robe with long hair that went down to his waist. The young man's skin was fair, and there was a Tattoo of a mackerel pike at the center of his brows.

He looked slightly different compared to the other Shamans. Most of the time, the Shamans' Tattoos covered their entire face, but this person's Tattoo only covered the center of his brows. There was not a single hint of a Tattoo anywhere else on his face.

He walked from afar, and as he got closer, respect appeared on the faces of the nine Medial Shamans who were keeping close watch on Su Ming. The young man lifted his hand and waved at

them, and the nine people quickly backed away.

"The past is no longer here." Su Ming turned around and cast the young man a flat look.

"The past may be gone, but we have to keep a tight grip of the present, because what you do know will decide your future." The young man also looked at Su Ming, but with a faint smile on his lips.

At that moment, their gazes met.

"I am Ya Mu, a Medial Soul Catcher from Autumn Sea Tribe." The young man spoke with a smile, then turned his gaze away from Su Ming, sitting down at a bonfire.

"Brother Mo, care to have a drink?" As the young man spoke, someone behind him immediately took a few brisk steps forward and placed two pots of wine by his side before backing down respectfully.

Su Ming sat down nearby and shook his head.

The young man brought up a wine pot and took a large swig from it once he opened it. Then he let out a long breath.

The young man placed the wine pot down, then said, seemingly casually, "Brother Mo, you came from the battlefield, right?"

"Why do you say that?" Su Ming asked calmly.

"I can smell the blood of Shamans on you. There must have been plenty of Shamans who died in your hands, you, who also happen to be the True Divinity Wind Berserker." The young man spoke slowly, but the moment he said those words, it was as if a chill hand closed in on Su Ming from within the bustling tribe.

Chapter 369: Nine Li Shaman Tribe

Su Ming remained calm. His expression did not change at all due to the young man's words. It was as if he did not hear him at all.

"Perhaps I should be calling you brother Su, and not... brother Mo." When the young man saw Su Ming reacting this way, he spoke once again, still with a slow tone.

Su Ming smiled faintly and lifted his head to look at the mackerel pikes swimming about in the dark sky. With a glint in his eyes, he took off the mask on his face, placed it by his side and took a big swig from the wine pot at his side.

The instant he took off the mask, all the nine previously retreating Medial Shamans immediately took a few steps forward and stood around them. Their expressions changed and murderous intent shone in their eyes, but they did not attack.

The young man's eyes were instantly trained on Su Ming, like lightning when he saw his sudden movements. He stared at Su Ming's pale face and the scar under his eyes, and after a long while, he let out a cold harrumph.

"You killed many of my tribesmen, and the thickness of the smell of Shaman blood on you can be detected far away. How dare you sit so brazenly among us?!"

"Do you not believe that with just one command from me, your head will immediately fall to the ground and your soul will

instantly scatter?!"

"Do you believe that before my head falls to the ground, I won't drag you to hell with me..? Do you believe that once my head falls to the ground, your Autumn Sea Tribe won't find it incredibly hard to even walk down the land of the Shamans?" Su Ming brought up the wine pot and drank another mouthful before he cast the young man a flat look.

"Do you not believe that perhaps my head will not even fall to the ground?"

The young man stared at Su Ming, then suddenly started chuckling after a long while. His chuckles were not loud, but as he started chuckling, the cold look in his eyes disappeared.

"Su Ming, o Su Ming, this is the first time we met, but you already gave me a lot of surprises. I didn't expect that you, a member of the Berserker Tribe, would repair a rattle drum for the children of my race. I also didn't expect that once I exposed your real identity, you would turn the tables and threaten me when we are in my tribe.

"Do you know that your name has already spread to all the Berserkers? Even if Sky Mist City has issued a gag order, the things that happened that day cannot be hidden away.

"True Divinity Wind Berserker, True Divinity Lightning Berserker, and you even obtained a part of the legacy belonging to the first God of Berserkers. You, who possesses the power of the

God of Berserkers, have already caught the attention of all the powerful Berserkers in the land of the Berserkers.

"At the same time, you have also caught the attention of many powerful Shamans."

Su Ming did not speak. He simply continued drinking. The instant he was exposed, his heart had indeed been in turmoil, but he soon calmed down. There were many mysteries that could not be explained clearly about this matter, such as why he was allowed to stay in the tribe and why the young man said all these things even though he had no obligation to tell him about them.

However, once the young man said his piece, Su Ming began to have a vague understanding about the situation.

"I've always been curious about why there were only one Shaman and one Berserker who chased after me when I left Sky Mist City that day and why I didn't run into any other Shamans on the way, but at the very last moment, I encountered all of you.

"Now, I understand it somewhat." Su Ming put the wine pot down and looked at the young man sitting before him, then he said, "Thank you for this."

The young man's pupils shrank, but he shook his head after a long while and sighed.

"It's so boring. I originally thought your expression would change

slightly or you would react in an extreme fashion, but I didn't expect that you would remain so calm.

"That's right. My people are fighting on the battlefield now. Our Sacred Lady is also there. She was the one who created the chance for you to escape in secret. She warded off the other powerful Shamans from other tribes chasing you down. There's also someone helping you in secret from Sky Mist City, that's why there were only two people who came after you in the end.

"You ran into us because the Thought Soothsayers from my tribe have predicted your arrival. You can say that you didn't find us, but we were waiting for you." The young man spoke slowly as he looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming fell silent.

After a long while, the young man frowned and asked, "Do you know the reason?"

"The reason is because you're our Shaman Lord's junior brother!" The person who said those words was not the young man, but an old woman who was walking slowly towards them and was speaking in a raspy voice.

That old woman was the End Shaman from Autumn Sea Tribe Su Ming had seen during the day!

When the old woman showed up, the nine Medial Shamans

around them immediately knelt down on one knee. Their expressions were filled with intense respect and zeal. Even Ya Mu, who was by Su Ming's side, immediately stood up and bowed towards her respectfully.

"A very long time ago, before the land of the Berserkers was divided into five portions, there was a powerful tribe to the south. The leader of the tribe was so strong that his power was at an equal level to the second God of Berserkers.

"That tribe was called Nine Li!

"Something happened between the leader of Nine Li and the second God of Berserkers during that time. We can no longer look into it, but as their descendants, we only know that when the second God of Berserkers was killed by the Immortals in the other worlds, he was cut into pieces, and once the land of the Berserkers was divided, Nine Li Tribe was also divided and scattered... When the leader of Nine Li died, he left behind a will declaring that the tribe's Berserkers would be hence known as Shamans!

"A large amount of these people gradually increased in number and developed into small tribes in the Land of South Morning. They called themselves Shamans, and they are the members of the Shaman Tribe you see today.

"We Shamans are the descendants of the Nine Li Tribe, and we keep the blood of Nine Li pure in wait for the blood descendant of our Shaman Lord to awaken the power that belongs to the Nine Li.

"However, during the long span of time we waited for the descendant of our Shaman Lord to awaken, a part of the Shamans have changed... They gave up on the glory of the Nine Li and contacted the Immortals who came from the other worlds. They are no longer Shamans. They're not fit to be called Shamans who will not bow to any authority in the world...

"They are the lapdogs of Immortals of the other worlds!

"We saved you because your eldest senior brother is the Shaman Lord of Nine Li in this generation! He has arranged for one of Nine Li's three hundred Shaman Souls to be by your side. You are an honored guest of Nine Li Shaman Tribe."

The old woman's voice was ancient and it fell into Su Ming's ears. As he listened to her words, he was shaken. He lowered his head and looked at the bracelet on his wrist. With a single thought, the bracelet immediately turned into black smoke. That black smoke instantly spread and merged together to form a woman's body before him.

The woman gradually gained form. Once her body was completely revealed, she swept her gaze across the old woman and the surroundings with her back turned towards Su Ming.

"Which faction of Nine Li Tribe do you belong to?" For the first time, the woman spoke. Her voice was aloof, and there was a chilling quality to it.

"Autumn Sea Tribe." The instant the old woman saw the woman,

excitement appeared on her face. She wrapped her fist in her palm and bowed to her. She was not the only who did so. All the Shamans around the area immediately prostrated themselves before her.

"By the orders of our Young Lord, we are to provide the greatest amount of help we can provide to a certain amount of people in all the tribes that belong to Nine Li Shaman Tribe before the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands comes to us.

"In the previous battle, we've already sent the news to the Shamans, but almost all of them no longer have the blood of Nine Li flowing through their veins...

"The Immortals from the other worlds have descended upon us three times within the past hundred years. Each time they come to us, there would be traitors who would ally themselves to them to obtain the skill to reach immortality by offering their blood right to them.

"It is especially so now, with the arrival of the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands, the ancient legends are beginning to show exactly what they meant, and many more of those from Nine Li Shaman Tribe have surrendered their blood right to become affiliates of the Immortals of the other realms...

"The battle this time was started by the tribes who have affiliated themselves to the Immortals. The few tribes who still have the blood of Nine Li coursing in our veins will face the danger of extermination if we don't follow their orders and send our warriors to war.

"Young Lord, please come back and bring us back to the path of Nine Li..." With an agitated face, the old woman knelt down.

Su Ming's breathing quickened. He suddenly realized that the originally rowdy Autumn Sea Tribe in the area where he stood had become silent. Those from further away might not be looking towards them, but Su Ming had a faint feeling that this area had turned into the center of the attention for tens of thousands of members of the Autumn Sea Tribe.

"Right now, there are less than three years left before the Immortal's fourth descent within this century. This time, there will be more factions of Nine Li Shaman Tribes choosing to join them. After all... the temptation of breaking through the End is one that all End Shamans cannot resist...

"It is especially so after the people have seen just how strong a Hollow Shaman is after the Great Patriarch made his choice in the past...

"From what we could tell, the Immortals have also descended three times within this century among the Berserkers. It is only logical to assume that there is quite a large number of Berserkers who have come into contact with them as well. In fact, we have our suspicions that Sky Mist City no longer belongs to the Berserkers!"

The old woman spoke quickly, as if she wanted to use this chance to tell everything that she knew to their Shaman Lord through this

Shaman Soul of Nine Li!

Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath. The old woman's words had delivered a great shock to him.

"We believe that Sky Mist City is fighting against the Shaman Tribes that have affiliated themselves to the Immortals from the other worlds because they belong to two or three different factions of power among those Immortals!

"Shaman Lord, what should we do?!" the old woman asked hastily.

The woman formed by the black smoke continued to stay silent.

Su Ming was also silent. He had a sudden feeling that Autumn Sea Tribe saved him in secret and allowed him to stay in their tribe so that they could have a chance to speak to his eldest senior brother. It was not because of Su Ming himself that they did so.

When he remembered his eldest senior brother, Su Ming could not help but be reminded of his Master.

The Nine Li Shaman Soul formed by the black smoke still remained silent.

Suddenly, a calm voice floated towards them from afar. Those words were uttered in an indescribable rhythm. That voice was very pleasant to the ears, but at the same time, it also contained a

feeling as if it was trying to stun souls. As that voice echoed around, it made all those who heard it feel buzzing sounds going off in their heads.

Even the Nine Li Shaman Soul Su Ming's eldest senior brother had given him looked as if it was about to scatter under the power of that voice.

"Tell the Shaman Lord that if he still hasn't made a choice, that I, Zong Ze, whose life has almost ended, will chose to surrender my blood right in exchange for a chance to break through the End... If I succeed... If I am no longer myself..." When that voice reached this point, it paused for a moment before it turned into a sigh.

Su Ming knew who exactly that voice belonged to - that End Soul Catcher!

Chapter 370: That Woman Standing on the Mackerel Pike

As that End Soul Catcher sighed, the entire Autumn Sea Tribe in that temporary tribal village fell into dead silence.

Time trickled by slowly. That dead silence turned into a depressive feeling that pressed on all of their hearts, including Su Ming's.

Su Ming had more than once made assumptions regarding his eldest senior brother's origins, but it was only now that he truly understood his eldest senior brother's identity.

‘The Lord of Nine Li Shaman Tribe...’

Right when that depressing feeling became stronger, ripples spread out from the black smoke coming from the female Nine Li Shaman Soul. Soon after, a voice Su Ming was familiar with came from within, as if it had traveled a long distance through those ripples.

"Before the Immortals of the other worlds descend upon us for the fourth time, I will come..."

The instant that voice spoke, almost all the people in Autumn Sea Tribe heard it clearly, and all of them prostrated themselves on the ground. Even the mackerel pikes in the sky howled because of that one sentence, causing the dark sky to look as if it had turned into a

black sea that was raging with furious waves.

"Please accept our greetings, Lord of Nine Li!" The waves of sound merged together and turned into one voice.

That voice only started disappearing slowly after a long while.

"Youngest junior brother, don't come back to the land of the Berserkers for the time being..." Su Ming's eldest senior brother's voice spoke from within the female Nine Li Shaman Soul, and once he finished saying those words, his voice gradually disappeared.

The female Nine Li Shaman Soul's body also started scattering away to return to Su Ming's wrist. It returned to the form of a bracelet, but the color of the bracelet had become much duller. It was clear that this sort of conversation, even though only two sentences had been delivered, was not an easy task.

At that moment, all the Shamans around Su Ming gradually started rising up from the ground. The old woman cast him a look and no longer paid any attention to him. Instead, she turned around and left. It was as if she had come here just to prove Su Ming right - she was only there to gain a chance to speak to the Shaman Lord of Nine Li.

As for the nine Medial Shamans that had stayed beside Su Ming all this while, they seemed to have received a new order and left the area, no longer paying any attention to him.

Only Ya Mu remained in the area while giving Su Ming a smile. He picked up the wine jar and took a big swig from it.

"Great, now the old folks are all gone. There's no else here who will restrict your movements anymore. Brother Su, you can leave at anytime you want. If you don't want to leave, you can also stay here. It'll be better for you, too."

"Just... what exactly is the descent of the Immortals from the other worlds?" Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he too, picked up the wine jar. Once he took a big swig from it, he looked at Ya Mu.

"They're naturally the Immortals who come from a foreign world. They use a unique method to come to our world. The Immortals' Spells are different from ours, but all those who can descend among us have incredible power.

"In fact, they even have a method for our powerful End Shamans to breakthrough their current level of cultivation and arrive at Hollow... It can even be said that they have a power for those old monsters who have already attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm to reach another Realm.

"This is an irresistible temptation for those old monsters, especially for those whose life is reaching an end. The power of the world that will be activated when they break through to that new Realm is a life changer, and it's almost like attaining immortality. It's not just them, even I am tempted by this sort of thing," Ya Mu said with a deep sigh, shrugging.

"Have you met the Immortals before?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

A glint appeared in Ya Mu's eyes and he replied softly, "I have."

"I've seen two Immortals before. They were a man and woman. The man was an old man. He came to Autumn Sea Tribe ten years ago and fought against Sir Zong Ze..."

Su Ming immediately shot up to attention and listened closely to what Ya Mu said.

"I can't tell the details of what happened in that battle, but their battle lasted less than the time taken for an incense stick to burn. I couldn't see how they attacked in the sky, I only saw a gigantic hand up above. That hand repeatedly clenched its fist nine times.

"After those nine times, that Immortal's battle against Sir Zong Ze ended. I saw the old man wearing an incredibly gorgeous robe and walking out of the sky without a word.

"By the way, there were some pictures sewn on the old man's robes. It was a purple dragon, but the dragon held four different items in its claws. One of them was a bottle, the other a pearl, and there was also a small sword. There was another item that was hidden in the clouds, but I couldn't see it.

"Once the old man left, Sir Zong Ze returned to the tribe from the sky... I remember that he had an incredibly sour face at that time.

We were all guessing that perhaps... Ah... you know what it is." Ya Ma sighed and drank a mouthful from the wine pot in his hand.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he continued asking. "What about the other one?"

"The other one was a woman..." A nostalgic look appeared in Ya Mu's eyes.

"What can I say about her? She didn't look particularly pretty, but anyone who saw her would be unable to forget that her eyes seemed to contain an entire world on their own...

"She was flying in the sky alone. When I saw her, I could tell at first glance that she was neither a Shaman nor a Berserker, because that presence was... completely different from ours.

"If you somehow manage to see an Immortal, you'll definitely be able to recognize them at first glance. They give off a completely different feeling. Up till now, I can still remember that her expression looked pretty odd when she saw me.

"It was a look of conflict, pity, and there was even a hint of fear... She seemed to be very afraid of me, but she had gave me a feeling as if I was facing an End Shaman based on what I could sense from her power. I still can't understand why there would be terror on her face."

Ya Mu drank. As he spoke, he shook his head, as if he still could

not understand even now.

Su Ming sat nearby and slowly lifted his head to look at the stars flickering in the dark sky. A profound look gradually appeared in his eyes, and once it fused with the unique presence on his currently unmasked face, an indescribable charm slowly manifested about him.

Ya Mu put down the wine pot and no longer thought about the woman in his memories. He instinctively cast a glance at Su Ming, but the moment he looked at him, he suddenly shuddered, and his expression changed drastically.

"You... you..." Ya Mu was momentarily stunned, then sucked in a deep breath. When Su Ming eventually lowered his head and looked towards him, the profound look in his eyes had disappeared and had turned into calmness. Only then was Ya Mu shocked by what he saw and he rubbed his eyes.

"What's wrong?" Su Ming asked.

Ya Mu remained silent for a moment before he looked at Su Ming and said slowly, "The feeling you gave me just now was the exact same as the old Immortal and the female Immortal I saw in the past! That's a completely different presence compared to us..."

"Sir Zong Ze is right, there's a fog around you that can't be seen through. If it wasn't because we knew for sure that you are a Berserker, then I would definitely think you were a Medial Soul Catcher..."

"If I didn't know about your origins, I would have thought you were an Immortal who descended upon us just now."

Ya Mu shook his head and chased away the sudden thought that had appeared in his head. He was certain it was impossible. There was no way a True Divinity Wind Berserker would be an Immortal, neither was it possible for an Immortal to obtain the legacy of the first God of Berserkers. It was the same for the Shamans, they wouldn't be able to get those legacies either.

"An Immortal, huh..?" Su Ming mumbled, and bitterness appeared in his heart.

Compared to Ya Mu's misconception, Su Ming's confusion stemmed from the source of his bitterness. It would have been better if he was completely confused by it, but he... already had several theories as to why he would feel bitter about it.

Those were theories that he did not want to accept, and in fact... could not accept.

"Where is the location of the spot where the Immortals will descend? Approximately when would that be? I also saw a woman with that sort of presence when I was in the battlefield beyond Sky Mist City. Do you know who she is? Where can I find these Immortals?" Su Ming immediately asked.

"You're speaking too quickly. The Immortals won't descend in another three years. I don't know the precise date, but when you

see that the sky is still bright even though it should be dark, or when the sky should be bright, but it's dark, then it means that it's time for them to descend.

"I do know the precise location. They'll be descending on the highest mountain in the land of the Shamans - Cloud Shaman Summit. They've been landing there the previous few times.

"As for the Immortal you mentioned that appeared in the battlefield, I don't know who she is, since I've never seen her before, but I do know of a place where you'll definitely be able to see the Immortals. That would be where the Great Patriarch is now... God of Shamans Temple!

"It's also on top of Cloud Shaman Summit."

As Ya Mu spoke, he stood up. He cast Su Ming a glance, then hesitated for a moment before he brought out a wooden slip from his bosom and handed it to him.

"By the looks of it, you've chosen to leave. This is a map that covers most of the areas in the land of the Shamans. It's an item that only those within Autumn Sea Tribe can have. Take it. It'll be useful to you.

"Even though we're in a time of war, but there are still dangers lurking around if you travel alone. With your current level of cultivation... well, do your best." Ya Mu shook his head and picked up his wine pot before he left Su Ming.

Su Ming took the wooden slip and stood up once he put it away in his bosom. He had indeed chosen to leave. The purpose for him to come to the land of the Shamans was not just to find a breakthrough for his level of cultivation through countless life and death battles, but he also wanted to find out... exactly what was Destiny from those Immortals who came to this world!

The Immortals from the other worlds were going to descend three years later. He had to go, but before that, he had many other things to do, be it him creating medicinal pills and refining the old Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm, or even training the Arts of the Wind Berserker and the Lightning Berserker, and also fusing the Crystals of Inheritance with himself.

He needed time to prepare all of these things. There was also the possibility of the rod snake going through a metamorphosis, and also the unknown medicinal pill in the medicinal cauldron he kept in his body, and he also had to refine Han Mountain Bell now, since his level of cultivation had just increased so that he could master the true power of this priceless treasure. All of these things were pending in wait, and Su Ming had to finish doing all of them.

‘Three years... Three years later, I have to become stronger!’ Determination appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He was just about to leave when his expression suddenly changed and he lifted his head swiftly.

At that moment, Ya Mu was still not too far away. Roaring sounds suddenly came from the dark sky, and as the clouds tumbled about in the air, the mackerel pikes in the sky started howling together. Those howls did not seem to be like those that

were directed towards enemies, but instead, they sounded like they were welcoming someone, and they simultaneously moved back.

A gigantic mackerel pike pushed through the sea of clouds, and it was so huge that its precise size could not be seen, the people below could only see a part of its body that was revealed out of the sea of clouds!!

That mackerel pike seemed to be treating the sky as its ocean and was drifting towards them. There was a woman holding a bamboo flute standing on its back. That woman's black locks swayed in the air and she wore a white robe. As she got closer, a breathtakingly beautiful face that could make hearts pound came into view!

Chapter 371: Persecution!

This was the third time Su Ming saw that mackerel pike and that woman.

The first time he saw them, he had just Awakened and was on the way to Freezing Sky Clan. He saw this woman coming towards Sky Mist Barrier and heard the booming clashes of her fight against Bai Chang Zai.

From that moment onwards, the image of that mackerel pike and the woman was forever engraved in Su Ming's memories.

The second time he saw them was during the battle of Sky Mist City. He saw the woman joining the battle and also saw the mackerel pike's strange power.

It was also during that time that the woman extended a hand to him in secret and helped Su Ming escape the battlefield.

However, it was only during the third time that Su Ming could see them at such close proximity - the woman and the sacred beast that would leave behind an unforgettable image once a person saw it... the mackerel pike.

Su Ming stood in the tribe and watched the clouds tumbling in the sky, looked at the numerous mackerel pikes who were much more smaller compared to it letting out howls of respect, and stared at the beautiful woman whose hair danced in the air as she held a flute in her hands and swept her gaze across the land.

At that moment, the woman's eyes landed on Su Ming, who was standing within the temporary tribal village built by Autumn Sea Tribe in the land.

But her gaze did not stay. It was as if Su Ming did not exist in her eyes. When the gigantic mackerel pike eventually stopped and floated in the sky above the tribe, the woman walked down with light steps. Her robes fluttered in the air gracefully. When she landed in the tribe, she turned into a white arc and flew towards the center of it.

The time from her appearance to subsequent disappearance into the tribe was not long, but it made all the members of Autumn Sea Tribe fired up. They might not be crying out and causing a commotion, but Su Ming could still see the excitement and fanaticism in all their eyes..

"The Sacred Lady, Wan Qiu..."

Ya Mu, who was standing 100 feet away from Su Ming, was staring at the spot where the woman disappeared with a fanatic but complicated look in his eyes. After a long while, he shook his head and walked into the distance with the wine pot in his hand.

As he left, the area around the bonfire where Su Ming was sitting gradually became silent. Besides the crackling sounds coming from the bonfire as it burned, not many other sounds could be heard. Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then went to the old Berserker whose name he still did not know.

With just one glance from Zong Ze, this old man was sealed within his own body. As time went by, not only did the seal not become weaker, his soul also seemed to have frozen up and his eyes became blank.

Su Ming waved his arm beside the old Berserker, and immediately, he was placed in the storage bag where the Fire Ape was kept. Once he straightened out his robes, Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at the temporary tribal village built by Autumn Sea Tribe, then turned back and started walking out.

He was going to leave and search for his own path.

Before he left, he did not visit the End Shamans in Autumn Sea Tribe or the Sacred Lady Wan Qiu. They saved him because they wanted to speak to his eldest senior brother.

This was a trade.

Besides, all the others beside Ya Mu were aloof to him. Once they finished speaking to his eldest senior brother, they had completely ignored him. Su Ming might not be bothered by it, but he would not go asking for trouble on his own.

If they wanted to ignore him, then he would also ignore them. As he turned around, Su Ming gradually walked away. His back seemed to look a little bleak and lonely, making him not fit in with the rest of the people around him.

There was always a veil of confusion surrounding him. However, Su Ming usually hid that confusion deep within him. Only when he was alone would that confusion show itself.

As he continued moving forward, Su Ming walked past several bonfires. Some guards from Autumn Sea Tribe who were on night duty saw him when he walked past, but they also seemed to have received an order. When they saw that Su Ming was leaving and not moving towards some important parts within Autumn Sea Tribe, they did not stop him. They only looked at him coldly.

Right the moment Su Ming was about to walk out of Autumn Sea Tribe, his footsteps suddenly froze, because there was a raspy voice traveling slowly towards him from the deeper parts of the tribe behind him.

"Are you leaving just like that?"

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with this voice. It belonged to the old female End Shaman.

"My tribe saved you twice. Are you not going to repay us?" The old woman's voice was cold and contained no emotion as it echoed around Su Ming.

Su Ming remained silent.

"Leave your bracelet behind. It is the Shaman Soul of our Nine Li

Tribe, it doesn't belong to you." The old woman's voice came from behind Su Ming, causing ripples to form around Su Ming.

"This is a gift from your Shaman Lord of Nine Li to me." Su Ming turned around and looked around, but he could not see the old woman.

"Or you can choose to stay until the Shaman Lord comes back." Almost the instant Su Ming finished speaking, the old woman spoke once again. As her words were said, the originally empty space before Su Ming suddenly distorted and the old woman walked out from within.

"I'll give you the span of ten breaths to make your choice." The old woman stood there and cast Su Ming a cold glance before ignoring him. To her, Su Ming was just a tool for their tribe to contact their Shaman Lord. If the tool wanted to leave, they would only allow him to do so if he left the bracelet behind.

Besides, Su Ming's level of cultivation was absolutely nothing to her. The weak had no right to bring up any conditions before the strong; they could only submit to the strong.

She was not bothered by Su Ming's identity in the Berserker Tribe either. Even if she heard that he possessed a hint of the God of Berserkers' power, she had never seen that power before. In her eyes, with her status in Nine Li Shaman Tribe and her power as an End Shaman, there was no way that so called power of the God of Berserkers could kill her, especially when she was in her own tribe.

Besides, she also came here on orders. Someone asked her to come and test the power of the God of Berserkers which she did not believe in.

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the bracelet on his wrist. Time trickled by, and when the sixth breath arrived, Su Ming no longer hesitated and took off the bracelet.

He lifted his head and looked at the old woman. He knew that she paid absolutely no mind to him. In fact, her gaze when she looked at him was that of a superior being looking at an ant, and she did not bother hiding it.

Saving him was so that she could speak to his eldest senior brother. Saving him was all for the sake of this bracelet.

In truth, the old woman was not the only one who did it. Even that Zong Ze was the same. Su Ming smiled faintly and looked at the old woman before he threw that bracelet to her.

"From now on, there is no longer any connection between Autumn Sea Tribe and me. You saved me once and obtained a chance to speak to your Shaman Tribe. That is a trade.

"The second time you saved me, you asked for the bracelet. I will count this as a trade. Now, everything has ended. I beg my leave!" Su Ming's eyes were calm as he turned around and walked down the road.

The old woman caught the bracelet, then cast a glance at Su Ming. Her eyes sparkled. She might respect the Shaman Lord, but she was still a powerful Shaman in Autumn Sea Tribe. Besides, the situation in the land of the Shamans was rapidly changing. They could not place all their hopes on the Shaman Lord.

In her eyes, this Su Ming was weak. If he left alone, then he would definitely die in the land of the Shamans. Once this person died, then all his treasures would be taken away by someone else, and that someone else might even be privy to the things on this person that still remained a secret to her.

If that was the case, then it would be better if he stayed!

"The two trades have indeed ended, but since you're a Berserker, why do you have the Soul Catcher Pearl of the Shamans? Leave the Soul Catcher Pearl behind and also explain to us why you have the presence of the Candle Dragon on you. You can leave after that.

"Our tribe won't make things hard for you either. We're just taking your things to keep it for you. When the Shaman Lord comes, I will naturally give them to him.

"Or else..."

Before the old woman even finished speaking, she was interrupted by a long string of laughter from Su Ming.

Su Ming had put up with this for a very long time. If they wanted

the bracelet, he could give it to them. This item never belonged to him to begin with. However, Autumn Sea Tribe had deliberately continued to make things difficult after he gave them the bracelet and demanded for his Spirit Plunder, even seeking to examine the secret of him possessing a Soul Catcher's presence.

If Su Ming yielded to their desires in this matter, then what awaited him would be even more instances of him submitting to them!

"Autumn Sea Tribe, do you really think that you have everything about me in your control? You've already taken away the bracelet. This is a warning, do not go overboard!" Su Ming turned around swiftly and a freezing glare appeared in his eyes.

As his words echoed in the air, a large amount of Shamans immediately appeared around him and looked at him coldly, but besides that cold look, there was also scorn.

As for that old woman, a cold sneer formed on her lips and displeasure appeared on her face.

"You ungrateful wretch. The Soul Catcher Pearl will only bring disaster to you. I'm doing this for your own good so that you won't be in so much danger when you're venturing outside. Instead of thanking me, you're acting so arrogantly? I'm curious, on what grounds are you threatening me with your level of cultivation?" A glint appeared in the old woman's eyes, and as she spoke, she took a step forward.

With that one step, the entire ground seemed to tremble. The space between her and Su Ming also seemed to have instantly frozen up. The power of the world around them charged forward at that moment and rushed towards Su Ming.

She did not use any shocking divine abilities, but with just that one step, she could already gather up the power of the world and push it towards Su Ming. That level of strength was not something a person in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could compare to!

She did not want to kill Su Ming. She only wanted to injure him badly so that he would know how exactly a weakling should act before the strong.

Yet the moment she took that one step and the instant the power of the world charged towards Su Ming, he did not do anything else but lifted his right hand and stretch out his index finger. The strand of hair tied on his index finger instantly started burning, and an indescribably mighty power burst forth.

The power was so strong that the instant it burst forth, it created a large amount of booming sounds in the area. The power of the world called upon by the old woman started immediately shattering layer by layer, as if it could not withstand the indescribably great power that had burst forth from Su Ming's body. The shattered power of the world started sweeping past the area.

All the Shamans around him immediately experienced drastic changes to their expressions. They retreated simultaneously, but even so, they were still struck by the force that was spreading in all

directions. All of them coughed up blood and fell back like kites in the wind whose strings were snapped.

Chapter 372: A Paper Crane!

"Now you know exactly with what I am threatening you with. " Su Ming's words were freezing when he spoke slowly.

The old woman's expression changed rapidly, and she instinctively took a few steps back under that force. Her pupils shrank. As she stared at Su Ming's right index finger, she sucked in a deep breath.

"The power of the God of Berserkers..."

The power only appeared for a brief moment, then disappeared without a trace. It almost felt as if it had never even been there. The strand of hair on Su Ming's right index finger stopped burning.

At the same time, the force in the area also disappeared instantly. There was no lingering force in the area. Su Ming's floating hair also fell down. His clothes no longer danced in the air, but he remained standing there like a mountain. His gaze was cold as he stared at the old woman. The strand of hair on his finger might not be spreading any hint of aura just like before, but once she witnessed its presence when it exploded forth just now, the old woman's breathing quickened.

She stared fixedly at Su Ming's right index finger. It was not as if she had not examined that finger previously, but she had sensed nothing. This was also the reason why she had looked down on the power of the God of Berserkers.

She was, after all, a Shaman, not a Berserker. She did not acknowledge that so called God of Berserkers.

She was a firm believer that power could only be obtained through training. No matter how strong external power was, it was still external power. With her power as an End Shaman, she did not believe that a weak Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could control a great external power and instantly kill her.

Yet that moment, sweat broke out on her forehead. During that instant she witnessed the power of the God of Berserkers, fear rose in her heart. When that presence appeared, she could not even think of fighting back. It was as if her will was completely suppressed. Her mind was blank. She was completely certain that if Su Ming wanted to kill her, then she would not have survived the power of that one finger.

Just as the old woman was seized by terror, Su Ming turned his gaze towards her and stared at her coldly. As his eyes flickered and the area fell into silence, a woman's graceful voice echoed in the midst of the silence.

"Grandma, let him leave."

It was said by a woman who was walking forward from a distance. She wore a white robe and moved to stand beside the old woman. The newcomer was incredibly beautiful. Her hair spilled over her shoulders, and as she stood there, she looked like a deep pool of autumn water.

She was naturally the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe, Wan Qiu.

Su Ming's gaze swept past her. He did not speak, merely took a few steps backward, then turned into a long arc that charged into the dark sky. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared.

Even after Su Ming disappeared, the old woman's face was still slightly pale. The brief instant the power of the God of Berserkers had appeared created for the old woman a memory and impact that would be difficult to wipe out.

"I acted too recklessly, grandma." The beautiful woman was frowning as she spoke. She was also shocked. This, too, was the first time she experienced the strength of the power of the God of Berserkers.

The old woman remained silent, then shook her head after a long moment.

"Such strength, that power of the God of Berserkers! I underestimated him. Even if you didn't ask me about it, I would have done the same to experience the power of the God of Berserkers. Perhaps it would be of help for Sir Zong Ze's breakthrough. Did you keep a record of what happened just now?"

There was a complicated look on the old woman's face as she looked in the direction Su Ming had left.

The woman nodded lightly. As she lifted her right hand, an ancient mirror that was about the size of her palm appeared in her hand. There was a layer of fog above the mirror, and when the woman touched it with her left hand, all the fog was instantly absorbed into the mirror. A strong ray of light shot out from the mirror, causing the space around the area to start distorting.

Soon after, as it was distorting, an illusionary scene manifested itself and pictures appeared in the air. Within those pictures was the battle where both Su Ming and the old woman had not really attacked each other, just used the power of the world against the other.

It was vivid, and even the presence and domineering air contained within the power of the God of Berserkers was distinctly preserved.

"It's a pity that with our relationship with that Su Ming, it'll be difficult for us to get in contact with him in the future, and we will have to suffer the wrath of our Shaman Lord as well..." the white-robed woman said softly.

"That Su Ming is not a cause to worry. Once he doesn't have the power of the God of Berserkers, he's just a nobody. There's no need for us to get acquainted with him. Besides, didn't you use your Prediction powers earlier and Predicted his future?

"That person's life is mediocre and there's nothing out of ordinary in his life. He also won't live long. The only thing we have to worry about is the wrath of our Shaman Lord... But if this thing can be of help to raise Sir Zong Ze's level of cultivation, then

it's worth it!" A glint appeared in the old woman's eyes as she stated slowly.

Right up to that moment, she still did not pay too much attention to Su Ming. The only thing she cared about was the power of the God of Berserkers that had made her sense death. In her mind, if he did not have the power of the God of Berserkers, then he was no different from an ant.

"But grandma, when that Su Ming used the power of the God of Berserkers just now, my senses fluctuated. That Su Ming might not be as I Predicted, but is..." The white-robed woman frowned.

"Hmm?" The old woman was stunned. Before she blocked Su Ming, she had been with Wan Qiu and had seen her Predicting Su Ming's future.

The entire process had been incredibly smooth, and they had also seen all of Su Ming's future very clearly. That person's life was nothing special. The middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm was his limit, and he would die several years later in the Calamity of the Eastern Wastelands.

Yet now, when she heard Wan Qiu's words that were filled with uncertainty, she could not help but be surprised.

"There's something very strange about him. When I Predicted his future previously, I had been successful. Even now when I Predict his future once again, it's still successful. The answer I get is the same.

"However, when he used the power of the God of Berserkers just now, I suddenly felt uneasy under that mighty power of the world. When I used Prediction again, I only saw a clouded vision. In fact... before I could even see anything, I already felt a life threatening sense of danger." The white-robed woman frowned and closed her eyes as if she was trying to sense something.

"Unless it's a misconception on my part, then there's a strong power that is interfering with any power trying to see into this person's future. That power has covered up his true future, and what is shown to us is a made up future, it's not real!

"If that is the case, then this person... is someone we should perhaps not offend..." Wan Qiu opened her eyes, and a hint of fatigue and puzzlement passed briefly through her eyes.

"It's already over, don't pay it any heed anymore. I don't think that Su Ming is as you say. He's just an ant." The old woman remained silent for a long moment before she spoke slowly.

"Let's go. Come with me to meet Sir Zong Ze." As the old woman spoke, she turned around and left. Wan Qiu stood there and looked in the direction Su Ming had left. She was still frowning, but no longer trying to Predict anymore. Instead, she left with the old woman.

In the area of Sky Mist Barrier, the area that belonged to the Berserkers, was a place covered in ice and snow. At the end of the silvery snow that stretched ten thousand li and at a spot that was

far away from Phantom Dais Tribe was a gigantic tribe that seemed to not have any borders.

The size of the tribe was so big and it covered an area so wide that it was a sight that was rarely seen in the Land of South Morning!

It was one of the two great Berserker Tribes in the Land of South Morning - the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky!

Within the territory of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky was an incredibly extravagant looking tower. At that moment, there was a person sitting cross-legged in the tower. That person was dressed in a long blue robe, his hair was white, and he was thin. He was currently meditating with his eyes closed.

After a long while, the old man slowly opened his eyes. The instant he did so, distortions and ripples immediately appeared around his body. His entire being soon became indistinct. Gradually, another person seemed to have appeared on his now indistinct body.

It was a person dressed in an Emperor's cloak and who wore an Emperor's crown. Although the features of his face could not be seen clearly, it could still be seen that this was definitely not an old but a middle-aged man.

That person had profound eyes, and his gaze seemed to be able to see through the tower, penetrate through the emptiness in the air, pass through an endless distance to land on the distant land of the Shamans, on Autumn Sea Tribe's temporary tribal village, and on

Wan Qiu, who was in the tribe.

"The Thought Soothsayer of the Shaman Tribe... That strange power actually managed to find some clues even through my interference... But since you didn't probe into it, I will spare you!" the man with the Emperor's crown mumbled to himself with a dull tone.

He lifted his right hand, and there was a paper crane folded out of rice paper in his palm. That crane flew out and charged into the sky through the window. Once it disappeared above the nine heavens, the man closed his eyes once again.

The instant he closed his eyes, the cloudiness and distortions on his body abruptly disappeared, turning into the white-haired old man dressed in the long blue robes once again. He still looked as thin as ever and there was nothing extraordinary about him.

There were ripples spreading around the paper crane that had flown out of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky into the sky above the nine heavens. It disappeared in an instant, and when it reappeared, it was already above the distant Sky Mist City.

Small scale battles between the two sides would occasionally happen in the battlefield outside Sky Mist City. As the army of Shamans assembled together, warriors from the Berserker Tribe would come from all tribes everyday to become a new batch of strength that would protect Sky Mist.

The gigantic stone monument in the city was incredibly eye-

catching. All the names listed in the monument were engraved into everyone's minds, and their names would spread through the land to be respected by the people.

There was one name that was now ranked in the 170s. That name was Yue Feng, and he was the sole survivor of a small tribe.

No one seemed to have noticed the paper crane in the sky. With a flap of its wings, it disappeared once again. When it reappeared this time, it was already at the edge of the Land of South Morning where the Dead Sea was spreading.

Waves roared and crashed on the surface of the sea, and there were numerous dark shadows swimming about. The seawater had already flooded the stair shaped mountain ridge and was expanding, bit by bit, towards the land of the Shamans.

In the black seabed in the distance, a gigantic head could be seen faintly. That head was staring coldly at the Land of South Morning.

The paper crane in the sky charged forward once again and disappeared. This time, when it reappeared, it was still above the Dead Sea, but was now incredibly far away from the Land of South Morning.

The seawater underneath seemed to stretch out endlessly and the water on the surface of the sea was sparkling. Occasionally, an Aquatic Dragon that was one hundred thousand feet would leap up from within the sea and rise with a roar... If anyone took a closer

look, they would find that there were an endless amount of... Dead Sea creatures, and they were all moving forward in the direction to the Land of South Morning!

There was a gigantic floating object on the seawater. It looked as if it was a corner from a palace that had crumbled. It was floating along the waves of the sea towards the Land of South Morning. Behind it was a countless amount of palace debris such as that one... Among the debris was a piece that looked like it was the spot where plaques were attached to in palaces. There were a few large words on that debris.

"Great Yu Sky Palace."

There was an ancient feeling to those words... Besides the endless amount of Dead Sea Creatures around the debris, there were eight other giant heads, with their eyes wide-open, floating on the surface of the sea. It was as if there were giants walking on the bed of the sea.

With a flash, the paper crane disappeared once again. When it reappeared, it was already in a continent that was far away from the Land of South Morning... On that continent were more than one million people sitting close to each other near the Dead Sea. All of them sat there, covering an area so wide that no one could see the end of the crowd.

Their eyes were all directed to the south, which was the direction of the Land of South Morning!

"There's still ten years..."

The paper crane in the sky shone once again and disappeared. When it reappeared, it was still in the Eastern Wastelands, but it was already in another place of the continent. That was the eastern part of the Eastern Wastelands.

The entire eastern part of the continent was shrouded in black fog. There was not a hint of life within it. The only things that existed there were shrill screams of pain and wails. Suddenly, a gigantic hand shot out of that black fog and caught that paper crane.

"Hidden Dragon Sect, Great Leaf Immortal Sect, I, Tian Lan Dao, am coming!"

Chapter 373: The Strange Mountain Range

One crane, and it saw the sky and earth. One crane, and it saw the barren lands of the Berserkers.

That paper crane might not have a beautiful legend like that belonging to the Harmonious Morus Alba flapping her wings, but it contained a power that seemed to allow it to cross through dimensions. It could be said that it was a newborn when it flew out of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, and it lived until it died in Eastern Wastelands.

Its life was short, but during its short span of life, the entire world seemed to have shrunk in its eyes and it could see everything within the lands and sea it traveled through clearly.

It was a pity that this clear sight did not belong to Su Ming, did not belong to many people. Only the old man who had allowed the crane to fly into the nine heavens, or perhaps more accurately, the man with the Emperor's robe and the crown could see it, for it belonged to him!

Su Ming left Autumn Sea Tribe.

He walked beneath the sky of the Shamans. There were no pursuers behind him, no obstacles before him. All he could see up ahead was the vast sky and the desolate land. Ever since he joined the battle of Sky Mist City, only now could he be truly considered to have shaken off all the restraints placed on him.

As he looked at the sky and earth before him, Su Ming suddenly had the feeling that he had returned to the past when he had first opened his eyes in a mountain range beyond Han Mountain City.

Back then, he had looked at the unfamiliar sky at a loss. His weak power had caused him to be in a state of confusion for a long period of time.

Right now, he was still looking at the unfamiliar sky while walking in the world. The wind moved his hair and revealed the profound eyes underneath.

But right now, while he still might be a little confused, he had a direction. Even though his level of cultivation did not allow him to stand at the peak, he was still like two different sides of a ravine compared to the him in the past.

‘Before the Immortals of the other worlds come once again, I have to make myself stronger...’ Su Ming brought out the mask from his bosom and placed it on his face. He had no intention of taking it down anymore.

This was his way of hiding his identity in the land of the Shamans. Unless he could find a better method, then he would continue wearing the mask.

With the existence of Spirit Plunder and his divine sense, as long as he did not run into any powerful End Shamans, then even if he met Latter Shamans, the possibility of them finding out that he was not a Shaman was not great.

Besides, even if he did run into powerful Shamans who could tell that he was not a Shaman, Su Ming still had a way to explain his identity.

‘If my face... is very alike to the Immortals from the other worlds..? If that is the case...’ Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he opened them once again, there was an inquisitive look in his eyes.

‘But I’m curious, why were the two people who called me Destiny so certain that I... am Destiny?!’

As Su Ming charged through the land, he ran into some Shamans. Most of the time, when they saw him, their outspread perception would touch his divine sense, and then, they would pull it back.

Unless they already knew beforehand, most of them would not be suspicious of Su Ming.

‘Han Mountain’s ancestor was waiting for Destiny to take him away, that’s why I can still reason that he thought I was Destiny when he saw me, seeing that I was the first person he met after waiting for so many years.

‘However, that long-haired woman in the battlefield said that I was Destiny after only seeing me once. That’s where it gets strange.

‘The only reason as to why she called me Destiny in such a time can only be that... she’s seen me before!’ Su Ming was lost in his thoughts. However, these were just his guesses. He did not have real and conclusive information.

He flew for seven days straight, occasionally observing the map on the wooden slip given to him by Ya Mu. He knew that he was getting closer to the center of the land of the Shamans. However, he was just close to it. If he looked at the entire territory of the land of the Shamans, he would find that he was still in a rather remote area. There was an abundance of greenery in this place, but the wind here was also much stronger compared to the area outside.

He could also smell blood in the air, because most of the wind came from the Dead Sea, sweeping through the land of the Shamans.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the land, as he stood in a range of mountains that was formed through a network of mountains. It was something he’d been doing occasionally while traveling. He would observe the area around him carefully to see whether there were any dangers around him.

However, this time, the instant he swept his gaze past the mountain range on the land, his body came to an abrupt halt. With a light gasp of surprise, he immediately focused his attention over there, while also spreading out his divine sense so that it covered the entirety of the mountain range.

After a moment, Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. With his current level

of power, while he might not be able to use the power of the world, he still had four Berserker Bones. He, who had arrived at the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, could see just how much power of the world was contained in one place.

At first glance, that mountain range looked incredibly normal. Even if anyone took a closer look, they would find that it was still very ordinary looking and there was nothing special about it. Even if they spread their divine sense, even if a Shaman filled the entire area with their perception, it would still appear the same to them.

It was like a perilous mountain. The power of the world there was also very thin, the stench of blood thick in the air, though it wasn't as strong as years back. That was why most of the Shamans who passed through this place, even if they were Latter Shamans, would not pay too much attention to it.

However, in Su Ming's eyes, this place gradually changed. A thick veil seemed to have been lifted from the mountain range before his eyes, and its true form was revealed!

The mountain range began in the east and winded to the north before disappearing in the land in the distance. It looked like a small part of a dragon's back that was revealed as it swam through the land. The mountains towered in the air, and there were plenty of strange looking rocks scattered everywhere. There were also plants growing on them.

However, most of the plants looked incredibly strange. They swayed in the wind and gave off a sense of danger. It was as if these plants were aggressive by nature.

Su Ming stared at the mountain range and lifted his right hand to slashed to his left lightly. He did not activate the power of Bone Sacrifice within him. It looked as if it was a casual slash, but layers of ripples instantly spread through the air. He narrowed his eyes slightly and reached with his right hand into the ripples, as if he was trying to feel something.

‘The mountain range comes from the east... and goes to the north. The direction where the mountain range moves is the reason it is in the shape of a corner in a square. It looks like a dragon, but in truth, this is a pattern of the Three Evils, naturally formed, but a little incomplete!’ After a long while, a curious glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He descended and circled the entire mountain range once.

It was a crooked mountain range.

‘Separation, Beginning, Nurture, and also, theft, disaster, and time... The area northeast is the pulse of this place. The area southwest is empty. The empty area to the west is Beginning, and the empty area to the south is Nurture. Now, it lacks the spot for Separation. This should originally be an incomplete pattern.’

Su Ming observed the mountain range for a long while, and with what he understood about the Execution of Three Evils Art, he slowly started analyzing the strangeness of this mountain range.

‘However, while the wind coming from the east might not be strong initially, but now, it’s clearly stronger due to the

Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. There's also a bloody stench in the wind... If I look at this mountain range as a dragon, then it was originally something dead, but if the wind coming from the east can flow out once it blows past the dragon's head, then it will seem like the dragon head is alive and it is breathing!

"This is Separation and evil of theft is something I've never seen before... the Execution of Three Evils. I gained an epiphany previously in Sky Mist City's battlefield that this Art can not only be used to cut things down, but can also be used to set things up.

'By the looks of it, that idea of mine is still a little incomplete. Besides cutting down and setting up patterns, I can also change it. I can change the patterns of the land and turn them into killing intent!

'What an amazing natural pattern. Not only does it cause the power of the world to gather here, it also created a power of the Three Evils, causing this place to not need too much change to turn into a place to rest the mind and to kill!' As Su Ming continued observing the place, his expression gradually changed.

The Separation pattern was originally absent from the place, which meant that the evil of theft from the Three Evils was not there. Based from what Su Ming understood, most of the places in the world contained all Three Evils. However, the Three Evils were mostly an invisible existence. Nonetheless, in this place, as times changed, it had naturally turned into this pattern, a pattern that could be seen with the naked eye.

That was a huge difference.

That difference was like comparing something illusionary to something with physical form.

Su Ming fell into pensive silence for a moment. He originally didn't have a clear direction he wanted to go to, but now that he saw the attractive points of the mountain range, a glint appeared in his eyes and he made his decision.

‘This isn't a bad place. I can open up a cave abode here and turn it into a place to stay. However, even though this place is rather secluded, there should still be a lot of Shamans around me. If that is the case, I should still be careful.’

With one move, Su Ming flew towards the mountain range. Before long, he was standing at the corner connecting the eastern mountain range to the northern mountain range. That was the spot which looked like that of dragon head's to Su Ming when he was in the sky.

The mountain range in that place was very tall. Hence, most of the wind blowing from the east was blocked off. It gathered there and did not scatter away, causing Su Ming to see a thick layer of fog when he looked down from the peak of the mountain. The stench of blood was also very thick there.

The mountain rocks around were also wet, and there was even dew oozing out of certain places.

‘Should I touch it, or should I not..?’

Su Ming hesitated for a moment. He just needed to open up the spot underneath his feet, which was the corner of the mountain range and form a gigantic gap there. Once he did so, then the wind from the east would blow through, and by doing so, it would form the sight of the dragon breathing.

Once he did that, then the power of the world gathering in this place would increase by several fold. Meditating and training in this place would bring about great benefits to Su Ming when he wanted to refine his power. In fact, it would also be incredibly beneficial for him when he created his medicinal pills.

Similarly, if the gap was there and caused the dragon head in this pattern to seem to have been revived, then if he casted the Execution of Three Evils here, the power of that Art would be much greater than when he casted it in the battlefield.

In fact, Su Ming even had a feeling that if he went along with that idea of his, then if he casted the Execution of Three Evils in this place, then it would be as if he was one with this place. The power of the Art that would appear at that time would be enough to send his heart pounding in excitement.

That was only part of the reason. Su Ming had been to quite a lot places, but this was the first time he had seen this sort of pattern in a mountain range. If he could examine this Three Evils that seemed to have gained physical form over a prolonged period of time, explore its secrets, and feel through its structure, then he would gain a much deeper understanding of his Execution of Three Evils.

‘The other Arts left behind by Dark Mountain aren’t suitable for me to use anymore. Only the Execution of Three Evils can be used... and besides it, there’s only the burning of blood left.’

Su Ming lifted his head to look at the sky. This mountain range was very tall, and if it was night time, the place would look incredibly clear when moonlight spilled down.

However, while there were many benefits if he opened up the gap, there were also a lot of drawbacks. First of all, this place would then turn incredibly conspicuous. Not only would it bring about attention, it might also cause disputes.

Chapter 374: Cutting apart the Mountain and Building His Abode!

If he wanted to change something useless into a treasure, then he needed the power to defend it.

‘By the looks of it, no one among the Shamans has figured out anything about this place yet. After all, if I hadn’t understood the basis behind the Execution of Three Evils, I wouldn’t have been able to figure out the secret in this place either.

‘I wonder if the Immortals who descend to this land can see it. However, the pattern of the place was formed largely due to the bloody wind blowing from the east. If I consider it this way, then this wind only started blowing about a year ago due to the Eastern Wastelands. It’s only been a short time since it happened. Even if there are people who could understand the patterns in this place, they wouldn’t have had time to notice this area.

‘If I gave up, it would be a pity.’

Resolution appeared in Su Ming’s eyes.

He knew for sure that he would not give up on this place, and since he was certain of it, then what he needed to do next was to think of countermeasures for the possible things that might happen in the future and set up his defenses for his first cave in the land of the Shamans.

‘I won’t change the main body of the pattern for the Three Evils, but there are some minor details that need to be modified.’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled, then he charged towards the eastern section of the mountain range. His body would occasionally appear within the mountain range, and green light could also be seen shining there. Clearly, Su Ming was using the sharp blade of his Virescent Light Sword to transform the mountain.

A day later, he went to the northern section of the mountain range and did to it what he had previously done to the eastern section. Once he cut off some of the sections of the mountain that did not fit into his requirements, he added some disguises for it, only then did he return to the corner connecting the east and north mountain ranges.

Su Ming stood there and fell into a moment of pensive silence before he took a step forward, charging down towards the canyon containing the thick fog and bloody stench as if he had just fallen down a cliff.

He was so quick that in the blink of an eye, he had already reached the bottom of the cliff. Most of the plants there were purplish black and gave off a very aggressive air. Some of the vines even started swaying and shot towards Su Ming as he fell down.

Su Ming did not bother with them. Once he avoided those vines and arrived at the bottom of the cliff, green light shone at the center of his brows. The small sword instantly flew out and slashed down towards the mountain range. Su Ming stood by the side and spread out his divine sense, covering the entire area within it. He

examined it once again, and was satisfied.

Over the past few days, he had searched through the place many times and was certain that he did not miss any spot. Besides him, there was no other person in this place.

When Su Ming spread his divine sense to explore the place, the Virescent Light Sword had already opened up a cave on the wall before him. The crushed stones in the cave were also reduced to ashes. By Su Ming's will, the small virescent sword opened up eight stone chambers in the cave, turning the place into a gigantic cave abode that laid within a mountain.

Once the cave abode was formed, the wind blowing from the east brought in the bloody stench from the canyon outside and charged into the cave abode. In an instant, the cave abode was filled with that wind, causing the place to look rather foggy, just like how it was outside.

Su Ming had expected this phenomenon to happen way beforehand. With a calm expression, he walked into the cave abode and his body disappeared in that fog. When he reappeared, he was at the end of the cave abode. There was a gigantic wall that was about 1,000 feet in height. It was the shell of the mountain that was left behind after he had emptied out the place.

The shell was several dozens of feet in breadth. Wind would crash on it and its path forward would be blocked off.

Su Ming stood beside the stone wall and lifted his right hand to

press on it. With a light burst of power from his Berserker Bones, a crack instantly spread from his hands. Cracking sounds echoed in the air, and instantly, several cracks that were spreading out went through that stone wall and connected with the outermost layer of the wall.

Su Ming took a few steps away from that spot and went to another side, repeating the same action eight times. Once he did so, there were already several cracks like the first crack on that 1,000 feet stone wall. However, Su Ming had demonstrated skill when he did this. There may be a lot of cracks, but the wall did not show any signs of crumbling.

Almost the instant these cracks were formed and opened up a tunnel connecting the cave with the outside world, a gust of wind blew in from the entrance of the cave. The wind did not remain in the cave but seeped into the cracks and charged into the world outside.

At that moment, the mountain range that previously blocked off the wind could no longer hold back its movements completely. There were gaps in the mountain now, causing the wind to continuously blow out, and the entire pattern in the mountain range instantly became alive.

As wind continuously blew past Su Ming's side and out through the cracks on the stone wall, Su Ming could clearly sense the power of the world from all around the place slowly gathering towards the mountain range. It was as if the dragon's head had awakened and was starting to breathe lightly.

If a person exercised this, then the power of the world would drift towards them, and their power would start circulating in their bodies. Similarly, the breathing formed through this pattern was akin to that of a dragon breathing, like that of a mountain breathing. The entire mountain range trembled lightly, and the power of the world started circulating while traveling in an inconspicuous manner.

The plants that lived in the mountain started shivering, as if they were opening all parts of their bodies to absorb the power of the world that was coming towards them from all directions.

At the same time, Su Ming also sensed clearly that as the mountain started breathing and the dragon's head started exercising its breathing, the Berserker Bones in his body also started acting on their own. As blue light shone, the power of the world continuously seeped into his body and fused together with the four Berserker Bones.

Besides the few who could initially borrow the power of the deity statue to condense their aura of Awakening to turn their bones, all the others in the Bone Sacrifice Realm would need to use the power of the world to increase their Berserker Bones during the rest of their cultivation.

The power of the world was invisible. Those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could not utilize it directly, just absorb it when they exercised their breathing. Once they fused the power of the world into their blood vessels, it would turn into a power that circulated through the entire body. That was the power of Berserker Bones.

Once a certain amount of that power was accumulated, it would gain physical mass and change one of the vertebrae in the spine, gradually transforming it into a Berserker Bone!

Joy appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Once he sucked in a large breath of the power of the world around him that came once the mountain started exercising its breathing, he walked briskly out of his cave abode. With one leap, he rose in midair and looked down.

Right then, all the plants in the mountain range were swaying. The power of the world from all around surged forward, causing the place to turn into a whirlpool. The whirlpool might have started off small, but as the power of the world surged forth, it grew increasingly bigger.

‘Thank goodness I didn’t open up the entire thing, or else once that dragon’s head starts breathing smoothly, the presence in this place would be much stronger, at least by ten fold.

‘And when that time came, perhaps...’ Su Ming hesitated for a moment and shook his head, dismissing the thought that suddenly appeared in his head.

He thought that idea was a little surreal.

That idea formed while he was looking down from midair. The mountain range’s shape and its breathing made it seem like a dragon’s head breathing. If the mountain was completely opened up, then as the wind continued blowing all year long and charging towards this place, as the mountain continued absorbing the

power of the world as it exercised its breathing, then the mountain range might move...

"The mountain is connected to the earth, how could it move? That idea is just too surreal." Su Ming might be dissing that idea to himself, but he still could not help but start mulling over it.

‘This mountain range is like a dragon’s head. Once I open it up completely, it’ll seem like it’s breathing. Then, if it truly starts moving because of the wind blowing against it, then wouldn’t it be as if the Three Evils pattern had just come to life..? If there is a dragon like this moving on the ground, if I can do that, then perhaps, many years in the future, this mountain range will possess a spirit...’

Su Ming scratched his head and cast a few more glances at the mountain range. He saw that the whirlpool in the mountain range had become much bigger, but he was not surprised, as if he had long since expected this. With one move, he appeared beyond the mountain range and found the spot on the outer layer of the mountain connecting to the cracks he had made from within. He stared at it for a long while, then started hiding it away. Once he was certain that no one would be able to find wrong unless they were looking closely, he returned to midair.

‘I just opened up a small part of the mountain, and the whirlpool appeared because the mountain had started breathing. It’ll disappear completely in a few days. At that time, while the mountain’s appearance will look the same, but what is within would have gone through a tremendous change.

‘Then I can start carving Runes on it. If only Hu Zi was here. He’d definitely be able to create a Rune specially for this place. Right now, I can only arrange the place with the Runes he gave me.

‘Once I disguise them a little, this place will turn into my very first cave abode in the land of the Shamans!’

Satisfaction appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He descended and sat down cross-legged on the mountain. Spirit Plunder was brought out and floated above his head. He wore a mask and was dressed entirely in black. As he meditated, his entire being started giving off a presence that belonged to the Soul Catchers.

After a brief moment of thought, Su Ming touched his storage bag with his right hand. Immediately, red light flashed and the Fire Ape flew out. With the rod in hand, it looked around, and once it did so, surprised delight instantly appeared on its face. It started gesturing and baring its teeth at Su Ming.

Su Ming smiled, and his gaze fell on the mountain range. Gradually, a chilling light appeared in his eyes.

‘This place might not be fully opened up, but if someone dares provoke me, then I’ll draw them here and cast Execution of Three Evils using the pattern of this place. I can also control the might of that Art. In fact, if I run into powerful enemies, I can just fully open the dragon’s head here to activate the full force of the power of the world.

‘When that time comes, this place will be an execution ground!’

In the blink of an eye, three days went by. During those three days, there were several Shamans who were attracted by the whirlpool on the land when they flew past. When they wanted to get closer to investigate it, Su Ming would let out a cold harrumph, and they would discover his presence.

"I am practicing a secret Spell here. All trespassers will be killed without question!"

Even if Su Ming was wearing a mask, his entire body radiated with the presence of a Soul Catcher. His profound eyes also made made goosebumps instantly appear on these people's skins.

They were just Fledgeling Shamans, and with just one glance, they could tell that Su Ming was a Medial Shaman, and a Medial Soul Catcher to boot, who happened to be the group of people that were incredibly difficult to deal with once they were Medial Shamans. The Shamans could not help but respectfully wrap their fists in their palms in the distance.

The Shamans might all be members of the same race, but the methods they used when they attacked each other were similarly sinister, especially for Soul Catchers. Their reputation as killers in the land of the Shamans rang far and wide. This sort of people who were skilled in turning the living to the dead and vice versa, and also turning the living into living dead puppets, were an existence that instilled fear among all their enemies.

Besides, rumors had it that Soul Catchers were skilled in a Spell

called Curse. They would only need a strand of their enemy's hair or their fingernail, and they would be able to cast that Spell to kill their enemy without being seen.

Because of that, Soul Catchers naturally became a mysterious existence that most people would not dare provoke easily.

"We are members of White Bull Tribe, which is located nearby. We didn't know that you were training here, senior. That is why we came here so carelessly. Please don't be angry, we'll leave immediately."

The leader of the team of people was a middle-aged man. He seemed to only be a Fledgeling Shaman, and the moment he discovered the presence of a Soul Catcher around Su Ming's body, he instantly became nervous and quickly bowed to him respectfully.

His tribe was just a small tribe. If it was just a normal Medial Shaman, things might be still decent but if they ran into Medial Spirit Mediums or Medial Soul Catchers, then they definitely had to be respectful.

Once the man finished speaking, he quickly rounded up his fellow tribe members and left the place hastily. Only when they had flown far away and saw that the Soul Catcher was not going to take action against them, they let out a huge sigh of relief.

Chapter 375: Right Before His Doorstep

To the north of Su Ming's cave abode in the mountain range was the group of people led by the middle-aged man. They were hastily leaving the place via the sky, afraid of making that Medial Soul Catcher unhappy if they were slow.

When they were about 100,000 feet away, they started slowing down, and they would occasionally turn their heads back to look. The mountain had already become indistinct when they were that far away from it. If they did not possess a certain level of power, they would only see that the mountain was in the distance.

"Sir Wu Zhu, what should we do now?" the tribe members beside the middle-aged man asked somewhat anxiously.

"That's right, sir Wu Zhu, half a month ago, that place was still normal, but why did a Medial Soul Catcher suddenly appear..?"

"Could it that he's a powerful Shaman Black Crane Tribe invited over and wants to forcefully occupy that place?!"

"Enough already! All of you, quiet!" The middle-aged man frowned, his face filling with resignation. He cast a glance at the people beside him, then at the mountain range where Su Ming was in the distance, then sighed.

"Perhaps that person is just temporarily training over there and will leave before long. After all, it is a barren land and there is nothing there that will attract a Medial Soul Catcher to stay there

for long. Let's go, I'll report to the Patriarch when we return to the tribe and have the Patriarch make the decision." As the middle-aged man spoke and shook his head, they quickly left the place.

"He must be someone Black Crane Tribe invited over. That mountain range is very important to both of our tribes. Hah..." a tribe member behind the middle-aged man mumbled, then stopped speaking.

As the crowd left, the area gradually returned to its previous state of silence.

Su Ming, who had been sitting at the top of the mountain and had been observing the whirlpool continuously disappear, suddenly opened his eyes. His gaze was profound and there was a dark light in his eyes when he looked in the direction the members of White Bull Tribe had left.

‘The nearby White Bull Tribe...’

Su Ming averted his gaze and looked at the mountain range. If he did not spread out his divine sense in a circular shape but instead gathered it together into one line, he could elongate it to 100,000 feet with his current power, and he had heard every single word exchanged between the members of White Bull Tribe.

‘Looks like there are actually people who value this mountain range, but before I changed it, this place was indeed barren and there was really nothing special about it. Then why would that White Bull Tribe and that... Black Crane Tribe have a dispute over

it?’

Su Ming was rather surprised by it. He was certain that he had carefully searched through the entire place several times before he had decided to open up his cave abode here, and only when he discovered that there were no signs pointing to anyone’s presence that he made his decision.

Yet by the looks of it now, it seemed like there were still some secrets in this place that he did not manage to find.

Su Ming thought about it for a moment before he stood up and looked at the whirlpool formed by the power of the world. It was half the size it was previously, and judging by the looks of it, it would take around two days before it disappeared completely.

At that time, this place would return to normal. Unless anyone entered the mountain range, then it would be difficult for them to find that the place had been modified to become an excellent spot for training.

As for that whirlpool? Those members from White Bull Tribe would have been unable to see it due to the limits of their power. However, due to the accumulation of the power of the world in this place, the feeling it gave to those people had become different, though they were unable to discern the cause for it.

Su Ming investigated the mountain range once again. As he walked through the range, he spread out his divine sense, but he still could not find anything.

‘Strange.’

He frowned. After a moment of thought, a glint appeared in his eyes, and the memory of the direction those members of White Bull Tribe came from and left appeared in his head. This time, he did not check inside the mountain range, but charged outwards.

He increased his search zone and placed his focus on the area 10,000 feet away from the mountain range. Even if it was flat ground, Su Ming still searched through it carefully. After several hours, he stood on an uneven plain located some 7,000 feet north to the mountain range. He stared at the ground with sparkling eyes.

Not too far away from him was a dug out hole. That hole was covered by grass and could not be easily discovered, and it was also located beyond the mountain range. Su Ming had focused his searches mostly within the mountain range previously and had not noticed this place.

Even stranger still was that even when Su Ming was standing there and had spread out his divine sense to examine the place, he still did not discover anything off. However, once he sent his divine sense into the hole, he let out a faint gasp of surprise.

About 100 feet into the hole, Su Ming’s divine sense was bounced back by a domineering force. It was as if there was a seal placed within that stopped his divine sense from stretching down further.

‘Could it be that White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe are fighting over this?!’

Su Ming cast a look at the hole on the ground, then walked towards it. He bent his back and walked into the hole. The hole was not big, but it could still fit in one person. Once Su Ming entered the hole, he did not feel any sort of discomfort on his person. However, once he had moved about 100 feet into the hole, his footsteps came to an abrupt halt.

It was the spot where his divine sense was sent coiling back. His eyes sparkled, because he had just seen that there were two items placed on the ground before him.

One of them was a black stone bowl, filled with fresh water. It was the first item.

The second item was placed beside the bowl. It was a black feather stuck in the ground.

It was these two items that had created that force that blocked off Su Ming’s divine sense from spreading in. Su Ming stood by the side and looked at them for a long moment with his head dipped down, but he could not find what was so special about these two items.

That feather was just a normal bird’s feather, and it was not naturally black either. Some areas on the feather showed that it was originally white. By the looks of it, it was just a white feather that was smeared with burnt charcoal so that its color turned

black.

The stone bowl was also just an ordinary bowl. The water within was the same.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and spread out his divine sense swiftly towards the feather. The instant his divine sense touched it, he immediately had a feeling as if the feather no longer existed. In fact, when that feeling appeared, it was as if the cave also disappeared and Su Ming was buried underground.

‘No wonder I couldn’t detect anything when I was in my cave abode. This feather has concealing powers. It’s just an ordinary object, but it possesses such power...’ Su Ming covered the feather with his divine sense, and after numerous investigations, his expression suddenly changed.

Because he sensed a faint and weak divine sense contained within the feather. This was not perception but divine sense!

It was the exact same thing as the divine sense he had within his body! This was the second time Su Ming found an item that contained the same divine sense he possessed in the land of the Shamans - no, it should be said that this was the second time he found such a thing in the entire Land of South Morning!

The first time was when he was in the auction held in the land of Freezing Sky.

The divine sense gathered on that feather was very faint and weak. However, it was this divine sense that allowed this ordinary feather to contain the power of disguise. That divine sense had also noticed Su Ming's presence, and was struggling as if it wanted to fight back against the intrusion of his divine sense.

However, compared to Su Ming, who was using the complete power of his divine sense, the divine sense on that feather was rather weak. The instant both divine senses clashed, that faint hint of divine sense instantly vanished, and even the feather turned into ashes that scattered on the ground.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned. This was the first time he came into contact with another item that possessed divine sense with his own divine sense. After a moment of pensive silence, he spread out his divine sense once again.

However, this time, under his control, only a small part of his divine sense spread out. The instant it touched the stone bowl, he instantly felt a domineering force coming from it, clashing against him.

All of this happened without a single sound, but Su Ming felt as if his head was buzzing. His divine sense was bounced back, but that feeling quickly disappeared. He let out a cold snort, then increased the strength of his divine sense before he pressed down on that stone bowl.

As if it could not endure that force, the stone bowl cracked. What little power of divine sense was contained within the bowl also disappeared. The bowl cracked and split into two halves. The fresh

water contained within spilled out and seeped into the earth.

Su Ming frowned. He had no idea just what those two items were, but was certain that they belonged to White Bull Tribe or Black Crane Tribe. They might even be owned separately by both tribes.

Without the stone bowl and the black feather around, Su Ming closed his eyes and stood there. He did not move, but with no further obstructions in its way, his divine sense charged into the inner parts of the hole. After a moment, his eyes flew open, and a glint of surprise flashed past his eyes.

"So that's how it is."

At the end at the hole, which was about several thousands of feet underneath where he stood, his divine sense saw a karst cave. That karst cave was not big, but on its walls were not a small amount of glittering objects. There were also a lot of signs pointing that there had been mining activities around the area. With just one glance, Su Ming could tell that those glittering objects were Shaman Crystals!

This was a ley-line that was rich with Shaman Crystals.

When Su Ming filled the entire area with his divine sense, he saw that the entire Shaman Crystal vein was actually not big, and a small part of the crystals had already been mined, though there were still nearly 100,000 remaining in the vein. Perhaps that amount was nothing to slightly bigger tribes, but for smaller Shaman Tribes, this was a great fortune.

However, it was clear that the ownership of the place had caused disputes. White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe were in conflict precisely because they were trying to fight for this place. However, based on Su Ming's observations, it was clear that mining activities had been going on for several years in this place, and the two tribes were still fighting over this even now. It was not difficult to guess that they had already come up with a solution to this trouble. Although it was not the best possible solution, they could still avoid going to war.

However, all of this changed with Su Ming's sudden appearance.

An odd expression appeared on Su Ming's face. He did not expect that there would be a small treasure trove right before the doorstep of the place he wanted to treat as his cave abode. Once he thought about the great range of troubles that would come in the future when it was clear that White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe would not give up on this place, he felt a headache growing.

'Oh well, since this Shaman Crystal vein is right before my doorstep, then it means that it's fated with me. If that's the case, I can't just give it away.' Su Ming placed his hands behind his back and walked out of the hole. Before he left, he placed a wisp of divine sense in the place.

Chapter 376: What's That Voice

Three days passed by quickly. Once those three days were gone, the whirlpool in the mountain range that created the pattern of Three Evils disappeared. It looked normal, and was still an evil mountain and a barren land.

Su Ming had returned to the cave abode he made, then used a mountain rock to serve as his door, while also using the power of Runes to increase the safety. Once he did so, he began making preparations to stay here for long periods of time.

Su Ming waved his right hand within one of the stone chambers, and instantly, the old Berserker's body appeared in the center of it.

The old man was still immobile. He laid there with his eyes closed, but his mind was awake. His hate towards Su Ming had already reached a monstrous level, and if the slightest chance arose for him, he would cut Su Ming into a thousand pieces!

However, Su Ming would not give him that chance. Once he brought out the old man's body and placed it in the stone chamber, he took a few steps forward and swept his gaze across the body. Then, he suddenly lifted his right hand and tapped his finger on the old man's knees in succession.

Loud cracking sounds reverberated in the air and the old man's kneecaps instantly shattered. Su Ming did not stop. He tapped on all the joints on the old man's arms, and only when all the joints in the old man's body were turned into dust did he stop.

The old man might not be able to move, but he still felt an intense pain traveling through his entire body. It made him open his eyes and glare at Su Ming. If his power was not frozen up, then at the very least, he would use his gaze and deliver a shocking blow that was fatal to Su Ming.

"This is the price of you coming after my life." Su Ming's expression was cold. As he lifted his right hand, green light shone at the center of his brows. The small sword appeared in his hand, and he cut open a gash on the old man's arm.

Blood poured out immediately, but Su Ming did not stop there. He continued making similar gashes on all the old man's limbs.

"If this is truly just your clone, then I will wait for your real self to come here." A cold sneer appeared on his lips. Once he let go of the small sword, he brought out some herbs from his storage bag and placed them into the old man's limbs.

After some time, he brought out few more shrubs and planted them in the man's shattered joints. Those herbs were all needed to create Spirit Plunder and they would not serve to heal any form of injury. Once they came into contact with blood, their roots would immediately stretch out and crawl into the old man's flesh to absorb his life force and blood to grow.

Su Ming had done this plenty of times and no one had been able to withstand this sort of pain before. However, while the old man was trembling, his gaze did not change. He continued glaring at Su

Ming, as if he wanted to engrave the image in his mind.

That venomous glare and expression that said that he was completely unbothered by the pain was a first to Su Ming.

"As expected of a Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm who went through the life threatening crisis of Bone Sacrifice. This mental state of yours is indeed admirable. If your reason wasn't controlled by your greed and you had the confidence to kill me with one blow, you wouldn't have chased after me." Su Ming spoke calmly as he continued planting the herbs.

"It's a pity..." Su Ming shook his head and patted his storage bag with his right hand. Two Spirit Plunders immediately flew out and floated above the old man's forehead, causing the old man's eyes to move towards them, as if they were being absorbed by them.

Su Ming fell silent for a moment, and still felt somewhat uneasy about it. He brought out another Spirit Plunder, causing all three of them to float above the old man's body. Only then were his worries soothed.

"You're powerful. If I didn't have the power of the God of Berserkers, I would've died much earlier in your hands."

Su Ming grabbed at the air with his right hand, and the small virescent sword flew out once again. Once he held it in his hand, he stabbed the sword into the bloody mess in the old man's right arm. With a light tug, the old man's body jerked forward viciously, and his entire right arm fell limp.

The tendon in his right arm had just been torn off, and Su Ming did the same to the tendons in the old man's left arm and his legs. Once he did that, he opened up a few more gashes right on a few spots where his arteries and veins were, causing a large amount of blood to instantly flow out and spill on the stone chamber's floor.

"But your tendons in your arms and legs have already been torn off, all your blood is flowing out of your body, as well as being absorbed by those herbs, and your soul is also being absorbed by my Spirit Plunders.

"Even if your power recovers, let's see just how much of it you can use!" Su Ming stood there and spoke coldly. The old man heard his words, but his gaze was still venomous and did not change even the slightest bit.

Su Ming walked out of the stone chamber and instructed the Fire Ape, who had been watching the entire procedure by his side. "Xiao Hong, tear off his tendons and let his blood flow out of his body once a day."

With an excited look on its face, the Fire Ape bared its teeth and nodded. Its eyes shone and it stared at the old man with animosity.

'Turning that person into a Spirit Plunder is a bit of a waste... Soul Catchers are skilled in using the Undying Spell. That Spell is somewhat similar to the creation of a Spirit Plunder, perhaps I can experiment to see whether I can turn that person into a puppet like that.'

Su Ming remembered how that young Soul Catcher still remained alive even after losing his head.

Immersed in his thoughts, Su Ming arrived at another stone chamber. He placed his right hand on his storage bag. Immediately, yellow light shone brilliantly, and a gigantic cauldron appeared in the stone chamber.

The cauldron was so big that it occupied half of the room. Su Ming had specially made this place to be bigger than the other stone chambers just to store the cauldron in it.

Once the medicinal cauldron was placed inside, an ancient feeling instantly filled the entire place.

As Su Ming looked at the cauldron, his breathing quickened slightly. He knew that there was a medicinal pill being refined inside it, and he had his guesses and desires towards exactly what type was held within, along with what sort of value it possessed.

"This might be a very rare medicinal pill that contains the essence of time within it. A refinement that lasts thousands of years... I wonder just what that medicinal pill would look like."

As Su Ming mumbled, he placed both of his hands on the cauldron and spread his divine sense outward. Immediately, that cauldron lurched forward and distortions appeared around it, as if it was burning with invisible flames.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He brought out his small sword and let it circle around the cauldron once, while occasionally stabbing into the stone walls, causing the power of the world outside to enter through. Immediately, a large portion of the dense power of the world in the cave abode was lured in and surrounded the medicinal cauldron. It was then absorbed to nourish the medicinal pill within.

Su Ming had obtained this medicinal cauldron for quite some time now, but he simply did not have a quiet time where he could continue refining the pill inside it. Now that he had decided to stay in this cave abode for a long period of time, he brought this cauldron out to begin refining what's inside.

He had great hopes for the medicinal pill, and it was precisely because it was an unknown pill that this hope became stronger as he continued refining it.

Su Ming stared at the medicinal cauldron for a long while, then exited the stone chamber to sit down at the central hall of his cave abode. It was quiet all around him. He lifted his head and looked at the numerous small holes on the ceiling. Moonlight was shining through through them.

This was not the first time Su Ming had created this layout. Now, as he lifted his head to look at the moon in the sky through the holes, he fell into an absentminded state.

Because when he was in the cave in Dark Mountain, he had also

lifted his head like this to look at the moon.

He had Xiao Hong keeping him company back then, just like what the Fire Ape was doing now by leaning against the wall not too far away while scratching its fur.

Su Ming stared at the moon and mumbled to himself after a long while, "Dark Mountain, I'll definitely come back!"

The him now was different from when he initially arrived in the Land of South Morning, the bewilderment of being in an unfamiliar land could no longer be found in him. He seemed to have gotten used to being alone and the loneliness when he sat down in his cave abode to meditate and train on this sort of nights.

Su Ming lowered his head and closed his eyes. When he opened them a moment later, serenity could be found in them

When his emotions had also calmed down, bell chimes suddenly echoed within his body. A layer of light surrounded him and spread out swiftly. From the distance, it looked as if there was a bell shaped cover manifesting in the form of an illusion on Su Ming.

It was originally just an illusion, but it slowly gained physical form. After the time taken for the burning of half an incense stick, Su Ming lifted his right hand and made a seal. When he pushed his hand forward, the bell-shaped cover surrounding his body floated forward slowly and went through him. Once it stopped in front of him, that cover turned into Han Mountain Bell.

Dark light flickered within it, and immediately, that strange rod snake flew out of the bell. It circled round the cave abode, and almost the instant it appeared, the Fire Ape lifted its head and bared its teeth, growling at it with a wary look on its face, as if it was showing its might.

The rod snake that had turned into a black line took a turn and charged towards the Fire Ape, causing the Fire Ape to grab its rod and wave it around quickly while jumping about, all the while roaring incessantly.

Su Ming's Brand was on the rod snake's body, that was why he knew that it was just playing around and would not hurt the Fire Ape. Besides, the Fire Ape's body was slowly recovering, and its speed and power were now equivalent to the Berserkers in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. When Su Ming saw that neither of the two creatures would get injured, he left them alone and stared at Han Mountain Bell.

This bell was a priceless treasure, but it was a pity that Su Ming could not utilize its full strength and had only taken over four of the nine heads. Besides defense, he could only really use the bell chimes to shock and trap his enemies.

Now, Su Ming's level of cultivation had increased by leaps and bounds. He was prepared to refine Han Mountain Bell once again, to see whether he could bring out even more of this priceless treasure's might.

With a glint in his eyes, Su Ming lifted his right hand to form a few seals, then pointed at Han Mountain Bell.

"Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute!"

The instant Su Ming spoke and made those hand seals, buzzing sounds immediately appeared from Han Mountain Bell. Bell chimes reverberated within the stone chamber and shot out to echo in all directions of the mountain range.

At that moment, there were seven long arcs charging forward from the north outside Su Ming's cave abode in the mountain range. Right in front of those long arcs was an old man. He had the face of a monkey and wore a big red robe. His expression was dark and his speed quick. There was also a murderous air surrounding him.

By the looks of it, he was also a Medial Shaman, and a Medial Shaman who had reached the peak of that realm to boot.

As for the six people behind him, two of them were Medial Shamans, and the other were all Fledgeling Shamans who had reached the peak of their realms.

As the seven of them charged forth, the old man leading the team saw the place where Su Ming was residing. With a cold snort, he closed in on it. Just as he was about to descend from midair, he suddenly heard bell chimes coming from within the mountain range.

Those bell chimes were drawn out and appeared slow, but when they fell in the old man's ears, it made his heart and soul tremble, forcing him to stagger a few steps back. He widened his eyes and looked at the mountain range beneath him before he sucked in a deep breath.

"Damn it, the heck's that voice?! " Before the old man could even speak, one of the men behind him cried out.

Translator's Notes:

Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute is actually Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute Genocide. The latter is the full version of the whole entire chant.

Original is 九嬰南皇通形殺, and here we have the broken down version.

九 (Jiu) = Nine

嬰 (Ying) = Infant, 九嬰 added together is Nine Headed Dragon, supposed to have a cry like infants

南 (Nan) = South

皇 (huang) = Emperor

通 (tong) = a preposition, can mean thorough

形 (xing) = form

殺 (sha) = kill, massacre, slaughter

Added together it is Nine Infant South Emperor Thorough Form Slaughter, but Nine Infant would be way out of the way considering it really meant the Nine Headed Dragon.

There are seven words to the original version, and with the intention of keeping to the seven word form in the translated version, 通形 was added together to mean Absolute, since 九嬰 contained three words, which is Nine, Headed, and Dragon, despite the hyphen.

The original version when this Art first appeared was actually 九, 嬰, 南, 皇, 通, 形, 殺, with the commas, and there is a reason for this.

These seven words were meant to be used as a chant for Su Ming to form seals. So, the gist of it is this.

Nine = 1 seal

Headed = 1 seal

Dragon = 1 seal

And so on.

So when Su Ming forms each seal, he says one word, and when he says it quickly, they become Nine-Headed Dragon Southern Emperor Absolute Genocide, but please do pay in mind that they are seals and chants, not the name of an Art.

Chapter 377: This Mountain

"The heck's that voice?"

The monkey-faced old man glared at the man and lifted his hand to slap the man's head.

"What do you think that voice is? 'The heck's that voice'?! Shut your trap!" The old man slapped him again, causing the man to quickly retract his head, but he did not dare move away.

The old man let out a cold snort and no longer bothered himself with the man. With a dark face, he charged towards the mountain range where Su Ming's cave abode was. The six people behind him followed suit. The seven of them turned into seven long arcs and charged towards the ground.

Yet, just when they flew out and before they even got closer to the mountain range, suddenly, bell chimes reverberated in the sky. The bell chimes hummed in the air, causing a visible layer of ripples to appear and start spreading in all directions.

The bell chime and the ripples immediately caused the old man's mind to start trembling once again, and his expression to change. As for the six people behind him, their bodies started swaying and shock appeared on their faces.

"This is the Soul Catcher's Voice. Patriarch, I think... I think we should leave. That's a Medial Soul Catcher."

One of the people behind the old man quickly spoke up to try to persuade the old man, as the bell chimes tolled in the air. That person's face was pale. He was only a Fledgeling Shaman, and the bell chimes seemed to have stirred up a large amount of humming sounds within his body, causing him to almost be unable to stand properly.

"Bullsh*t!" The monkey-faced old man glared at him and lifted his hand to slap the head of the person who spoke.

"Your old man's gonna tell you what that voice is. That's the Soul Catcher's Voice, all right, but use your head a bit. Why the heck did we come here for? He only has that voice, and he used it 'cause he's scared! Get it? He's scared, that's why he used that voice!

"Do you know how it came to be? That's the sound of someone striking mountain rock. That's all there is to it! And that sound already scared y'all off your pants?" the monkey-faced old man said with a cold harrumph.

"Patriarch, you're really smart and knowledgeable. So that's the sound of someone striking mountain rock, huh?" The six people quickly nodded their heads, and their gazes were filled with respect as they looked at the old man.

"It would have been better if he stayed quiet. But now that he used his Voice, I know that this boy Soul Catcher, who came out of nowhere, is scared." No one knew exactly how that monkey-faced old man came to that conclusion. He lifted his right hand and

slapped each of the six people's heads.

"Ow! Patriarch!" The man who had been the earliest to speak among the six retracted his head once again and whined.

"You lot wait here. Watch as I chase the boy Soul Catcher away. How dare he take over what belongs to our tribe." The monkey-faced old man narrowed his eyes and no longer bothered himself with his six fellow tribesmen. Instead, he turned around and charged towards the mountain range where Su Ming was.

Yet the instant he came to be at a distance 1,000 feet away from the mountain range, suddenly, the bell chimes shot into the air with an even more powerful sound. Booming sounds reverberated and spread through the area, stirring up an even higher amount of ripples, even causing a huge gust of wind that lifted up the old man's hair.

The monkey-faced old man sucked in a sharp breath. He might have told his tribesmen about the voice as if he knew what it was, but in truth, he too, had absolutely no idea what it was. Just by listening to it, it already made fear stir in his heart. But he was the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, he could not show fear before his tribesmen.

He gritted his teeth, then as he grumbled in his heart, he rushed out once again.

The six tribesmen behind him could not help but retreat. As they watched their patriarch moving forward and listened to the

increasingly stronger humming sounds, they looked at each other.

"The patriarch is serious smart. How the heck did he know that the guy's scared?"

"How else could he be the patriarch and you ain't the patriarch? The patriarch's right. Look, the closer he got, the stronger the voice is. He's clear scared."

"Why do I think it ain't like that..?"

"That's right, he's clear scared."

As the six people continued talking, mumbling, and discussing among themselves, the monkey-faced old man had already arrived at a distance 500 feet away from the mountain range. When he saw that he was about to step on the mountain, he sucked in a huge breath and let out a huge roar.

"This mountain's..."

Yet before he could finish speaking, he widened his eyes and his voice died off. A presence that made his skin crawl shot out abruptly from the mountain range.

As that presence spread out, a gigantic illusion of 1,000 feet abruptly appeared before the old man. That illusion was in the shape of a bell, and once it appeared, a mighty pressure that shook the sky and earth rose up, and it was so great that it even changed

the weather.

The pressure crashed into the monkey-faced old man, who was also shaken by the gigantic bell that suddenly appeared, and because of that, without a single word, he quickly fell back.

As he was retreating, a clear bell chime came from within that gigantic illusionary bell. That sound was a lot clearer than before, and when that chime fell into the tribesmen's ears, it made their ears ring.

The monkey-faced old man quickly retreated and returned to his tribe members' side.

"Damn it, the heck's that..." the man behind him cried out in surprise again.

"That sound ain't from striking mountain rocks. The heck's that thing?" The people standing behind the old man sucked in a sharp breath.

"Heck heckity heck. Is that the only word y'all know?!" The old man seemed to have flown into rage due to his embarrassment. He turned his head around and glared at those people, then lifted his hand and slapped their faces again.

"Your old man will tell you the heck that thing is. It's a big bowl!"

Right when the old man finished speaking, another bell chime

shot through the air once again, and right before their eyes, the illusory bell in the sky above the mountain range instantly materialized, revealing its complete form.

Its entire body was colored greenish black and it exuded an ancient presence. As it floated in midair, that presence turned into a mighty pressure that caused the old man and the people behind him to descend to the ground, unable to bear the pressure.

"Patriarch, that... that ain't a bowl..."

"Patriarch, that really ain't a bowl, the heck's that thing?"

The tribe members' faces were all stark pale and they were all shivering. Under the pressure, even their powers had frozen up, and as they shivered, vacant looks appeared on their faces.

"Hmph, let your old man tell y'all. That's a bowl. The boy Soul Catcher is scared, that's why he got that bowl out to scare us. You, and you, get over there. Lure that boy Soul Catcher out for me."

The monkey-faced old man was nervous, but he gritted his teeth and ordered his men as he pointed at two standing by his side. When he saw the both of them not having the courage to go, he glared at them.

Amidst their fear, the two tribe members gritted their teeth and charged out, wanting to get closer to the mountain range. Yet when they had just moved about 100 feet forward, a shocking roar

suddenly came from that Han Mountain Bell in the sky.

That roar brought an even greater shock to the hearts and souls compared to the bell chimes, causing the two men to cough out a mouthful of blood, and they instantly fell to the side. When they turned their heads back to look, they saw their four tribesmen standing behind their patriarch also coughing out blood and falling to the ground.

Only the monkey-faced old man remained standing, but his body was shaking.

"Don't think I don't know y'all are playing dead. Just you wait, when I teach that boy Soul Catcher a lesson, I'll spank y'all when we get back."

The old man stomped, then as he spread his arms wide-open, he bit his tongue. Once he coughed out a mouthful of blood, he instantly gained a mighty presence. A huge layer of illusionary white fog also appeared behind him. As that fog tumbled about, the contour of a bull was formed.

The old man lifted his right hand, and with one flip, a gigantic bowl appeared mysteriously in his hand. That bowl was filled with fresh water, and with the bowl in hand, the old man took a step forward while groaning in his heart. He was the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, a small tribe. Ever since he heard his tribesmen sending news that a Soul Catcher had appeared around the place a few days ago, he had been indecisive.

He waited for a few days. When the people he sent to investigate the place came back telling him that the place had returned to normal and that the Medial Soul Catcher was no longer around, he decided to bring his tribe members to the place and put up a show. He did not expect, however, that he would run into a voice that would shake his mind and soul when he just arrived.

He could still withstand the first few bell chimes and babble nonsense about the sound's origins, but when the gigantic bell materialized, his heart had already been conquered by fear. However, leaving just like that was not something he as a Patriarch could do. With gritted teeth, he made up his mind to launch a desperate attack. No matter what, he had to rush over and fight against that Medial Soul Catcher.

Besides, in his mind, he believed that even if he was not a Soul Catcher, he had still reached the pinnacle of being a Medial Shaman. There was no guarantee who would win in the fight.

As he rushed out, a serious look appeared on his face. Ripples and waves appeared on the fresh water in the stone bowl and turned into vapor around his body, causing him to be able to resist the bell chimes echoing in the air.

Just as he was moving forward, the two men who fell to the ground immediately opened their eyes and quickly crawled on the ground to return to their tribesmen, who had also fallen to the ground after coughing up blood.

Almost the moment these two people returned, their other four tribesmen also opened their eyes and looked at each other. Then,

as if they could read each other's minds, all of them moved back quickly without a word.

Only the old man continued charging forward. Once he got closer to the mountain range, he already had no time to deal with his six tribesmen behind him. He stomped on the ground with his right foot and shot up swiftly from the ground to fly into the sky. At the same time he bellowed loudly once again.

"This mountain's..."

Almost the moment he started speaking the second time, suddenly, wind stirred and clouds surged forth beyond that gigantic Han Mountain Bell in the sky. A large layer of fog appeared, and the shadow of a great ferocious beast that could not be described with words formed inside that fog.

That ferocious beast looked as if it was made by nine Aquatic Beasts fused together, and it towered above everything. As those nine heads spread out, they looked as if they had occupied the sky.

It was also because of this creature's appearance that the old man's words died away abruptly the second time. His eyes went wide, and shock along with terror could be seen within them. He quickly retreated, and goosebumps rose all over his body.

A murderous aura descended upon him with a loud bang.

Five of the nine heads had their eyes closed as if they were

sleeping. However, the four remaining heads had their eyes opened, and there was a freezing glare within them. Su Ming's body could be seen inside the four pairs of pupils.

"What is this mountain?" Su Ming's voice came out with a mighty boom from the mouths of the four heads he had occupied.

"This mountain's yers..."

The monkey-faced old man suddenly gained some sense in his head and no longer dared to continue retreating. He quickly smiled obsequiously.

Chapter 378: Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute Genocide!

The old man's speech was a little weird. When Su Ming heard it, he frowned.

"Speak properly!"

"Huh? What? This mountain is yours!" The old man was momentarily stunned, then quickly slowed down his speech and repeated his words.

"Who are you?" The four heads of the gigantic creature in the sky cast the old man beneath a glance at the same time as they asked with a booming voice.

"Sir Soul Catcher, this old man's the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, name's Bai Ge. This all's a misunderstanding, just a misunderstanding. I didn't come here for the mountain. I just heard from my tribesmen that you came here so I was a little excited and fired up. That's why I brought my tribesmen here to greet you.

"Um, I even prepared a gift for you. Please accept it. We still have something to do in our tribe, please excuse us." The monkey-faced old man quickly fumbled about in his bosom and brought out a Shaman Crystal that was even smaller than his fingernail. His heart clenched in pain at the thought of parting with it, but he had to give it up. He placed the crystal on the ground respectfully.

Any of the Shaman Crystals Su Ming could bring out were easily bigger than that small Shaman Crystal, but that old man's respectful but also pained expression as he looked at the crystal made it seem as if it was as big as a fist.

"Since you're here, you don't have to leave in a hurry. I'm currently training here and it is inconvenient for me to receive you. Just wait here for a while."

Su Ming frowned. Once he finished speaking, he no longer paid any attention to that man. The old Shaman had extraordinary power. Even if he had yet to attain great completion as a Medial Shaman, but he had already arrived at the peak.

However, Su Ming was not bothered by it. With the Fire Ape and the strange snake protecting him, the old man would not be able to do anything against him. Besides, Su Ming also wanted to use the chance while he refined Han Mountain Bell once again to shock this person.

This was something he thought of when he saw the old man's fear just now.

The monkey-faced old man groaned in his heart when he heard it. He might not be able to tell Su Ming's level of cultivation, but the gigantic ferocious beast in the sky was already enough to shock him and make the old man feel respect towards him.

He was certain that this gigantic ferocious beast was a sacred

beast. He might not have ever heard about it, but it was clear that the person in the mountain was practicing an incredibly powerful Spell, which was why he could call out something like the projection of that sacred beast to descend in this place.

‘Just where did this person come from? Only four of this sacred beast’s heads have awakened, and it’s already enough to make me scared. If all the heads wake up...’ Bai Ge licked his lips and regretted his decision to come forward. He began to hate that tribesman who told him the enemy in this place had left.

At that moment, Su Ming was sitting in his cave abode with his legs crossed and his eyes shut. His hands were rapidly forming various hand seals before him. All of them were filled with a strange power he had vaguely sensed when he was refining Han Mountain Bell in the past.

As he changed those hand seals, the power of the world in the cave started surging towards him in large amounts to gather on his hands. It was as if those hand seals could allow him to move around the power of the world as he pleased.

Su Ming felt his spirits lift, and his speed grew even faster. Eventually, his hands turned into a blur, and there were numerous afterimages left behind.

The four heads of the nine-headed beast above his cave abode let out a roar towards the sky, causing the weather to change and an endless amount of ripples to spread out.

At that moment, suddenly, one of the slumbering heads shuddered, as if it was about to wake up from the roars of the four heads.

In the cave abode, Su Ming's speed as he made those seals became faster. Sweat beaded on his forehead. His divine sense had completely surged out, as he continued making those hand seals to fuse with the power of the world, then all of them were pumped into Han Mountain Bell. However, no matter how much of that strange power he sent into Han Mountain Bell, it still felt like throwing a stone in an ocean. There was absolutely no reaction.

Suddenly, he felt a faint hint of a reaction. It was as if there was a barrier in Han Mountain Bell. And if he did not break it, then it would be difficult for him to perform a more in depth refinement. The moment Su Ming sensed the barrier's presence, he fired up all his divine sense, then fused it all with the power of the world to continuously crash into it.

"Open up! Come on, open up!" Su Ming mumbled with his eyes closed, and more sweat poured down his forehead.

As Su Ming's spoke, the roars of the four awakened Aquatic Dragon heads grew stronger. They moved about and continued roaring. The waves of sound that were formed shook the world, causing the old man's ears to ring.

His face was pale. He looked at the four Aquatic Dragons in the sky and had the feeling that he was a mere ant.

As the roars reverberated through the sky, the head that was lying at the side started trembling even more furiously. Signs of struggle could be seen on its tightly shut eyes, as if it was about to wake up!

With Su Ming's divine sense continuing to crash against the barrier, the fifth head that had been asleep for an unknown amount of years looked as if it was about to wake up at any moment. The feeling Su Ming had became stronger. He could tell that once that invisible barrier was broken down, then the fifth head would open its eyes.

Taking over the first head meant that he obtained the basic level of control over Han Mountain Bell.

Taking over the second head allowed him to obtain the power to stun souls with Han Mountain Bell's chimes.

Taking over the third head made him feel the strength of the bell's defenses. He obtained the power to fuse that bell into his body so that he could defend himself.

When he took over the fourth head, he had sensed some hand seals in his head, allowing him to control the bell easily to seal things.

While Su Ming might not know what sort of ability he would gain once the fifth head woke up and he took it over, he looked forward to it.

That sort of anticipation became stronger as time passed by. However, the barrier Su Ming could sense within Han Mountain Bell still remained unbroken, even under the continuous barrage.

It was as if there was always a little bit of something lacking!

The roars in the sky were going for almost an hour. The ground, too, trembled under those incessant roars, and there were even stones breaking off from the mountain range and falling to the ground.

Su Ming gradually started trembling, and his divine sense was also starting to wither a little. The Fire Ape was looking rather anxious by his side. With its intelligence, it had grown to feel respect towards the ferocious beast in the sky.

However, to that rod snake, this sort of respect did not exist. There was only a strong sense of brutality within it that made it stare at the gigantic beast in the sky with uncertainty and a murderous aura through the small holes above it.

It was as if it had run into its mortal enemy. Buzzing sounds rose from the rod snake's body and its scales started standing up. If that creature did not have Su Ming's scent, which he was familiar with, then it would have rushed out right the moment it appeared and fought against it until one of them died.

The medicinal cauldron was still as usual in the cave abode. There was not a hint of change in it. However, the old Berserker in the other stone chamber started trembling violently. His face was

pale and most of his blood had already flowed out of his body. What remained of it was absorbed madly by the herbs on him. His soul was also being absorbed by the three Spirit Plunders, as if it was being sealed off.

He, who was originally weakened to begin, started to hear booming sounds going off in his head as he continued listening to the continuous barrage of roars, and he started struggling to fight back against it.

He was not the only one acting that way. The six members of White Bull Tribe who were standing beyond the mountain range had all fallen to the ground, trembling. Their faces were pale and bloodless. Four among them had become unconscious, and while there were still two who were awake, they had dazed looks on their faces, and they did not last that much longer either. Soon, they, too, fell to the ground unconscious.

As for the monkey-faced old man, he was sitting cross-legged on the ground while circulating his power. He wanted to fight back, but once he coughed out a few mouthfuls of blood, he found, to his shock, that the voice was growing stronger, and had already reached a level that was difficult for him to resist.

He was very close to the mountain range, unlike his six tribesmen who had run far away since a long time ago. A life threatening sense of danger blossomed in his heart, and in his terror, he immediately drank a mouthful of fresh water from the stone bowl in his hand. A large amount of white fog spread from his body, allowing him to resist it.

‘It still won’t open!’

Su Ming’s hair was a mess, and as he continued forming those hand seals, he lifted his right hand and slammed it on his chest. Immediately, a large amount of spirit stones flew out and scattered around him in the cave abode, over the dust of many of their predecessors.

As these spirit stones appeared, Su Ming’s divine sense was replenished. It circulated in his body like liquid in that opened path in his body, making him let out a low roar.

"Open your eyes, fifth head!"

As Su Ming roared, he pushed both of his hands forward. With that one push, all the spirit stones around him exploded once again. His divine sense guided a large amount of power from the world to charge into Han Mountain Bell and straight onto that wall, crashing into it madly.

At the same time, the roars from the four Aquatic Dragons in the sky became stronger. They were not sending their roars all over the place either. All of them went to the struggling and trembling fifth head and started roaring at it fiercely.

Su Ming only felt a shocking boom go off in his head, and his divine sense crashed through that barrier in Han Mountain Bell like a flood. Once it did so, his divine sense surged in, and it was also at that moment that the fifth head opened its eyes. There was a merciless look within them, but Su Ming’s shadow was rapidly

gathering in the pupils.

Right when Su Ming's shadow was completely formed in the eyes of the fifth head, it lifted its head and let out a roar, mixing its voice with the roars from the other four heads, creating a shocking boom that reverberated in the sky.

"Nine, Headed, Dragon, Southern, Emperor, Absolute, Genocide!" When the five heads roared, a voice speaking could be faintly heard.

The monkey-faced old Shaman could no longer withstand the pressure. He coughed out a mouthful of blood and fell to the side unconscious.

The moment these five heads roared, a large amount of information pertaining to the legacy of Han Mountain Bell appeared in Su Ming's head. Within that chaotic mess, he learned of the ability Han Mountain Bell gained after the fifth head opened its eyes.

It was the power to temporarily allow the Vessel Spirit residing in the bell to gain form!

Su Ming's breathing quickened and excitement brightened his eyes. He brought out a large amount of spirit stones once again and lifted his head to stare at the gigantic ferocious beast in the sky. Resolution appeared on his face.

"I might as well do it in one go! I'll let the sixth head awaken as well!"

Chapter 379: The Sixth Head!

The five heads out of the Nine-Headed Dragon roared, and their voices rumbled like thunder. The monkey-faced old Shaman could no longer withstand the pressure and had fallen unconscious.

The rod snake let out a piercing cry in the cave abode. Judging by its looks, it was facing a great enemy, and looked about to rush out at any moment. However, due to the Brand Su Ming had left in its body and the fact that he owned the five heads of the Nine Headed Dragon, which it regarded hostilely, it forced down its urge to kill.

The old Berserker in the stone chamber still had his eyes shut tightly. His body had also started trembling even more viciously. When the roars from the sky reached him, he looked as if he had reached his limit in his current condition.

Su Ming sat in the hall in his cave abode and continued making the hand seals. The power of the world surged forward and fused with his divine sense to charge into Han Mountain Bell.

There was a ring of spirit stone dust around Su Ming. It was fortunate that he had quite a lot of this currency, which was why he could afford to spend them like this. He continuously brought out large amounts of spirit stones, and once he absorbed the spiritual power in them, he would bring out another similar amount.

With this method, gradually, the power he pushed into Han Mountain Bell became greater. As the five heads continued

howling, slowly, the sixth head of the nine-headed beast started trembling.

As it trembled, Su Ming felt the barrier within Han Mountain Bell once again. He knew clearly that once he broke through it, then he could make the sixth head open its eyes and wake up.

However, with the experience of waking up the fifth head, he knew that breaking through was too difficult, but he did not give up. Instead, he used his spirit stones to support himself and guided the power of the world around to start his repeated assault against the barrier.

He rammed into the barrier with his divine sense five times, and with each crash, that invisible barrier would look as if it was trembling. As it trembled, what would happen outside was that the sixth head would shiver. Its tightly shut eyes would show signs of opening.

However, as long as the invisible barrier did not break, that sixth head would not wake up. Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He formed the hand seals with both of his hands and pushed them forward once again.

"Open!"

A booming sound went off in his head. The barrier within Han Mountain Bell was attacked once again. The sixth head trembled viciously, but it still did not wake up.

Once he tried it eight times, Su Ming understood that if he used the standard procedure, waking the fifth head was the current limit of his power. Clearly, trying to wake up each of the heads after the first four heads in Han Mountain Bell required a vast amount of power as support. It would not be as easy as it was for the previous four heads.

With his current level of power, he only needed a tiny thread of power more to make that sixth head wake up, but that tiny thread was like the distance between two sides of a ravine. He could not cross over it.

‘By the looks of it, I’ll have to borrow external power!’

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He no longer made any seals with his hands but got up and took a few steps backward to arrive at the deepest part of the cave that contained the numerous cracks on its walls, which allowed the mountain range to start breathing.

The instant Su Ming reached that room, he lifted his hands and pressed his palms flat on the wall. The stone wall immediately started trembling and new cracks appeared. Under the power of Su Ming’s palm strike, once they connected with the previous cracks, they went through the stone and connected with the outside world.

Due to the increase of those cracks, the originally weak human like breathing in the mountain suddenly became much stronger. At that moment, the entire mountain range’s breathing instantly became greater, and due to it, the power of the world also charged forth in a much greater quantity, causing a large whirlpool to once

again appear.

That whirlpool was formed due to the power of the world gathering together. Once it appeared, it followed Su Ming's divine sense and started a barrage on Han Mountain Bell.

The barrier within let out a series of cracking noises in Su Ming's head, as if it was about to shatter. The sixth head also slowly lifted up its body, trembling viciously, and it opened its eyes a small slit.

'The method is correct. With the help of the pattern in this place, I can break through the limit of that one thread. I just need to persevere through another few breaths and I'll succeed.'

Yet at that very moment, Su Ming's face turned pale. That power of the world was too great and his divine sense was like a boat trapped in a raging sea. It was difficult for him to guide it. After all, his level of cultivation was not high enough.

That vast power of the world was about to break through his hold like a wild horse and scatter all around him. Red appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Once the power of the world spread out, even if he could gather it together once again, if he could not use it to wake the sixth head in one shot like he did with the fifth, then if he wanted to try it again, unless he raised his level of cultivation, it would be impossible for him to try again and succeed within a short period of time.

If that was the result he had to face, then Su Ming had to persevere!

He bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. As that blood spilled out, the four Berserker Bones in Su Ming's body started trembling, sending out the entirety of his power of the Bone Sacrifice Realm with an explosive force.

At the same time, the power of the Refined Aura that had already turned into liquid in the opened path within Su Ming's body started circulating rapidly and became thinner until it eventually seemed as if it had disappeared. The disappeared Refined Aura had already completely surged into Su Ming's divine sense, forcing it to be able to control the power of the world when it was just about to crumble.

One breath, two breaths... After two breaths, the vast power of the world started showing signs of scattering away again. Su Ming lifted his right hand, and with lightning speed, jabbed his finger on several spots on his body. All those spots where the parts connecting the opened path into one single whole.

Once he pressed on those spots, he seemed to have forced out the remaining power of the Refined Aura in his body. Along with the help of the power of his Berserker Bones, he finally managed to buy the time for two more breaths before the power of the world started crumbling once again.

It was during the span of these four breaths that the invisible barrier in Han Mountain Bell was completely broken through. As it crumbled, the sixth head opened its eyes, and gray light shone from within. The sixth head had awakened!

It lifted its head to let out a low roar, howling together with the other five heads. Their voices shook the sky and earth, and as they spread in all directions, the old Berserker who was gravely wounded in Su Ming's cave abode could no longer fight back and a large amount of blood mist burst out from his body. He immediately sank into unconsciousness, and it was one where his mind had fallen into a comatose state!

In the sky, Su Ming's shadow appeared in the pupils of the awakened sixth head. As the heads roared together, the might coming from it was shocking. It was a pity that not many people saw it. This place was considered a rather remote spot in the land of the Shamans, or else those who were observant would have noticed.

The Nine-Headed Dragon looked like a sacred beast of the Shaman Tribe. Anyone who saw it would find it hard not to feel fear.

Su Ming sat in the cave abode with a pale face, but his eyes were shining with excitement. He wanted to try opening the eyes of the seventh head, but his body was already very weakened, and he had also wasted a large amount of spirit stones. Besides, he knew that with his current level of cultivation, it was utterly impossible for him to wake the seventh head.

In his silence, he chose to give up on continue trying. Instead, he made some hand seals and pointed above him with his right hand.

"Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute Genocide, gather!" Su Ming said in a low voice. As he pointed with his finger,

the gigantic body of the Nine Headed Body in the sky quickly turned indistinct, and in the blink of an eye, it became invisible and disappeared.

The huge Han Mountain Bell also shrank in an instant and turned into a ray of dark light that charged towards the mountain range, crawling through a small hole in the ceiling to come and float before Su Ming.

Han Mountain Bell now looked like simple and old looking small bell. It gave off an ancient feeling. When Su Ming looked towards it, he had a feeling as if this thing had become a part of him. Even if he closed his eyes, he could still feel the presence of the bell. With a single thought, he could control this treasure and make it transform.

‘The divine ability I gained after waking up sixth head... is this..?’

With his eyes closed, Su Ming went on to sense the change in Han Mountain Bell once the sixth head had awakened. After a long while, he slowly opened his eyes, and there was a stunned look on his face.

He frowned and brought out some medicinal pills. Once he swallowed them, he did not circulate his Qi. Instead, he stood up and paced up and down his cave abode, as if he was hesitating over a difficult decision.

‘By the looks of it, even if my level of cultivation has reached a

certain state, it's still quite impossible for me to wake the seventh head... but once I wake the seventh head, the change that will occur will reach a terrifying state...

‘If my guess is correct, that is if what I deduced from the Art I gained from the sixth head is right, once the seventh head wakes up, there's a high chance that it will allow a wisp of the Nine-Headed Dragon's True Spirit to descend...’

Su Ming's footsteps came to a halt and determination appeared in his eyes.

‘There's no need for me to hesitate over this anymore. The land of the Shamans is filled with dangers, and it'll be difficult for me to avoid being killed. If that's the case...’ Su Ming looked at the floating Han Mountain Bell by his side and a complicated look appeared on his face.

‘I'll fulfill the requirements needed to wake up the seventh head!’ With a swing of his arm, Han Mountain Bell immediately flew towards him and disappeared once it fused into his body.

‘This bell is indeed a priceless treasure, but why did no one try taking it away after it was placed in Han Mountain City so long ago? Why is it that only Si Ma Xin and I could fight over it..?’

‘There are plenty of powerful warriors in the Berserker Tribe, and there's also the fact about the Immortals coming to our place. Why did they ignore Han Mountain Bell..? Unless... they don't have a method to take it away, or maybe it's because they can't

take it away, or perhaps... they don't dare to?' Su Ming had thought about this question before, but he had never obtained a real answer.

He shook his head and decided to not think about it anymore. Instead, he sat down cross-legged and started exercising his breathing. Three days passed by in the blink of an eye.

At that time, the unconscious old Shaman outside the mountain range opened his eyes. He cast his eyes around, before he got up quietly, and checked his surroundings, then slowly retreated.

"Are you going to leave just like that?"

The instant he started retreating, Su Ming's cold voice spoke languidly from the mountain range. When those words fell in the old man's ears, he immediately froze and forced out a smile.

"If there's nothing else, then I won't stay here anymore. It's been a few days since I went back, and there're plenty of things waiting for me back at my tribe. This mountain's yours," said the old man quickly. Right up till the end, he did not manage to see Su Ming's body, and a great sense of wariness towards this Medial Soul Catcher rose within his heart.

The sight he saw before he fainted also terrified him. He no longer had any desire to fight against him.

"Thirty thousand feet around this area..." Su Ming said slowly,

but before he could finish his sentence, that old Shaman was already nodding his head furiously.

"Gotcha. No one comes within thirty thousand feet of the place. I'll go tell my people in the tribe to absolutely not come around. Um... if there's nothing else, I'll be off first."

Chapter 380: Madam Ji!

As the old Shaman spoke, he retreated without stop until he reached his six tribesmen who had come with him for this. Then he kicked them, and once those unconscious tribe members of his were kicked awake, he quickly wrapped his fist in his palm as a salute to the mountain and hastily brought them away.

His six tribesmen were all pale, and they were all filled with respect towards the mountain range where Su Ming was, while feeling that it was a mysterious place as well. As they charged back with the old man, their hearts were full of lingering fear.

Only when they were almost back to their tribe did one of the men speak after hesitating for a moment.

"Patriarch, what do we do? Should we ask the statue of our great grand Patriarch to attack?"

"Hur hur, what do we do? Why don'tcha tell me what do we do, you bunch of rascals who only know how to pretend to be dead?! We have one attack left in the statue of our great grand patriarch, and that's going to be used to frighten that Black Crane Tribe!" The monkey-faced old man glared at the man, then turned around to slap the man's head.

"Let me tell y'all. We can't look down on that Medial Soul Catcher. He already brought about such a presence by just activating his divine ability, even if I launch a desperate attack, there's no use. He's a Soul Catcher and an outsider. He can come

and go as he pleases, I don't have the confidence to kill him.

"Since that's the case, if your old man dies, then what are you bunch of rascals going to do? What are our tribesmen supposed to do? Even if I win by some stroke of luck and he runs away, he'll find a chance and come back to take revenge. Our tribe can't just up and leave either. This is not a good deal." The old man stroked his beard. He no longer had that silly thought he had previously, there was instead a hint of cunning in his eyes.

"That's why I was so busy flattering him and showed that I was respectful and afraid of him, which is why we managed to get out of a situation where we should have all died. That's what you call adapting to the situation!" The old man's eyes sparkled and looked towards the east.

"By the looks of it, that guy ain't someone that old bird from Black Crane invited over. Let's watch first. Black Crane's old bird is a hot tempered person. He's not as adaptable and sly as your old man. This might even be a good thing to us!" The old man smiled, then gained a serious look on his face and slapped the heads of all his tribesmen beside him.

"Let's go home! Keep this in your heads. If I don't say anything, don'cha dare set foot within thirty thousand feet of that mountain... Ah, make that 50,000. Make sure y'all don't step foot within fifty thousand feet of that mountain!"

Once the old Shaman from White Bull Tribe left, Su Ming gained a few days of peace and quiet with no one coming to bother him. He immersed himself in his training, and during his free time, he

would look at the moon at night and practice the Art of burning his blood.

At the day, besides observing the medicinal cauldron and observing the old Berserker's physical condition, he also took care of his herbs. He used several of his stone chambers to plant some herbs, once he gathered some soil from nearby, and brought in some dense power of the world.

Other than that, Su Ming used the remainder of his time to study the Wind and Lightning Crystals of Inheritance, as well as trying to understand the Provenance of Wind and Origin of Lightning. He searched for a way to cast the Wind Berserker's divine ability along with the Lightning Berserker's Art.

Su Ming was completely immersed in his own world in that rather remote spot in the land of the Shamans, forgetting the ongoing battle between the Shamans and Berserkers, along with the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. The only thing that existed in his mind then was that in three years, he had to make his power increase by a large margin.

Only then could he get in touch with the Immortals and search for the secret behind the word 'Destiny'.

However, the days of peace and quiet were short lived. Seven days later, Su Ming opened his eyes where he was sitting in the cave. Holding the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his hands, he lifted his head to look at the Fire Ape not too far away from him.

"Chase them away."

An excited look immediately appeared on the Fire Ape's face. It patted its chest, then lifted the rod before turning into a red shadow and disappearing. Before long, that Fire Ape came back with a satisfied look on its face, then spent a long time gesturing to Su Ming.

"Alright, if there are intruders again, you can do things at your own discretion. You're not allowed to hurt a person the first three times he comes, but if he or she comes a fourth time, go ahead and kill them." Su Ming pondered over it for a moment before he nodded his head, then continued immersing himself in trying to gain an epiphany over wind and lightning.

The Fire Ape instantly became even more excited, and with one leap, it ran out.

During the past few days, there would be a few Shamans who would come to the place and observe the periphery. Most of these people's hair was decorated with some black feathers, a clear distinction from White Bull Tribe.

Once some of these observers came within thirty thousand feet of the mountain range, they would be beaten up by a Fire Ape who would suddenly appear while screeching and swinging the rod in its hand. Most of these Shamans were Fledgling Shamans, and even if they had some divine abilities at their disposal, the Fire Ape was too quick for them. Usually, it would close in on them in a flash, and all those who got close to it would be forced back with a crash, because they were all sent flying with a swing of the rod.

Several times after this happened, the Shamans who had feathers in their heads started to only seldom come to this place, and eventually, none of them came at all. It was as if they knew that this place was off limits and had given up on it.

On the day Su Ming had stayed in his cave abode for half a month, three long arcs charged forth from the east. The person in the lead was a middle-aged man. He looked incredibly tall and strong, and his eyes shone brilliantly. Behind him were two old men. The three of them descended about one hundred thousand feet away from where Su Ming was and stood there while staring at the towering mountain range in the distance.

"Tribe leader, we'll reach the border once we're seventy thousand feet away from the mountain. Our tribesmen have entered that area several times before, and that ape would suddenly appear there. It might not have killed anyone, but it was becoming more and more ruthless. The last tribesman who was struck even had his ribs broken.

"By the looks of it, if we enter its territory anymore, it will come at us with the urge to kill," one of the old men behind the middle-aged man said in a low voice.

"If White Bull Tribe can tolerate this, then it means that the person who took over this place is not any common person. Our tribe also saw the change half a month ago in this place. This person... I think we should wait for the Patriarch to return before we make a decision." The other old man hesitated for a moment before he spoke in a low voice.

"That's right. The Patriarch has been away for almost a month. He said before he left that he'd be back in about that time. The Patriarch went out this time to bring back Madam Ji to help us destroy White Bull Tribe, we can wait a few more days."

The two old men tried to persuade him, but the middle-aged man in the middle remained silent for a long moment, then shook his head.

"The Patriarch took a large amount of the tribe's wealth and he still doesn't have a lot of confidence in bringing back Madam Ji of Leaping Stallion Peak. It's a fortunate thing that most of the Shamans now are in fear, and because of the war, our resources are lacking. That's why the Patriarch decided to go and ask Madam Ji to help us.

"But we can only ask her to attack once, and we have to use that attack to kill White Bull Tribe's Bai Ge. We don't have the money to pay for Madam Ji to attack twice, even if we count all the spoils of war from White Bull Tribe. Since that is the case, even if we won't have White Bull Tribe in our way anymore, it's still not worth it.

"We still don't know what this person's level of cultivation is. Besides, while the presence here has been great half a month ago, if we don't test waters and see just what are his limits, then we won't be able to explain ourselves to the Patriarch once he returns.

"Besides, with my power as a Medial Battle Shaman, even if I

can't win against him, he won't be able to kill me in a short amount of time unless he is a Latter Shaman or a powerful Soul Catcher with an Undying puppet, either. Otherwise, I can still test waters.

"Don't go into the forbidden land. Just observe from outside. I've already made my decision in this!" The middle-aged man spoke slowly, and fighting spirit burned in his eyes. Cracking sounds came from his body, and his entire person swelled up by a fold, making him look like a small hill. Taking huge steps, he walked towards the mountain.

With each step, the ground would tremble slightly and a murderous aura would spread from his body. It formed a force of impact that swept through the land under his feet, causing the dust to fly into the air.

His speed increased until he was eventually so fast that his movements caused loud crashing noises to echo in the air. Those sounds fused together with the earth's trembles and gathered together to form a force that charged towards the mountain range where Su Ming was.

60,000 feet, 50,000 feet, 40,000 feet... 30,000 feet!

The man traveled forth like a violent gust of wind. When he arrived at the border of 30,000 feet away from the mountain, he did not stop but took a step inside. Yet the instant his feet landed, a roar shot through the air and a red blur moved towards him. At the same time, a piercing bang that sounded as if it was causing the air to convulse charged straight towards the man.

It was a rod that was lifted high in the sky!

A glint appeared in the man's eyes. He did not dodge but simply let out a cold snort and clenched his right hand into a fist before hurling it straight at the incoming rod. The instant his fist crashed into it, booming sounds reverberated through the air. The rod was bounced back, and even the Fire Ape was also forced back by the punch.

The man was not feeling entirely good either. His body froze for a moment, but he soon walked into the area 30,000 feet from the mountain range.

The Fire Ape roared and charged towards him again. A murderous look shone in the tribe leader's eyes and he lifted his hands to slam them both on the ground.

The land trembled suddenly, and as it did so, it seemed to have affected the sky as well, causing ripples to appear there, which made the Fire Ape freeze for a moment.

The instant it did, the man stepped on air and swung his right leg, with a buzz, a huge force was sent charging straight at the Fire Ape.

The Fire Ape's strength allowed it to be completely unbothered by that kick. The instant it lifted that rod and was about to fight against the man once again, the air before it suddenly distorted and Su Ming appeared so quickly that his appearance stirred up a

huge gust of wind. He was dressed in black robes and wore the black mask over his face. As his hair danced in the sky, he hurled his fist towards the man's leg.

That punch contained a little of what he had come to understand of the Provenance of Wind and Origin of Lightning during these past few days. As he hurled his fist forward, wind and lightning rumbled in the air with such great intensity that they shook the sky.

Wind caused Su Ming's punch to be so quick that it could not be defended against! Lightning made it seem as if it contained the might of heaven! The power of his Berserker Bones exploded forth, and the instant Su Ming's fist connected with the Shaman's leg, the illusionary form of Han Mountain Bell appeared, as if his punch had become Han Mountain Bell itself!

A loud bang sounded in the air. The man's right leg was instantly broken and his face immediately turned pale. He coughed out a mouthful of blood and his body was swept away by that gust of wind, sending him several hundreds of feet away. He fell outside the barrier, and the two old men who'd come with him immediately went forward to support him.

"Don't bother me. This is a warning. Don't force me to kill. Don't make your family die with you. Don't make your tribe disappear from the land of the Shamans!" Su Ming stood before the Fire Ape and pulled back his right hand as he spoke slowly.

Chapter 381: Black Crane Tribe

The tribe leader of Black Crane was supported by his other two tribesmen. Blood flowed down the corner of his lips, and his right leg was wrecked. It was a bloody mess, and shattered bone could also be seen among it.

The man's blood dripped down to the ground, and the intense pain made his face turn white. Huge beads of sweat trickled down his forehead.

"Let's go!" He gritted his teeth and spoke as if he was hissing through his teeth. The two old men beside him said nothing and quickly brought him to retreat hastily. When they were several thousands of feet away, they turned into long arcs and left the place hastily.

Right up till the end, Su Ming only spoke once. He stared at the man leaving coldly and did not stop them. After all, this was the first time they'd come to the place, and there were still some problems to Su Ming's identity. He only wanted to be here to train in peace and quiet and to understand the ways of wind and lightning so that he could become stronger. He did not want to cause trouble.

He was also an outsider. If he went into too much conflict against those Shamans who had deep roots in this place, even if it was a small tribe, it would still pose a problem.

As for that Shaman Crystal vein, while Su Ming had high hopes

for the place, he did not think that it was necessary for him to make it his own. He had tried mining those Shaman Crystals before. If he did not have a special method to do so, they would shatter when he touched them. He had used the small virescent sword to test it before and brought out eight pieces, but in the process, he also broke a similar amount of Shaman Crystals.

Unless he used his hands to dig them out and did not mind wasting a large amount of time digging them out bit by bit, then he would he be unable to reap the biggest reward.

That was why Su Ming chose only to stun White Bull Tribe and did not kill them. As for Black Crane Tribe, as long as they did not do anything out of hand, then he would also choose not to kill them. His attacks might be vicious, but they were also used to shock them. Only when the two tribes were wary of him would he have the opportunity of knowing whether they were weak or strong, and then only would the possibility of a peaceful negotiation appear.

As he watched the three people from Black Crane Tribe leave, Su Ming turned around, towards the direction of his cave abode, then turned into an illusion and went back. The Fire Ape looked displeased. It believed that if Su Ming had not appeared, it would still have been able to fight against the man.

With the rod in hand, it swung it in the direction of Su Ming's back several times before it turned into a fiery red blur that started loitering around the area, trying to find other trespassers that were still ignorant enough to come.

Another few days passed by. Su Ming never exited his cave abode during that time, and no one came to bother him. These sort of days might be boring, but Su Ming was not bothered by it. He was used to clearing his mind. He might be in a foreign land now, but in truth, to him, besides Dark Mountain and the ninth summit, almost every other place was a foreign land.

He, who had long since accustomed himself to this sort of lifestyle, continued researching the Wind Crystal of Inheritance. That thing was about the size of a fist and was translucent. There seemed to be wind contained inside, making it seem as if there was wind and clouds tumbling about in the crystal. There was a strangely attractive charm to it.

‘Wind Separation Slash... Provenance of Wind...’ Su Ming frowned and stared at the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his hand as he mulled over his thoughts.

‘If I can’t fuse this Wind Crystal of Inheritance with myself, then I won’t be able to gain any epiphany concerning the three styles of Wind Separation. I can also only use the very basic functions for Provenance of Wind. I can only circulate it in my body to make my speed slightly faster.

‘But the Wind Berserker is definitely not just about speed, but... just how can I make the Wind Crystal of Inheritance accept me?’

Su Ming had thought of everything he could during these few days, but even with the help of the black stone fragment, he could not achieve his wish. It did not even give him even the slightest hint of response no matter how much he called out to it.

‘Could it be that no one has the possibility of obtaining the legacy unless the real True Divinity Wind Berserker appears..?’ Su Ming clutched his hand around the Wind Crystal of Inheritance and his face darkened as his eyes flickered.

He knew of all his weaknesses. It did not matter whether it was the power of the God of Berserkers or whether it was Han Mountain Bell, all of these things were external power and were not actually a part of his own power. This external power might belong to him now, but there was also a possibility that it won’t belong to him in the future.

The basis for becoming a powerful warrior was his own level of cultivation and his divine abilities. These were the main things. Yet now, Su Ming was incredibly lacking in divine abilities. Besides Berserker Obliteration, which he created on his own, he only had his speed and the Execution of Three Evils left.

This was fatal if he ever engaged anyone in a battle of Arts, and Su Ming had experienced this firsthand when he traveled into the land of the Shamans. The reason why he was spending so much time in examining the Wind Crystal of Inheritance was so that he could increase the variety of divine abilities and Arts he had at hand.

Yet the results made Su Ming feel rather resigned. However, no matter what, he did not give up and simply continued trying to fuse together with the Wind Crystal of Inheritance. This item was like a key that would open the door to the main parts of the Wind Berserker’s legacy.

To the east of Su Ming's cave abode in the mountain range was a low mountain range 10,000 li away. There was a mountain over there that was not very tall.

It was very strange, and all those who saw it would not be able to forget it after seeing it once, because the shape of the mountain looked like a crane that had its wings spread and was about to fly!

The crane was a nonexistent creature in the land of the Shamans, and it was the same for the land of the Berserkers. This creature belonged to the Immortals, and was a living being that possessed high intelligence.

However, this mountain that was formed in its shape had appeared in the land of the Shamans, and there was even a tribe in there that was named after a crane. That alone was enough to cause people to think.

However, this place was situated in a remote area, and Black Crane was just a small tribe. Most of its tribe members seldom ventured out either, hence the people who took notice of them were few. It was also the reason why the mysteriousness of Black Crane Tribe did not spread far.

There was a house that was built using mountain rocks in the mountain, and in it was the man whose right leg was shattered. At that moment, his eyes were shut tightly and his body was trembling slightly. He did not cover up his upper body, and sweat poured down his skin like a river.

There was an old woman sitting before him. Her hair was white and there were numerous brown age spots on her face. She placed her dried up hands on the man's right leg.

Strange words that sounded like chants tumbled out of the old woman's lips.

Behind her were five Black Crane tribe members sitting just outside the door to the room where the man was in the house. Their expressions were filled with anxiety, along with anger and hatred.

Their hatred was not aimed towards the man, but would only appear when they occasionally lifted their heads to look into the distance, right in the direction where Su Ming's cave abode was.

"The person who attacked doesn't have any will to kill. I can heal your leg, but it'll take a long time, around half a year or so. During this time, it'll be best if you don't get injured anymore, or else your leg might really be completely useless." After a long while, the old woman stopped murmuring those strange sounds. She opened her eyes and revealed a pair of murky eyes as she spoke slowly.

Once she finished speaking, the old woman stood up and walked towards the door with a hunched back. Her footsteps were not light as a cultivator's, but they were not heavy. Nonetheless, it was clear that she was a normal person.

"Send the Shaman Healer off." The half-naked man opened his

eyes and spoke with a tired look on his face.

A member of Black Crane Tribe immediately stepped forward and supported the old woman as she left.

Once the old woman left, an old man with a full head of white hair instantly stood up among the remaining people in the house. He took a few steps forward and spoke loudly. "Tribe leader, I've already gathered all the warriors in the tribe. We're only waiting for your orders!"

"Tribe leader, we can't just take this lying down. Why should we let this person take over our Shaman Crystal vein? He's just one person, no matter how high his level of cultivation is. We can offer our blood and summon our Crane Ancestor if we really need to!" a ghastly voice stated from another person's mouth. It was a skinny man whose age could not be determined. He sat on the chair like a skeleton.

The rest of the people spoke in succession, and their words were filled with a strong murderous intent.

"Quiet!" The man whose right leg was shattered slapped his right hand on the wooden chair he was sitting on.

"That person is not alone. He has a Fire Ape with him, and I can feel a terrifying presence in that mountain range. It's clear that he still has other tricks up his sleeve.

"Even if we discount that, all of you saw the nine-headed beast that appeared when that strange phenomenon came to be on that day. That beast alone is not something our tribe can handle. I went so that I could do a final test and make a confirmation so that we can provide an explanation to the Patriarch when he comes back. Why are you raring to go? Do you want to die that much?!" The man's eyes were freezing cold as he swept his gaze across the people in the room.

"We'll talk about this once the Patriarch comes back..." Before the man finished speaking, his voice suddenly died away and he lifted his head swiftly.

At the same time, a piercing cry traveled through the sky above the tribe's mountain. It reverberated in the area, and a huge gust of wind also appeared out of nowhere to surround the mountain before making its way through.

The man was not the only one who lifted his head. Looks of anxiety immediately appeared on the faces of all the other tribe members in the house. They stood up, and two among them went up to carry the man as they swiftly went out.

Almost at the moment they walked out, a large amount of tribe members in the other stone houses in the mountain walked out and knelt down with their heads turned towards the sky.

"Welcome back, Patriarch!"

Their voices were like waves that seemed to have fused together

with the wind. As their voices and the wind circled around the area, a black long arc charged towards them from the sky. Within the long arc was a huge crane whose eyes were burning with raging flames. It was about 500 feet in size and was covered head to toe in black. It was flapping its wings while getting closer to them.

Standing on the black crane was an old man wearing a long robe made of feathers. There were several black lines on the old man's face. He had wrinkles on his face, but his eyes shone brightly.

There was a person sitting beside him. That person wore a red robe and there were a large number of snakes and insects sewn on it. Those snakes and insects came in all sorts of colors, and they were terrifying to look at. There was a bamboo hat covering the person's head so that their appearance could not be seen clearly, but from the stranger's figure, it could be seen that the person was a woman.

"Madam Ji, this is my tribe. Madam Ji, this way, please." The old man swept his gaze past the ground on the black crane, and a smile appeared on his face. When he looked towards the woman by his side, that smile turned into respect, and he wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards the woman.

The woman whose age and appearance could not be seen clearly due to the bamboo hat gave a nod, and the black crane under the old man's body instantly charged towards the peak of the mountain. They got closer in an instant, and as they charged forward, a large amount of black mist spread out from the mount's body.

As the crane dived down, more black mist spread out, and right the instant it seemed as if the crane was about to crash into the mountain, it turned into black mist and disappeared. The old man and Madam Ji, who was the woman wearing the bamboo hat, landed on the mountain, right before the man, who was being carried by his tribesmen, and the other people who were in the house.

"Greetings, Madam Ji." The man whose right leg was broken immediately knelt down when he saw the old man and Madam Ji. Yet a sharp pain shot up his right leg due to his action, causing his face to instantly turn pale.

"Hmm? What happened to your leg?" The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe immediately trained his gaze on his leg.

Chapter 382: Soul Catcher's Voice!

"Patriarch, this is..." The man hesitated for a while, then cast a glance at Madam Ji. The woman might not have revealed her face and had not even said a word, but when she stood there, there was a chilling presence spreading from within her, causing all the people around to feel slightly uncomfortable.

Most of the leaders and powerful Shamans in the tribe standing nearby had heard of Madam Ji and the rumors surrounding that name. Now, when they saw her, all of them were filled with respect towards her.

"It's fine. You can just speak." A cold and dark look appeared in the eyes of the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe.

The tribe leader of Black Crane struggled up his feet. Enduring the intense pain, he spoke of everything that had happened from start to finish, but he did not mention the change in the sky a few days prior.

"I'm not his opponent. Madam Ji, please help us." Once the man finished speaking, he struggled to move and bow to that woman.

A barely noticeable glint appeared in the eyes of the old man dressed in the robe made of black feathers. He was, after all, familiar with the man and could see that something was off, but he did not expose him.

Instead, he narrowed his eyes. He knew that the man could be

considered quite careful and would not speak without thinking. If he was almost pleading Madam Ji to act right before his face, then it was clear that the tribe leader believed that even if the old man went himself, he was not the outsider's opponent.

"Madam Ji, about this... could you please attack him?" The old man gritted his teeth. If it had been any other of his tribesmen saying this, he might not have believed them, but this man was Black Crane Tribe's current tribe leader. It was impossible for the old man to not believe him.

"Is that person a Latter Shaman?" Madam Ji suddenly asked.

"He's not a Latter Shaman. Of this, I am certain!" The man quickly asserted.

"If you're wrong, then I will make the entire Black Crane Tribe die with you! A person's life is two thousand Shaman Crystals. If it's two people, four thousand! There's also what we promised before. All White Bull Tribe's Shaman Crystals and their sacred items will belong to me once you break the seals on those items!" The woman in the bamboo hat spoke with a shrill voice, and when she spoke, all those who heard her words felt their hearts and minds tremble.

The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe felt his heart ache tremendously at the thought. He hesitated for a moment, but when he saw the man's firm gaze, he knew that there was definitely something off in this matter, which was why he gritted his teeth and nodded.

"Thank you, Madam Ji, once this is finished, I will give you the remaining 2,000 Shaman Crystals."

"I don't mind if you don't give it to me." Madam Ji chuckled, and her chuckles were equally sharp and piercing to the ears.

"I wouldn't dare to." The old man quickly wrapped his fist in his palm to her.

"I'll heal your leg. It's free."

Madam Ji lifted her right hand and pointed it at the man's right leg. Immediately, the whiskers of one of the multicolored scorpions on her robe moved and started swimming about before crawling up her arm to charge straight towards the man's right leg. The man shuddered, and the multicolored scorpion bit through his flesh and crawled into his body.

This pain made the man tremble from head to toe. He wanted to endure through it, but in the end, he could not; he let out a shrill scream of pain before falling to his side. Right when the faces of all the Black Crane tribe members drastically changed, rumbling sounds came from the tribe leader's right leg, and his torn flesh started healing rapidly. After some time, his entire right leg was healed, and not a single wound could be seen.

However, there was a picture of a scorpion shining on his right leg.

With a pale face, the man stood up, and his gaze when he looked at Madam Ji was filled with terror as he wrapped his fist in his palm to bow towards her.

"Thank... Thank you, Madam Ji."

"You don't have to thank me. Your flesh and blood can provide my baby seven days of food. If you can't bring out the Shaman Crystals after seven days..." Madam Ji started laughing shrilly.

The entire area was silent, only her laughter could be heard echoing in the air.

"Your leg has healed now, please lead the way." Once Madam Ji finished speaking, she demanded with that sharp voice of hers.

"Madam Ji, do you want to rest for a while? We can still go tomorrow morning..." The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe quickly spoke. He still had some things he wanted to talk about in detail with the tribe leader.

"I don't need to rest. I'll just be killing two people. It's not too late if I rest after I come back."

Madam Ji waved her arm and instantly flew up. She pointed at the tribe leader of Black Crane with her right hand, and without his control, the man's right leg leapt into the air, bringing along his entire body. He only managed to turn his head back and cast a

deep look at the Patriarch before he turned into a long arc and followed behind Madam Ji. In the blink of an eye, the two of them disappeared into the horizon.

Only when Madam Ji left did the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe's face turn completely dark. He turned around and swept his gaze past his tribesmen gathered around him.

"Tell me what happened over the past month!"

As his tribesmen spoke to him in low murmurs and their words fell into the Patriarch's ears, the old man's expression gradually started changing, and when he heard of the strange sight that appeared in the sky many days prior, along with the nine-headed beast, he sucked in a sharp breath.

"This... This is..." He took a step forward, wanting to chase after the tribe leader, but subsequently froze in his footsteps and fell silent where he stood on the mountain.

In his head, the memory of the tribe leader of Black Crane casting him that deep look appeared in his head.

Madam Ji traveled quickly in the sky. As she moved, a five colored layer of fog appeared under her feet, and it stood out like a sore thumb in the sky. The five colored fog let out a dim fragrance, causing the man from Black Crane Tribe to fall into a slight daze when he sniffed it. He bit his tongue, and only by doing so did his mind remain somewhat clear. In his head, he recalled all the rumors circulating about this Madam Ji and could not help but

grow even more respectful towards her.

"We might be in the sky and the wind is blowing harshly against us, which is why the aura from my Five Colored Fog isn't that strong, but to be able to regain your consciousness so soon after taking a breath of it means that your willpower is actually pretty strong."

Madam Ji's sharp voice came through the Five Colored Fog. Her voice might be sharp, but there was a power in it that would make people's minds drift. When it fell into the man's ears, the dazed look appeared in his eyes again.

Almost the moment the dazed look in his eyes appeared, the man was swept up by a huge power and brought into the Five Colored Fog.

"Madam Ji... Please... Please spare me..." The man trembled and gritted his teeth as he forced out those words. Everything within sight was the Five Colored Fog, nothing else, but he could clearly feel a gentle hand touching his back, as if that hand was using its fingers to draw circle. A numbness immediately surged through his entire body, causing the man's face to turn red in an instant and his breathing to quicken.

"Your willpower is very strong. I like your type, so I'll give you a treat..."

The man shuddered. He could feel a puff of hot air in his right ear, and then a soft tongue licked the contour of his ear gently.

A bang went off in the man's head, and he looked as if he had forgotten everything. There was only a primal urge left in his body. His eyes were bloodshot and his breathing grew heavy. A large amount of Five Colored Fog entered his body as he breathed.

Cackling sounds echoed in the fog. That Five Colored Fog charged through the sky and tumbled like waves inside. As wind blew through, a large amount of dim fragrance spread out, and wherever the wind brought that fragrance to, some of the birds and beasts in the area would immediately become so agitated they looked as if they had gone mad.

"Ma... Madam... We're... We're here!" The man trembled. The instant almost all of his will scattered away, he bit his tongue, and the pain of almost biting through his tongue finally allowed him to regain a hint of consciousness. With unparalleled terror, he said these words with great difficulty.

"How disappointing. Oh well, once I finish taking care of the outsider, I'll give you that treat." Madam Ji's voice was no longer sharp but lackadaisical. As her words traveled through the fog, she walked out from within.

She still wore that long red robe covered by multicolored snakes and insects and still wore that bamboo hat. Her face was hidden underneath, causing others to be unable to see her clearly. Once she walked out, Madam Ji lifted her right hand and waved it at the Five Colored Fog behind her.

Immediately, the man within flew out. His entire body was flushed red and his eyes looked as if they were about ready to spit fire. He had already lost his senses and was growling in a low voice.

Once Madam Ji tapped at the center of the man's brows, the tribe leader of Black Crane Tribe immediately shuddered and fell unconscious. His body pummeled to the ground. However, as he plunged down, a wisp of Five Colored Fog surrounded him and his speed as he fell slowed down.

Once it surrounded the man, that wisp of fog turned into the illusionary figure of woman and crawled into the man's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. The unconscious man immediately shut his eyes and started growling like a wild animal.

Madam Ji's breathing also quickened slightly in the sky. It was as if she was reacting to the growls coming from the man from Black Crane Tribe. With her face still hidden under the bamboo hat, she licked her lips as she panted, then with a leap, she charged towards the mountain range in the distance.

That mountain range was where Su Ming's cave abode was.

As Madam Ji charged forward, the Five Colored Fog appeared once again under her feet and tumbled about in the area, covering half the sky.

The Fire Ape lay on a big rock at the top of the mountain range with its eyes closed for a nap. Sometimes, it would lift its claws to scratch itself. Suddenly, it opened its eyes and looked at the

incoming Five Colored Fog. It twitched its nose slightly, as if it smelled something, then immediately bared its teeth.

In the cave abode, the rod snake, which Su Ming had never called back once he let it out, was lying in one of the many holes on the cave abode's ceiling. At that moment, it immediately shot up and a freezing glint appeared in its eyes.

Right underneath the rod snake was Su Ming, sitting cross-legged in the big hall in that gigantic cave abode of his. He held the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his right hand, and he pressed his palm against the air above it. With a frown, he lifted his head.

He had discovered the incoming Five Colored Fog in the sky before the Fire Ape and rod snake did.

Almost the moment he lifted his head and spread his divine sense, the instant that chilling glint appeared in the strange rod snake's eyes, and the second the Fire Ape bared its teeth and snarled, suddenly, from within the Five Colored Fog approaching from the sky, Madam Ji let out... a moan, one that would cause minds to drift.

That voice came too suddenly, and sounded as if it was trying to capture souls. It also spread around incredibly clearly and entered the mountain range, charging right into the cave abode where Su Ming was.

Chapter 383: Virgin Brother

That was a strange sound. In Su Ming's memories, he seemed to have never heard anyone making it before. It sounded like someone crying, but not, like someone moaning, but at the same time not either.

Once he heard it, it felt as if there was someone breathing into his ear gently, and his heart turned into something soft once that sound reached it, causing it to start racing uncontrollably. In fact, the speed of his Qi had also started circulated much quicker.

‘What’s with this divine ability?’

Su Ming frowned. That voice made him agitated, and his head had even started becoming a mess. A glint appeared in his eyes and he let out a cold harrumph.

Once he let out that harrumph, the powerful might of the four Berserker Bones in his body burst forth and filled his entire body, then went through his throat to turn into a voice that killed, swiftly shooting out of the numerous holes from the cave abode like an airstream.

That voice was like a thunderbolt, filled with the power of lightning contained within Su Ming's Origin Vessel. It was also an epiphany he had gained over the past few days from the Origin of Lightning to turn his voice into that akin to thunder.

Almost the instant his voice shot out of the cave abode, Su Ming

stood up and walked out with his hands behind his back. When he left, he was already standing in the sky. He wore a black mask and there was light flashing in the depths of his eyes, one that could not be caught. He stared at the Five Colored Fog that was located not too far away from him coldly.

A sweet scent filled the air in the area around him. That scent made all those who sucked it in feel very comfortable, but if anyone breathed it for a long time, then they would have a feeling as if all their internal organs wanted to escape from their mouths.

"Who are you?" Su Ming asked languidly, his pupils having shrunk down.

The moan from Madam Ji that came from the Five Colored Fog tumbling about in the sky above the mountain range was cut off by that thunderous harrumph. A glint appeared in her eyes that were hidden underneath the bamboo hat.

"What a man who doesn't know the mood. I originally wanted to let you die in pleasure, but since you're so ungrateful to my kindness, then I'll let you die completely depleted of your spirit."

Madam Ji chuckled. Once she saw Su Ming appearing, the final hint of worry in her heart disappeared. In her eyes, as long as she did not run into any Latter Shamans, she could stand above all Medial Shamans due to the cultivation method she'd chosen.

This was also the main reason why she still came to the place even though she had seen through the intention of the tribe leader

of Black Crane wanting them to fight against each other. It was also the reason why she made that man from Black Crane Tribe sink into such pleasure on her way to the place.

Madam Ji's voice was gentle and there was not a hint of the previous shrillness in her voice. It was as if there was an endless amount of charm contained within her speech.

As she spoke, she lifted her hand, and the beauty coming from her finger when the sun shone on it seemed as if all women hands would pale in comparison to her fingers' beauty at that moment.

Her fingers were very long, and as she lifted them up, a string of bell like chuckles sounded. Then with a very gentle gesture, she tapped at Su Ming through the air with her right hand.

That one tap immediately caused a wave of ripples to appear at her fingertip. It was as if the entire world had turned into water, and because of the touch of her finger, ripples spread through that layer of water. At the same time, the sweet scent all around the area instantly thickened.

She was very confident. That tap might seem like an ordinary tap, but it was a move in her divine ability, one that she had practiced for a very long time. In the past, most of all those who came up against her would find their minds crumbling under that single tap. They would turn into wild animals controlled by their lust, losing all their reasoning along with all their ability to fight against her. Usually, with just a gesture from her, they would pounce on her, and she would toy with them until they eventually died, completely depleted of their spirit.

She loved that scene a lot. Right then, a smile appeared on her face hidden under the bamboo hat. However, it was also at that instant that her smile froze.

"Hmm?" Madam Ji was momentarily taken aback. She had already executed that tap, but there was absolutely no reaction from Su Ming. It was as if she had lost her power and that had been just an ordinary tap.

Su Ming frowned, finding himself a little puzzled by what exactly that woman wanted to do. The strange cry just now had made him slightly scared, and when he saw the woman tapping on air, a glint had immediately appeared in his eyes. Green light shone at the center of his brows, and the patterns all around him had also started changing with his thoughts.

However, the reason Su Ming frowned was because while that tap had stirred up ripples in the air, he had not felt a single hint of danger. It was just that the instant that woman tapped at the air, some strange pictures had appeared in his head. Nonetheless, those pictures were mostly blurred out and he could not see them clearly.

"I see, so you're a virgin without any experience. No wonder." A glint appeared in Madam Ji's eyes. She licked her lips and started chuckling as if she was very happy.

"Crazy woman." Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. After a swing of his arm, green light instantly shone, and the small virescent

sword shot out before him with a sword whistle. Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed at it.

Immediately, the Provenance of Wind within him formed a whirlwind in his body. That wind shot out of Su Ming's hand and fell on the small virescent sword, instantly making it shudder, and an illusionary shadow appeared around the sword, covering it fully.

That illusion was a giant sword that was about ten feet long. Once it appeared, a whirlwind started howling around it. This was the new epiphany Su Ming had gained over these days through the Provenance of Wind. If he fused wind with his sword, he could make the small virescent sword's power increase.

Almost the moment the Provenance of Wind formed those whirlwinds turning in his body, lightning began swimming all over Su Ming's skin. Thunder roared within him, and a ray of light formed from lightning shot out from his finger, charging straight into the giant ten feet sword.

Immediately, thunderous rumbles rang from within the sword and it swelled up once again, turning into a gigantic sword that was thirty feet in length. With a single thought, Su Ming sent the sword charging towards Madam Ji.

All of this happened in an instant. As Madam Ji continued chuckling, the gigantic sword of thirty feet sliced down at her with shocking speed.

The sword sliced through the air with a boom, and the sharp roar stirred up a large amount of ripples to spread out and explode with a bang. In fact, as that sword swung down, the lightning sparks swimming all over it caused thunderous explosions to reverberate through the air.

"Virgin brother, that's such a strooooong stroke."

Madam Ji's chuckles carried a sickeningly sweet tone. She took a step backward and lifted her right hand to draw a circle before her. The instant she drew that circle, black light shone in it, then as if the circle could separate space, a chilling presence spread from it, making it seem as if the world within was different from the world outside.

As that light shone, a hand shot out from inside the circle. That hand was covered in black hair and filled with a powerful presence. The nails on that hand were sharp, and once it stretched out, it crashed into the big sword that was slashing down towards it.

Muffled sounds echoed in the air, causing airwaves to appear and spread in all directions. Su Ming's strike was parried by that hand that came out of the circle. The sword stayed in midair, as if it was unable to cut through that hand and injure Madam Ji, who was standing behind the circle.

"Virgin brother, how could you be so merciless? If you leave a scar on my body, then I wouldn't be pretty anymore when we have fun together later." Madam Ji's flirtatious voice had a quality that made people agitated, but when she saw that Su Ming did not show

even a hint of change when his strike was parried, her heart suddenly lurched and a bad feeling rose within her.

Right then, countless bolts of lightning suddenly exploded forth from the parried sword and spread out swiftly. There were also seven balls of lightning that shot out from the tip of the sword, surrounding the area in an instant.

"Explode!" A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

When that word left his mouth, the sky and earth roared. The balls of lightning that came from the sword exploded at the same time, causing a large amount of lightning to shoot out in all directions.

Madam Ji retreated quickly, but the force that came from the explosions charged straight towards her, and when the balls of lightning exploded, lightning appeared all over the place, covering the area so densely that the area of one thousand feet around them seemed to have turned into a lightning hell. The light from the bolts was piercing to the eyes, showing off the might of lightning.

Madam Ji's expression under the bamboo hat changed. She retreated, and the Five Colored Fog enveloped her. Once it completely covered her up, she no longer retreated, and it brought her up into the sky.

Yet the instant the Five Colored Fog rose into the air, the gigantic sword started shattering inch by inch, breaking into a large amount of fragments. Those fragments let out a sharp screech that

sliced through the air, and they were sucked into the violent gust of wind to turn into part of the whirlwind, then like a sharp blade, they charged towards the Five Colored Fog.

Booming sounds rumbled in the air nonstop. The series of killing moves Su Ming executed were all created through the epiphany he had gained from wind and lightning during these past few days, and could only be used after he fused both elements on his sword. This was the first time he used it, and once he saw its outstanding power, Su Ming's desire to absorb the Wind and Lightning Crystals of Inheritance grew stronger.

At the same time the sword fragment whirlwind was sucked into the Five Colored Fog, Su Ming moved forward without a sound and turned into a long arc, closing in on the vortex in the span of a breath. He closed his right hand into a fist and hurled it straight at the Five Colored Fog through the air.

That punch stirred up a strong gust of wind, but Su Ming did not stop and delivered another five punches in succession. All his punches stirred up wind, and each of them caused ripples to spread through the air. The wind and ripples seemed to have overlapped with each other, and in an instant, a large gust formed, charging straight towards the Five Colored Fog.

Right when the sword fragment whirlwind crashed into the Five Colored Fog, booming sounds mixed with a shrill screech of anger shot out of the Five Colored Fog. As it reverberated in the air, a powerful force charged out from within the fog and spread swiftly through the area.

That force came straight into Su Ming's face like a mountain range crashing into him. He immediately retreated, and at the same time, the sword fragment whirlwind fell apart and scattered away. At the same time, the huge gust of wind that Su Ming had stirred up with his five punches seemed to have fallen on a barrier and, with a bang, dissipated into nothing.

Yet even so, once the Five Colored Fog suffered through Su Ming's consecutive attacks, it also could not stay in shape any longer. With a bang, it split into several pieces, revealing the back of a monster that was entirely black and covered in hair from head to toe inside. That monster's back was turned towards Su Ming and its arms were closed around something, as if he was hugging it. Once the fog dissipated completely, Su Ming saw that the monster seemed to protecting a middle-aged woman in his embrace.

The bamboo hat on the woman's head had already shattered, revealing her beautiful locks, her eyes that looked like the springs in autumn, and also her face... which was originally one that would cause hearts to pound once they looked at it.

It was a pity. There was a scar that had been left behind, marring her face for many years now, spreading through the entirety of her petite face. The scar was dark reddish in color, and some of the woman's flesh from under her skin had even been exposed outside. It looked... terrifying.

Chapter 384: Madam Ji's Husband

As the monster covered entirely in black hair slowly opened his arms, Madam Ji lifted her right hand while standing in his embrace and touched the scar on her face. Her eyes, which were like the springs of autumn, turned towards Su Ming, and her gaze was filled with hate.

"You are the first person to see this scar on my face ever since I got it... I will have you scream and wail for seven days and seven nights. I will drain all your flesh and blood, and once I turn all your spirit and essence into my nourishment. I will let you die a painful death... I will let you suffer a pain worse than death!" Madam Ji opened her mouth and let out a piercing screech.

"Madam, you talk too much," Su Ming mocked her and took a few steps back. This woman was the first powerful enemy he had run into ever since he left Autumn Sea Tribe. Judging by her divine abilities, she seemed like a Soul Catcher, but there was something slightly different about her as well. The series of killing moves Su Ming had executed previously had also not caused much damage to her.

That monster that was covered entirely in black hair and standing beside the woman seemed like a puppet. There was a thick amount of life force emanating from it, but its strength was strikingly different from the other Soul Catchers' puppets that Su Ming had encountered in the land of the Berserkers. Once Soul Catchers fused those puppets together with their bodies using that strange method of theirs, those puppets would give off a feeling as if they were alive yet dead at the same time.

Su Ming felt a strong threat from that monster's body, and it made him grow cautious. Besides the power of the God of Berserkers, he now had two killing moves. However, one of them required him to use the pattern existing in this place, while the other would need him to open the mouth of the dragon's head completely, causing the power of the world to surge in. The pattern in this place would then cause the power of the Execution of Three Evils to reach a terrifying state.

However, unless he absolutely needed to, Su Ming did not want to use this method, because once he did, then there would be no way he could hide this place anymore. Anyone would be able to see that this was a great place to train.

Besides, the woman alone was already a problem enough, and the appearance of the puppet gave Su Ming a sense of danger as if he was facing off a Latter Shaman. Su Ming could only estimate the power of the Execution of Three Evils, he did not have confidence that he could kill them both in succession.

There was also one more killing move - the power of materialization he gained after awakening the fifth head on Han Mountain Bell. However, after examining that move during the past few days, he noticed that casting that Art could be described as a double edged sword.

It would be great if he killed the enemy, because Su Ming had to sacrifice about a ninth of his power to cast the Art allowing the Nine-Headed Dragon to materialize. If he did it, it would practically mean that both sides had to suffer great losses, and if

his opponent was not dead and still had some divine abilities left, then Su Ming himself would surely be the one to die.

That was why once he turned over those two killing moves in his head rapidly, Su Ming made a decision. It was not as if he could not use them, but he had to wait for the crucial moment, and once he cast those Arts, he had to make sure he could kill the opponent.

‘It’s a pity that I still haven’t refined that Berserker into my puppet and still can’t fuse with the Wind and Lightning Crystals of Inheritance, or else this battle would definitely be much easier and I would have more chances of winning.’

Su Ming sighed. As he retreated, he stared at Madam Ji and the monster beside her with burning eyes.

"I'll definitely make your life a living hell!"

Madam Ji touched the scar on her face. As she screamed, the multicolored scorpions and poisonous snakes that seemed to be embroidered on her red robes started moving together.

The scorpions leaped into the air, and their colors let out a strangely captivating light in the dusk. The poisonous snakes hissed with their forked tongues out of their mouths, and once they appeared beside Madam Ji, they rushed towards Su Ming.

These poisonous creatures were not ordinary beings. As they traveled in midair, their numbers rapidly grew from several

dozens to several hundreds, then to thousands, and until they covered the sky and earth, causing a sight that would make anyone's skin crawl.

As Su Ming moved back, he swept his gaze past those poisonous creatures, then fixed his eyes on the black-haired monster and Madam Ji with a frown between his brows. Those poisonous creatures looked very ferocious, but in truth, at their level, killing these creatures was very easy. It was clear that Madam Ji knew about this, but she still let those poisonous creatures out, and this was something that made Su Ming hesitate.

Right then, a buzzing roar suddenly came from his side. There was a chilling tone to that sound, along with an extreme and imposing, domineering presence that seemed to be able to make all ferocious creatures submit to it.

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with that roar. It came from his rod snake, after all. At that moment, with a flash, the snake appeared right before Su Ming, and as it hissed, all the poisonous creatures pouncing on him shuddered as if they were stunned. Su Ming also saw the black-haired monster shuddering as well, and his life force started showing signs of disorderliness.

However, before Su Ming even had time to think about the things that caused his hesitation, a violent gust of wind charged towards him from his back. With bloodshot eyes and a brutal, murderous air, the Fire Ape stormed out with the rod held high above its head, straight towards those poisonous creatures. With one swing of the rod, it swept up a huge gust of wind in its wake.

"Xiao Hong, move back!" Su Ming's eyes were immediately fixed on it and he instantly commanded. He lifted his right hand and was just ready to chase away those poisonous creatures, not to kill them, but the moment his voice shot out, the Fire Ape only paused for a moment and then completely ignored him.

Its eyes were completely red and it was panting harshly. It looked completely the same as the man from Black Crane Tribe who was previously in the Five Colored Fog.

It swung that rod, and banging sounds reverberated in the air. A large amount of scorpions and poisonous snakes exploded while hissing. Red and green liquid shot out from their bodies, and when the liquid spread out, it immediately let out hissing sounds as if having crashed into something in the air, turning into the Five Colored Fog in an instant.

In the blink of an eye, with Su Ming at the center, a large amount of Five Colored Fog shot up everywhere the liquid from those poisonous creatures had touched. At the same time, the sweet scent Su Ming had smelled before in midair suddenly became much stronger.

Right then, the black-haired monster beside Madam Ji lifted his head. A dark light shining with greed appeared in his eyes, and with a buzz coming from his body, he lifted his foot and turned into a black shadow that charged straight towards Su Ming.

Madam Ji kept her gaze fixed on Su Ming, the hatred in her eyes growing stronger, and moaning sounds started slowly spilling out of her mouth. As those moans echoed in the air, they reverberated

at a much stronger frequency compared to before.

The sun was setting, and the evening looked as if it was about to be over. The moon showed its silhouette right across the sun, and on that day, the moon was full!

Madam Ji's moans continued nonstop, and they sounded like those of a man and a woman copulating. When they spilled out from her mouth, pleasure appeared on her face, and she looked as if she was enjoying it, but the hate in her eyes did not decrease. It instead became stronger.

She was fondling herself, and as she moved her hands all over her body, she started unbuttoning her red robe, revealing her pearly white skin.

As those seductive, coquettish moans filled the air, the man from Black Crane Tribe started foaming at his mouth and his body started convulsing unconsciously. His eyes were shut tight, but his face was flushed red. Heavy breathing and muffled groans could be heard coming from his mouth.

The dark light in the eyes of the black-haired puppet charging towards Su Ming became stronger and his speed became faster.

Su Ming frowned. The Fire Ape was becoming more agitated as it continued moaning and attacking those poisonous creatures, creating even more Five Colored Fog as it did so. Clearly, its thoughts had been affected by those moans.

That black-haired puppet closed in within an instant and opened his mouth, while also lifting its arms. Judging by its actions, it looked as if it wanted to hug Su Ming.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and blue light shone on his body. A faint blue armor materialized and covered him. That armor was different from the Armor of Bone Sacrifice, and unless in the know, it would be nigh impossible to recognize it at first glance.

Right then, Su Ming took a few swift steps backwards before charging out. The Provenance of Wind started stirring within him, causing his speed to instantly increase exponentially. With a string of afterimages left behind, he arrived before the black-haired monster and hurled his fist forward.

A loud bang echoed in the air, and from the distance, the black-haired monster looked as if half of its body was blown apart by Su Ming, and he exploded into a large amount of black fog.

What was left behind before Su Ming was a dried up body. That body fell backwards with his arms still spread outwards. That scattered black fog looked as if it was the man's flesh, blown away from the body.

Su Ming's pupils shrank at the sight. He had clearly seen that his fist had not touched that black-haired monster. Instead, when his fist was about seven inches away, the body dissolved on its own.

As if the fog was disintegrating, it turned into a large amount of black beetles. All of them were about the size of a fingernail, and

they started spreading out instead of staying closely packed to each other. In the distance, those beetles looked like black fog.

The only thing that did not disintegrate was the dried up and thin body. That person's eyes were closed and there was a rotting smell coming from him. It was clear that the body was a corpse, and one that had died since who knows how many years ago.

Right when Su Ming's pupils shrank, that dried up corpse suddenly opened his eyes. They were a pair of gray eyes, and even the pupils were gray. The corpse stared at Su Ming and opened his mouth, revealing sharp teeth. Then he lunged at Su Ming.

The moment he pounced, all the black beetles that had scattered around them instantly charged towards Su Ming with a buzz. It was a terrifying sight to behold from the distance. The black fog before Su Ming was going in to devour him, and that corpse with the gray eyes was lunging towards him at such an extreme speed that it was already less than five feet away from him!

In the distance, Madam Ji's moans became louder. She had already taken off half of her clothes, and her exposed, pearly white skin gave off a lustful air. As she stripped off her clothing, a scar could be vaguely seen below her right breast. That scar was not long, but it looked as if someone had left it behind after penetrating through her skin with their hand!

"Don't let him die so easily, my husband. Ji Yun Hai... tear his skin down, plant the insects' eggs in him, and let him scream in pain as you did all those years ago. As he screams, I will suck away all his essence... You have to watch by the side..." Madam Ji said as

she continued moaning. The meaning of her words was enough to make anyone who might have heard them shiver!

The rotten stench came crashing towards Su Ming. The armor gained its complete form and covered him entirely in an instant. With a stern face, he lifted his right hand up, and the moment the dried up corpse lunged at him, he started forming hand seals with his right hand.

He bent his index finger so that it would touch his thumb, and immediately, the illusionary shadow of the minimized Han Mountain Bell appeared on his palm. Then, as Su Ming lifted three of his fingers and turned his palm downward, Han Mountain Bell started gaining physical form.

Finally, he clenched his fist together before opening his hand and pushed his palm towards that corpse.

Chapter 385: Ji Yun Hai

"Ji Yun Hai is the best Soul Catcher beneath Hollow Shaman among all the Shamans in the Land of South Morning. He is known as the person who is most likely to become a Hollow Soul Catcher among all the Latter Soul Catchers.

"It's a pity... he has gone missing for many years, or else if he joined in this battle, then he would definitely be able to cast that wide area Spell of his that would allow him to kill a large amount of people, a spell that he's very proficient with and is his unique Soul Capturing ability."

The number of Shaman tents seemed endless and covered seventy thousand li of the land of the Shamans outside Sky Mist City. Those tents were spread around the place to the extent that their end could not be seen. There were more than one hundred thousand Shamans over there, and there were also a large number of warriors from other Shaman Tribes joining their numbers everyday, so they continued growing stronger.

There was a tall mountain by the endless sea of tents. If anyone with a certain level of cultivation went to stand atop the mountain, they would be able to see the faint contour of Sky Mist City from there.

At that moment, there was a woman standing at the top of the mountain. She had long, flowing locks, and appeared elegant. Her gaze was profound, and she contained a different temperament compared to the other Shamans. That bearing gave her an ethereal air, and that serene demeanor of hers seemed to be able to affect

the others around her, causing all those who stood beside her to feel their hearts calming down.

"There haven't been many powerful End Shamans who appeared in the entire Shaman Tribe over the years, and as time went by, now, there are only eight left among us... and there are three among them who still haven't submitted themselves to the Immortals."

There were about a dozen Shamans standing beside the woman, and there were both men and women in that group. Only three of them were in their middle ages, while the rest were all elderly folk. The person who was speaking at that moment was an old man with a head full of white hair. He held a cane with a crocodile's head in his hand, and he was speaking as he stared at Sky Mist City.

"Speaking of Ji Yun Hai, that person was originally a member of Heaven Follower Tribe. When Heaven Follower Tribe was destroyed, this person survived, then he obtained some sort of chance, and his Soul Catcher's path became different from others.

"He's skilled in using poisonous insects and came up with the Nine Colored Poison Fog. That Origin of his, the Heaven Follower Insect, had also reached an Undying state after he refined it. Once that sea of bugs appears, even powerful Hollow Shamans would have a problem dealing with them.

"If he was here by your side, my Immortal friend, not only could we kill the Berserkers, we could also use the Heaven Follower Insect to send your orders to the entire Shaman Army so that we could gather as one and the Berserkers wouldn't be able to

intervene.

"This unique Soul Catcher is very rare, but it's a pity. The last time I heard of him was around a dozen years ago. I heard that he had taken a woman his wife, and then all news about him disappeared." The old man shook his head and continued talking about the next person, introducing all the elites of the Shamans to the long haired woman.

It was difficult for all the people there, including the woman, to know that the Ji Yun Hai they were speaking of was now in a remote spot far away from them in the land of the Shamans, and was currently pouncing on Su Ming with gray eyes and with the aura of death completely surrounding him.

The endless black beetles surrounding him were the Heaven Follower Insects, and all of them were refined by Ji Yun Hai personally to become Undying insects!

However, even if the old man was talking about Ji Yun Hai with a regretful tone on the mountain beyond Sky Mist City, if he was standing where Su Ming was now and saw the man with his own eyes, he would also have a difficult time recognizing that the dried up monster with gray eyes was Ji Yun Hai.

Not only had his appearance changed drastically, his level of cultivation had also fallen. He did not look as if he was a Latter Shaman, but had sank to the level of a Medial Shaman.

The only thing that did not change about him was the slight

presence of a powerful Shaman, the one he had when he was still powerful. It was as if that presence would not die and would not be destroyed, remaining like an Undying - the essence of what a Soul Catcher practiced, or perhaps it was... unwillingness, something that did not want to go away, bringing with it an endless storm of enmity and hatred.

As Ji Yun Hai closed in, a chilling glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand, and as he formed those three different seals, Han Mountain Bell seemed to have gained physical form and appeared outside his palm. Then he pushed it swiftly at the lunging Ji Yun Hai, straight towards his chest.

With that one push, Su Ming immediately felt a large amount of power surging up his hand and traveling through his entire body in an instant, causing a sickeningly sweet taste to fill his mouth, and a mouthful of blood spilled out of his mouth. He staggered and fell back a few steps, and with each step, a strong wave of ripples would form in the air.

Once he retreated several hundreds of feet back, the cloth covering Su Ming's right arm exploded with a bang, revealing the veins that had popped up on his arm. Some of them had even swelled up and exploded. Blood mist scattered into the air, and Su Ming's face instantly turned pale.

At the same time, the sea of insects charged towards Su Ming. Buzzing sounds filled the air, and it was enough to make all those who heard it feel their skins crawl.

Su Ming might be in a sorry state, but Ji Yun Hai also shuddered,

and the mark of Han Mountain Bell immediately appeared on the spot where Su Ming's palm had pressed on his chest. That mark then spread through Ji Yun Hai's entire body like a flood. If anyone looked over at that instant, they would also see Han Mountain Bell's illusion surrounding Ji Yun Hai's body.

"Seal!" Su Ming let out a low shout.

If Ji Yun Hai still had some form of intelligence left and knew how to retreat, then Su Ming knew it would be rather difficult for him to seal that person. But now, Ji Yun Hai was just a puppet that did not know how to think and could only move when told. His reactions, naturally, could not compare to a living person, especially when Su Ming had even risked getting injured to get closer to him to finally seal him up with Han Mountain Bell.

As Su Ming shouted his command, Han Mountain Bell immediately turned from an illusion to a physical entity around Ji Yun Hai's still lunging body. Once Han Mountain Bell completely manifested, it trapped Ji Yun Hai within.

Buzzing sounds hummed in the air and Han Mountain Bell floated in the sky. Crashing sounds continuously came from within; it sounded as if Ji Yun Hai was repeatedly ramming himself against the bell.

The endless amount of Heaven Follower Insects in that black insect fog froze in their pounce towards Su Ming once Ji Yun Hai was sealed by Han Mountain Bell.

"Break!"

Su Ming had already awakened six of the heads in Han Mountain Bell. Besides gaining control over some new power, he had also gained more understanding towards the few divine abilities that belonged to the bell.

This break, which was the move followed after activating the seal, brought a change as to how Su Ming could use Han Mountain Bell, one that he gained through the epiphany he obtained during these past few days. Once that word fell from his lips, bell chimes immediately spread from Han Mountain Bell. As they reverberated in the air, all of Ji Yun Hai's presence disappeared without a trace in an instant.

If that was just the case, then this seal was not that much different from a normal seal. However, Ji Yun Hai's presence was not the only thing that disappeared, the connection between him and the Heaven Follower Insects, one that was akin to that of a blood connection and not to that of a control he held over them through his aura, also disappeared.

Almost the instant the word 'break' fell off Su Ming's mouth and Han Mountain Bell started chiming, the black sea of insects that was lunging forward froze once again, and soon after, as if they had lost their dictator and their will, they fell to the ground right before Su Ming.

Cold sweat broke out on Su Ming's forehead. The battle between the puppet Ji Yun Hai might have been short, but it had been incredibly perilous. The sea of insects had been an incredibly great

threat towards, along with Ji Yun Hai himself. If he had not been dead and was alive, then Su Ming would definitely have not been his opponent.

Yet now, even if this person had been long dead and had turned into a puppet, if Su Ming wanted to kill him, he would have to do so by using an incredibly powerful killing move. If he could not, then he would have to seal him.

Su Ming's face was dark. The instant the sea of insects fell to the ground, he cast his gaze towards that Madam Ji, but when he did so, Madam Ji had already shed the last piece of her clothing, revealing her curvy body.

If no one looked at the scar that was about the size of a fist under her right breast and did not pay attention to another one, red in color, on her face, then they would see a body that seemed to contain all the blessings of the world.

She looked at Su Ming and lifted her hands to clasp them above her head. Once she did so, she started moving, dancing in a primal way right before his eyes. That dance was not pleasant, but if anyone looked at it for any period of time they would feel their throats drying up and their hearts pounding. Their blood flow would increase, and all sorts of thoughts would start clogging up their minds.

Because while that dance was primal, every single time that body moved, it would seem to bring out the most primal urges within a person, and as Madam Ji continued moving, the illusionary forms of other women started appearing in the air. They were revealing

satin dresses, and once they appeared, they started dancing as well.

In the blink of an eye, the number of illusionary women increased and surrounded Su Ming. In fact, some of them were so close to Su Ming there seemed to be virtually no distance between them, and once they started moving, a dim fragrance filled the air...

Su Ming would perhaps not have been affected too much if that was all, but... the bodies of the women that appeared in those illusions were filled with seduction, bringing out his most primal urge, and as they moved, their appearances started changing.

Tian Lan Meng, wearing a white satin dress, passing by before Su Ming with a gentle smile...

Bai Su, Bai Ling, these two girls with almost the exact same appearance, dancing in that way that would make hearts race... All of it fell into Su Ming's eyes.

Han Cang Zi, Han Fei Zi... and the rest appeared as well. Their seductive bodies that were only partially hidden, their different figures tempted Su Ming, causing his breathing to become distinctly labored.

Even the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe, Wan Qiu, also wore a purple satin dress and walked towards Su Ming with a beautiful posture and pace from the distance.

A look of struggle appeared on Su Ming's face as he looked at those familiar faces. Murkiness clouded his eyes, and they were no longer clear. Right then, he saw Wan Qiu turning into Madam Ji, and she was walking over with a flirtatious look.

Su Ming's eyes seemed to be burning with fire, but there was a dullness to them. At the same time, his breathing grew more labored and he started growling instinctively.

At that moment, Su Ming looked almost the same as how Xiao Hong did previously. Lust seemed to be burning in his dull eyes, turning them red.

His breathing was hot and labored. Sweat dripped down from under his mask, and he pounced on Madam Ji, who was walking towards him.

Cackling laughter spilled out of Madam Ji's lips and a pleased expression appeared on her face. The hatred in her eyes turned into a cruel intent to kill. That one Style of hers would bring out the lust within a person's heart, and even Ji Yun Hai's desires had been drawn out in a moment of carelessness, that was why Madam Ji was not at all dubious of Su Ming's actions at that moment.

Chapter 386: Curse!

"I will definitely make you scream and wail for seven days and seven nights before you die, and once I suck all your blood and essence, I will turn you into a dried corpse!"

With a leap, Madam Ji charged towards Su Ming. The instant she got closer, all the expressions on the familiar figures around Su Ming twisted, and all of them swiftly charged towards him from all directions.

At the same time, that Five Colored Fog in the air started churning and swept towards Su Ming from all directions. Madam Ji was the quickest of all to arrive. When she was less than five feet away from him, she lifted her right hand and a black fork appeared on her palm. Then, right when she was about to stab that fork into the center of Su Ming's brows—

The murky look in Su Ming's eyes was replaced by a hint of mockery, and along with it, a pair of clear eyes. At that moment, there was not a hint of lust on his face. All of that which happened before was an intentional act, and there was only one purpose for it—he wanted to draw Madam Ji closer, then kill her in one move!

Madam Ji had a lot of tricks up her sleeve, and Su Ming was worried that she might still have other moves left. That was why he used himself as bait to lure her in!

The moment she saw the mocking look in Su Ming's eyes, Madam Ji's expression drastically changed. Her heart let out a loud

thump. She wanted to retreat, but it was already too late. Su Ming took a swift step forward, and he was so quick that he arrived before her in the blink of an eye. He lifted his left hand and grabbed Madam Ji's right hand which held the fork, and at the same time, he rammed his body straight into her chest.

Madam Ji shuddered and cracking sounds came from her body. She fell back and blood flowed out of her lips. Dismay and shock appeared on her face, along with a hint of terror. However, before she could retreat a little further away, Su Ming had already activated that terrifying speed of his and caught up to her once again. With one sweep of his leg, he kicked Madam Ji's head.

Bang!

Madam Ji coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. Her head had snapped to the side and her body was flung out. However, Su Ming frowned. He did not notice any aura of death from the woman's body. Instead, her life force had become even more exuberant. He let out a cold harrumph.

Su Ming did not stop. He took a step forward and caught up to her once again, then lifted his right hand and curled it into a fist in midair. Immediately, bolts of lightning started swimming in the sky. The instant he unfurled his right hand, bolts of lightning swiftly gathered together to turn into balls of lightning.

Thunder rumbled, and the balls of lightning let out a piercing lightning in Su Ming's hand, then he pushed them all into the center of Madam Ji's brows.

A loud bang rang in the sky, and Madam Ji let out a shrill scream of pain. However, Su Ming's attack had not ended. With one move, he once again closed in on her and lifted his left hand. Immediately, a whirlwind swiftly formed in the air, and once it closed in on Madam Ji, it started spinning rapidly, causing blood and flesh to fly all over in the air.

Madam Ji was repeatedly injured during her retreat. She wanted to resist, but when Su Ming closed in on her, he made a hand seal with his right hand and pointed at the sky. Immediately, the distant Han Mountain Bell suddenly let out a bell chime that stunned the heart and soul.

The bell chime came too suddenly. When it fell into Madam Ji's ears, it made the woman's movements as she tried to resist slow down. The instant her mind and soul shuddered, green light shone before Su Ming, and the small virescent sword shot out with a flash. Under the control of Su Ming's divine sense, it charged towards Madam Ji's head.

In that instant, a large amount of blood sprayed into the air. As the small sword swept by, a head flew up. It was night, and the full moon hung high in the sky. At that moment, that head flew up with blood scattering all around it.

However, Su Ming did not relax even when Madam Ji's head flew into the sky. Instead, when her head shot up, the life-threatening sensation became much stronger. The instant his pupils shrank, he saw Madam Ji, who had already lost her head, lift up her right hand to grab the head that had been separated from her body.

Madness and hatred appeared in her eyes, and as she stared at Su Ming, she let out a piercing screech.

That screech turned into a wave of sound that stirred up ripples in the air. The strength of that wave of sound was like a needle that stabbed into Su Ming's ears, making his ears ring. He immediately moved back, and at the same time, he drew several circles before him with his right hand.

With each circle he drew, the power of the wave of sound would be reduced. Each of those circles was a whirlwind, and after drawing several of those circles and having retreated about three hundred feet, blood flowed out of his ears.

‘Could it be that all Soul Catchers have refined their bodies until they’re all Undying?!’ Su Ming’s mood went sour. Madam Ji not being dead was not surprising to him. Her current state was the same as the young Soul Catcher he had met in the past.

Spirit Plunder had amazing effects when used against these Undyings, but the power of this Madam Ji was different from that young Soul Catcher.

It was as if she did not just practice the cultivation method of a Soul Catcher alone.

As Su Ming moved back, he lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the mountain range behind him. Immediately, from his cave abode in the mountain range, the three Spirit Plunders floating above the old Berserker’s head to freeze

him in place turned into three long arcs that shone with a dark light and shot out of the cave abode to charge towards Su Ming's right hand.

Yet the moment he summoned them, Madam Ji had already grabbed her head and placed it back on her neck. Her blood and flesh quickly grew back in place, and in the blink of an eye, her head had fused back with her neck. At the same time, she lifted her right hand, and in her palm was a drop of fresh blood.

That blood did not belong to her, but to Su Ming. This was a drop of blood she had obtained secretly when he coughed out his blood previously!

She was holding that drop of blood with a dead grip in her fist at that moment and did not bother with the three pearls that were rapidly charging towards Su Ming, giving her a sense of pressure. She narrowed her eyes into slits.

"The Shamans' Lord of Nine Li, after the ninth morning since the day you were born... the power of your companion that which you have abandoned has turned into the desolate shadows in the world and fused into the path of life for all the living, and hence, all those with souls must live and die. If they exist, there will come a day when they will disappear, and if they are blessed... there will come a day when they are cursed!

"I offer my blood and life to the desolate shadows of the world, and with this person's blood as the lure, rob him of his blood and life! Curse!"

Madam Ji's body started rapidly withering away, and in the blink of an eye, she looked as if she had turned into a dried up corpse. She also aged. Her beautiful face became ashen, and her lascivious body turned ugly.

A bang came from her right hand, and that drop of Su Ming's blood exploded, turning into blood mist that entered Madam Ji's eyes, nose, ears, and mouth as she inhaled.

Killing intent appeared in Madam Ji's eyes. Curse was the strongest spell for Soul Catchers. In fact, this Spell did not come from the Candle Dragon. Instead, through the research of generations of Soul Catchers, they had come up with this powerful killing move along with those walking down the path of Spirit Mediums and Thought Soothsayers using some unique methods.

There were even rumors that said that this Spell was not created by Shamans but was left behind on some items from ages back in the form of pictures. It only gradually turned into this spell after some people started examining them.

This Spell could be casted by Spirit Mediums and Thought Soothsayers, but the Spell's power when casted by Soul Catchers was the strangest and most unpredictable! However, it was not something that everyone could cast either. The Spell's chants were the most classified secret among the Shamans and the records of that chant were only kept in big tribes, and most of them were incomplete. The complete chant only existed in the God of Shamans Temple.

Not even Ji Yun Hai could obtain the complete chant with his status. He could only get the incomplete chant. However, he had come across an ancient artifact that had been left behind since ages past by chance, and with his genius, he had discovered how to cast the Curse through much trial and error. Yet by doing so, he had also brought disaster upon himself.

Madam Ji's Curse came from her husband, Ji Yun Hai. However, with her potential, she could only master the basics, and she could only make offerings to the ancestor of the Shaman Tribe - The Soul of Nine Li. If it had been Ji Yun Han, then he would have been able to make an offering to a powerful existence that existed before the Shaman and Berserker Tribes in exchange for a terrifying power.

The instant Madam Ji sucked in the blood mist, Su Ming started trembling. A gigantic vortex of blood suddenly appeared in the air above his head. That vortex appeared too suddenly, and the instant it manifested, it started rapidly turning.

As it turned, Su Ming instantly discovered that his body had been frozen in place and he could only move in an area of ten feet. He could not leave it. White mist started spreading from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and that mist was rapidly sucked away by that vortex.

His body started withering away slowly and a grayish hue appeared at the roots of his hair. His blood, his life force, his everything were being sucked away incessantly by that vortex.

That was not all. Su Ming also discovered that his organs were beginning to fail him, as if they were rotting away. Even his breath

had the smell of decay.

Madam Ji's face was dark where she stood outside the vortex. Casting that Spell had also put a huge burden on her. But she had already made up her mind. Once she killed Su Ming, she would definitely go back to Black Crane Tribe and eradicate it.

"Enjoy the feeling of death as it comes to you. Look at your flesh withering away. Watch your life seeping out of your body. See yourself turning into a corpse. This is the result of you offending me!" Madam Ji's face was filled with malice. Her voice was shrill, her face was ugly, and she was so dried up and thin, she looked like a skeleton.

"Noisy."

A chilling glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Even if his actions were restricted and he could only move in an area of ten feet, he was not afraid. He had a move that could allow him to leave. In truth, he only needed to use the power of the God of Berserkers once and he could walk out of that place.

However, he did not do that. The power of Curse had incited a great deal of interest for Su Ming. He lifted his head and stared at the vortex with sparkling eyes as his life force and blood were drained from his body. He completely ignored Madam Ji and sat down in that area to examine that vortex.

When she saw Su Ming's conceited actions, Madam Ji's lips curled up into a cold sneer, and her heart burned with an even

stronger anger.

Time passed by, and seven breaths later, Su Ming's body had already dried up, but his eyes were still sparkling. He seemed to have discovered something from the vortex, but there were many things that remained unclear to him.

The moon was hanging high in the sky at that moment. With a glint in his eyes, Su Ming lifted his right index finger, placed it by his mouth, bit through it, and swiped his finger across his left eye, then smeared his blood on his right eye as well.

Burning of blood!

With the power of burning of blood, he could obtain life force and use it to gain more time to allow himself to examine this vortex. Su Ming had formed a very great interest towards this strange Spell.

This was not the first time he had heard of Curse. In truth, he'd heard of this mysterious Spell among the Shaman Tribe from Wu Duo. Very few people had control over this Spell, so now, this was the first time he saw it, and there was no way he would give up on a chance like this.

There was a graceful-looking, long-haired man dressed in a white robe that looked somewhat similar to Su Ming in the daily small scale battle between the Shamans and Berserkers outside Sky Mist City. Almost the instant Su Ming began the burning of his blood, that man took a Shaman's life with a cruel smile on his lips.

"Big brother Yue Feng, your rank should reach the top sixty this time once we return to the city after the battle." There were some Berserkers beside the man, and these were the words spoken by one of them with a smile as they continued fighting.

"I'm not thinking about that. The ranking is not important to me. What I care about is this war for us, Berserkers." Yue Feng shook his head, and there was a hint of worry on his face. His words and his expression immediately caused the people around him to grow respectful of him.

Yet at that moment, Yue Feng suddenly shuddered, and for a moment, a hint that something bad was going to happen, along with a sense of danger, appeared in his heart. He was just about to examine his surroundings when his expression drastically changed. He coughed out a large mouthful of blood and his face aged by ten years in an instant.

‘Su Ming! It’s Su Ming!! He’s casting an Art!’ Disbelief appeared in Yue Feng’s eyes as he screamed madly in his heart.

Chapter 387: Assumptions Towards the Curse

This Yue Feng was naturally He Feng, who had hidden away when Su Ming left the battlefield outside Sky Mist City. This person had swallowed a Berserker and turned into him, and his days in Sky Mist City had been rather fruitful over these days. His ambitions had also become increasingly savage.

In fact, he had even made the decision that once his power had grown stronger, he would devour Su Ming and turn into him to travel through the land. The reason for his ambitions was because he had obtained a sliver of memory regarding a particular inheritance when he was fusing with the Wings of the Moon. He did not tell Su Ming about this and had been training in secret.

These days, besides gaining battle achievements in the battlefield, he had used up all his other time to seal away the Wings of the Moon in his body. It caused Su Ming to be unable to use these creatures anymore because He Feng had turned them into one with him.

He was certain that he had sealed up most of them through the legacy he had gained in his memories, and his confidence had grown even more. However, he would never have expected that such a large amount of his life force would start draining away so suddenly in the battlefield. The loss of his life force shocked He Feng and also horrified him.

He did not even need to think about it too deeply and could instantly guess that this was Su Ming casting his Art!

‘Damn it! I’ve already sealed up the Wings of the Moon in me, so how did Su Ming manage to cast his Art?!’

With a pale face, He Feng stumbled and staggered a few steps back on the battlefield. His companions went to him and protected him with surprise on their faces. At the same time, they also asked about his condition.

"It's nothing. I injured my body yesterday night when I was training. I originally decided to heal myself today, but when I remembered that we have to fight, I forced down the injuries, and what happened just now was my injuries acting up..."

"Thank you for your concern. I hope you will all help protect me for a moment, just until I force down my injuries once again!" He Feng said in a low voice and wrapped his fist in his palm to bow towards the crowd. After the people around him nodded their heads, he sat down without a hint of hesitation and tapped a few spots on his body with both his hands.

Yet at that very moment, He Feng's expression changed drastically once again. His face started withering away in that strange manner once more, and sharp pain traveled through his entire body and soul, causing He Feng to be unable to help himself but let out a cry of pain. His cheeks sank and his body started drying up rapidly. In the blink of an eye, he looked as if he had turned into a dried up corpse.

That strange change made all the Berserkers around him

terrified.

Horror appeared in He Feng's eyes. He could clearly feel his life force and essence draining away from his body, forcefully absorbed by some power from above, but when he lifted his head to look up, he saw that the sky above him was calm.

In fact, the draining of his blood, his essence, and his life force, had nothing to do with the Wings of the Moon. It was absolutely useless whether he had chosen to seal them or not.

‘It must be Su Ming. He... What is he... Just how did he do it?!’

Terror filled He Feng's heart. He had come to a sudden realization that even if Su Ming had left him, and even if he had escaped from his eyes... If Su Ming wanted to punish him, he could do so from wherever he was, and it horrified him.

However, what He Feng did not expect was that Su Ming was not even casting an Art on him. In fact, he could not even be considered to have cast an Art.

At that moment, Su Ming's eyes were shining brightly as he stared at the vortex in the sky above him. As it turned each time, Su Ming's expression would occasionally be filled with astonishment, then with delight, but it would also turn into confusion soon, and eventually, he became subject to ever changing moods.

Madam Ji was only skin and bones, her appearance ugly. She stared at Su Ming not too far in the distance with scorn and malice in her eyes. She had naturally seen his actions, but she did not believe that he would be able to find any clues about her Curse.

Yet even so, Madam Ji had also become doubtful once she saw how long Su Ming persevered under her Curse. While he had become thin in her eyes, he still had a long way to go before he became a dried up corpse.

It was as if ever since he performed the burning of blood and the moon in the sky shone with that strangely alluring red, the great power of the Curse had shifted from him. It was as if there was some other, seriously unfortunate, person who was suffering in his stead.

Su Ming had not even thought about letting He Feng take his place. He had originally cast the burning of blood with the intention of slowing the draining of his life force and blood. However, he did not expect that once he cast that Art, he would sense a power belonging to a Fire Berserker in the direction of the land of the Berserkers.

The instant he sensed that power, the force of the Curse gathered on Su Ming's body was mysteriously shifted away, falling onto He Feng through Su Ming, as if he was a medium.

‘I am the Lord of the Fire Berserkers, that is why when I cast the burning of blood, the strange power of the Curse will be sent to my people to bear. Once they are unable to withstand it any longer, only then will I continue suffering through it.

‘Now, the only Fire Berserker besides me in this world... is the Fire Berserker I created, He Feng!’ A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes, and he gained more understanding towards the power of the Curse.

He looked at the vortex in the sky. His eyes sparkled, and he felt as if he had gained a vague sort of epiphany. However, this epiphany was insignificant for him to master Curse.

‘Curse... what if curses fall on those that come from the same source! He Feng is the Fire Berserker I created, that is why he can be said to be from the same source as me. Which is why he is within the area of effect of the Curse... But besides affecting those related through one source, does the Curse also affect those related by blood..?’ Uncertainty appeared in Su Ming’s eyes.

He remembered that Wu Duo did not mention the power of cursing those who came from the same source when he talked about the mysterious Curse in the land of the Shamans. He mentioned instead that it seemed to affect those related by blood, and had even said that there was once a Shaman who was cursed by a powerful Soul Catcher, and all those related to him by blood in his tribe, even if barely, died.

Eventually, as most of the people in the tribe were connected by blood, more than half of the people died.

‘If what Wu Duo said is true and Curse will really affect those connected by blood, then the power of that Spell shouldn’t be that

great, or else, should there be powerful Shamans in the Shaman Tribe, they could just Curse the entire Berserker Tribe... and let them all die, or they could also let the Berserkers be forever unable to break through a certain Realm... Huh?!'

Su Ming widened his eyes. This was some of the assumptions he had made after he saw the power of the Curse. However, the answers he had obtained through these assumptions stunned him.

'Ever since the third God of Berserkers died, all my tribesmen have only been able to reach the Berserker Soul Realm and it was difficult for them to break through that state... They said that only when the fourth God of Berserkers appears would the entire Berserker Tribe be able to continue forth past the Berserker Soul Realm... This is... Could this be... Perhaps I'm thinking too much.'

Su Ming's breathing quickened, and he only managed to calm it down after a long moment had passed.

Right when Su Ming was stunned by his own thoughts and obtained that epiphany, He Feng's shrill screams of pain echoed through the battlefield outside Sky Mist City. His body had already withered away until he no longer looked like a human, and a large amount of decaying spots also appeared on his body. They let out a rotten stench, causing shock to appear on the faces of the people around him.

He Feng could clearly feel his blood and essence scattering away rapidly, and his life force was also draining away swiftly from his body. His mind had become muddled, and the feeling of death loomed over his heart and soul once again, turning into a strong

sense of fear.

"Master... I was wrong! I really did wrong this time!" He Feng's screams were fixed with pleas for mercy. Once his companions heard those words, especially of him calling out to his Master, they were all momentarily stunned.

Right then, He Feng suddenly shook violently and turned into a puddle of blood. Even his blood had also melted away, but since he had obtained that body by devouring it, even if it had disappeared, He Feng's soul was still around and was floating as a ball of black shadow.

With a flash, that black shadow appeared beside a Berserker, then opened its mouth wide to swallow the young man. Before anyone could react to it, the young man let out a pained scream and his entire body was swallowed up by that black shadow.

"Big brother Yue Feng, you..."

"He's not Yue Feng! He's the Shaman who killed Yue Feng! Kill him!"

All the Berserkers gathered around swiftly attacked, but when their divine abilities closed in on the young man enveloped by He Feng, the black shadow disappeared and the young man's face was revealed. It was a face that had withered away...

In the land of the Shamans, the vortex in the sky beyond Su

Ming's cave abode in the mountain range had started dissipating, as if it was very difficult for it to maintain its form. Madam Ji was so stunned that her mouth was hanging open in shock. With a blank look, she stared at Su Ming, who had only become slightly thinner, almost unable to believe her own eyes.

She knew well of the strength of the Curse. Even a Latter Shaman who fell under it accidentally would lose a large amount of their life force if he or she did not end up dead. However, Su Ming was practically unharmed right before her eyes. The drainage of his life force could also be considered insignificant.

This strange sight made Madam Ji suck in a sharp breath. Her face instantly turned pale, but she did not retreat. Instead, madness appeared in her eyes. She knew that the Curse would exist for the span of ten more breaths, and after those ten breaths, it would disappear. Then, this Su Ming would be able to get out of that restricted area of ten feet.

"I don't believe that I can't kill you today! Once I kill you, I'll turn you into a puppet, and you will turn into my defender along with Ji Yun Hai. With your divine abilities and your strange skills, you must also be quite well known in the Shaman Tribe. But today, you must die!"

The killing intent in Madam Ji's eyes became stronger. She took a few steps backwards and spread her arms wide open before sucking in a deep breath.

With that one breath, a huge gust of wind charged towards Madam Ji, and when it entered her mouth, a Tattoo suddenly

appeared on her ugly face!

That Tattoo was a hideous looking head, and the size of the head was definitely not of an adult's... but an infant's!

The span of ten breaths slowly trickled by. Su Ming eventually stopped examining that Curse. The previous research had allowed a slight epiphany, but if he wanted to gain the true Curse, he would need to figure out a way to get it from Madam Ji.

A stern look appeared on his face. This Madam Ji might not be a Latter Shaman, but she was one of the extremely powerful Medial Shamans Su Ming had ever encountered before. Her methods were also numerous and varied.

Yet the more that was the case, the more Su Ming dispelled the thought of immediately using the power of the God of Berserkers and all his other killing moves.

He did not have a lot of experience in fighting against Shamans. Large scale battles could not be counted in that number. This sort of battle where two people tried to kill each other with Arts and Spells was something Su Ming lacked experience in. Now that he ran into someone who was skilled in this and had a large variety of Spells, he did not want to give up on such an opportunity.

Chapter 388: You Say I'm Malicious?

Madam Ji's expression was fierce, causing the Tattoo on her face to become increasingly more frightening. That infant's appearance and the dark look in its eyes caused it to seem like Madam Ji had four eyes staring at Su Ming.

She lifted her hands and moved her fingers in a strange manner. Very soon, distorted ripples appeared before her. As those ripples spread out, Madam Ji let out a piercing screech.

"Ghost Impregnation Shaman Tribe has always offered living spirits as sacrifices since past generations. As the only Ghost Wife, I offer my body to summon my tribe's sacred spirit!" Madam Ji's shrill voice was piercing to the ears and sounded like bones grating against each other, and layers of echoes stirred up all around them.

The instant she said those words, Su Ming's pupils shrank. He clearly saw Madam Ji's sunken belly on her dried up body start wiggling, as if there was something in it that was crawling about as if it was in a hole, and it was also swelling up rapidly.

At that moment, Madam Ji seemed to have turned into a pregnant woman!

She was continuously sucking in a large amount of wind and her belly swelled up even further, eventually, she looked as if she had been carrying for ten months. However, when compared to the withered state in the other parts of her body, her swelled up belly made her look terrifying.

Veins popped up on Madam Ji's swollen stomach, and on her belly were bumps that were about the size of a fist each. All of them started popping up all over her belly, and shrill laughter came out of Madam Ji's mouth. She stared at Su Ming with eyes that burned murderously.

"My husband, Ji Yun Hai was sealed by your hands, my Soul Catcher's Allure was useless towards you, my Curse was ineffective as well. Ever since I married Ji Yun Hai, I have never been injured. Since I can't kill you, then I will let my baby... I will let my tribe's sacred spirit, Ghost Child, kill you!"

Madam Ji's belly became bigger, and a strange tone seeped into her laughter. She pressed her left hand to her swollen belly and seized the air with her right hand.

Immediately, a toy drum appeared in her hands, and once she let go, that drum floated by her side.

The vortex in the sky above Su Ming dissipated, and the restriction placed upon him was also rapidly weakening. He stared at Madam Ji and spoke slowly. "You malicious woman. Not only did you kill your own husband, you're also using your own child to cast a Spell!"

"Malicious?" Madam Ji laughed loudly, and the hatred in her laughter was incredibly strong. She looked at Su Ming and said shrilly, "I'm malicious? That's only because you haven't seen a truly malicious person. Ghost Impregnation Tribe might be

mysterious, but we've always set ourselves apart from the world. But now, I am the only one remaining of my tribe. All my other tribe members are dead, and they were all murdered by Ji Yun Hai when he used them to experiment with his Curse in the past...

"From the elderly folk who did not have a hint of shamanic power in them to newborn infants. Have you ever seen the elderly clawing through their chests and tearing out their hearts to eat them just so they could be released from suffering? Have you ever seen newborn infants crying in pain while they rot away and die?!

"Have you ever seen the pain of all the men in a tribe having their bones grow out of their flesh? Have you ever seen all the women in the tribe being forced to watch their own family suffering this way but being unable to control their own lust? To only laugh foolishly, coquettishly and pounce on the enemy of your tribe, who made all your tribe members suffer so terribly, while crying and spreading your legs, and thrusting your hips lustfully?!

"You haven't seen any of these before, so what right do you have to say I am malicious?!" Madam Ji shouted shrilly. Agitation and hatred appeared on her face, along with grief and agony. She lifted her right hand and seized at the air once again, and this time, what appeared in her hand was a toy bow, which floated beside the drum.

"I'm malicious? I'm indeed malicious, but all my malice is due to Ji Yun Hai, it's all because of him! He killed all my tribe members just so he could experiment with his Curse. At that time, I cried while moving my body against him. I hate him, I hate myself. I begged the heavens for help, I begged all the gods and spirits for

help, as long as someone helped me, I could sacrifice everything...

"But no one helped me. The gods and spirits closed their eyes and coldly walked away. Dark clouds appeared in the sky and used rain to wash away all traces of what happened. When that nightmare was over, all the men in the tribe were dead, and I saw among them my husband, my father, my mother, and my newborn daughter...

"Can you understand that sort of pain?! But that nightmare didn't end at that point, Ji Yun Hai used a Spell on all the women in the tribe so that they would show signs of pregnancy.

"He didn't just want to use my tribe to test his newly refined Curse, he also took an interest towards the sacred spirit of my tribe, the sacred spirit of Ghost Impregnation Tribe that we have been offering sacrifices to for several generations, the Ghost Child!

"He wanted to use a diabolical method and force all the women to give birth to the Ghost Child so that he could use it to bear the power of his Curse and make his Curse even stronger!" Madam Ji had never said these things to anyone before and had hidden them in her heart for many years.

At that moment, she was fighting to try to kill Su Ming and was forced to this extent. Because of this, in her bout of madness, due to Su Ming calling her malicious, she poured out all the words in her heart to him.

"Everyone died. My elder sister, my mother, all of my sisters in

the tribe had their stomachs cut open by Ji Yun Hai, and because they weren't pregnant with the Ghost Child, they died... Why do you think I'm alive? It's because I was successfully pregnant with the Ghost Child. A long time is needed to carry the Ghost Child, that is why I didn't die. I was taken away by Ji Yun Hai... He wanted to wait for the birth of the Ghost Child!

"I turned into his toy. The reason why I am so lewd is because the Curses he planted in me have increased over the years. I became the specimen for his Curse.

"Am I then considered among the malicious people in the world?! I was pure in the past! I believed that the sky would forever be blue! I believed the dark clouds would only last for a moment! But the truth is, the blue in the sky is also a form of oppression!

"That's why I thought of everything I could to please Ji Yun Hai, and eventually, after using every method I had in my disposal, I finally found his weakness. After a full sixty years, when the Ghost Child was born, I killed him! I turned him into a puppet, but the price was that my Ghost Child dissipated. There's only a hint left in my body, and it turned into a Spell I did not want to use.

"I originally thought everything would end at the moment of his death. I originally thought I would be free and could search for a new life, I would settle in a remote corner and live out the remainder of my days...

"But do you know what? DO you know..? I got used to this sort of lifestyle. I'm already used to the pleasures of lust. I've changed... I'm no longer me. I'm no longer my past self..." Tears fell out of

Madam Ji's eyes. As she screamed at Su Ming, she lifted her right hand, and this time, a baby's skull appeared in her palm.

That skull was blood-red, and it floated beside the small drum along with the toy bow and arrow.

Madam Ji's words fell into Su Ming's ears. The restrictions placed on his body had completely disappeared, but a look of conflict appeared on his face. From Madam Ji's expressions and her voice, he could tell that what she said was very likely to have transpired.

Vaguely, he seemed to be able to see a pure, innocent figure that had disappeared in the passages of time standing behind Madam Ji.

"It wasn't anyone else who made this scar on my face, I did it. Every single time I couldn't control myself, I would tear it open and ruin my own face so that it won't heal, but it's useless... it's useless... I can't control my own body... All of this is because of Ji Yun Hai!"

Madam Ji looked as if she had lost her mind. At that moment, with that huge belly of hers and eyes filled with hatred, she glared at Su Ming.

"I'll kill you, then absorb your flesh and essence to make you bear my suffering! Ghost Child, my baby, be born. Choose your path. If you choose to help mama, then... kill him!" Madam Ji's shrill voice suddenly became gentle. She stroked her belly, and the instant

pain appeared on her face, Wisps of black mist suddenly spread from her stomach.

As the black mist appeared, Madam Ji's belly started sinking rapidly. In the blink of an eye, an infant's cry rang out, and right before Su Ming's eyes, that vast amount of black mist gathered together and turned into a black infant in front of Madam Ji.

There was a black horn on the infant's head and golden patterns on his face. Right then, it opened its mouth, revealing sharp teeth, then crawled towards the spot with the small drum, the bow and arrow, and the infant's skull.

A ghastly chill immediately enveloped the area when the Ghost Child appeared. However, it was clear that this Ghost Child was incomplete. Its body was rapidly dissipating, and the chill was also swiftly disappearing, allowing the normal temperature to return. It was just as Madam Ji said, this Ghost Child was just the shadow left behind after it dissipated in the past.

Su Ming sighed and took a step forward to charge towards Madam Ji. He lifted his right hand, and a faint light shone. Then right when a vast amount of power spread from Su Ming's body—

The Ghost Child took one swift leap forward and appeared beside the baby's skull, then once it grabbed the skull, it opened its mouth and bit down on it. Crunching sounds reverberated through the air, and he crushed the baby's skull with his bite. When he swallowed the skull, he lifted his head, and with eyes shining darkly when he looked towards Su Ming, he charged out.

"Kill him!" As Madam Ji screamed shrilly, the Ghost Child had already closed in on Su Ming.

Booming sounds reverberated in the air, and Su Ming was forced back. Blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. The Ghost Child was invisible. All of Su Ming's attacks felt as if he had just attacked air. However, that was not all. The force that hit the air had appeared on his own body with a method Su Ming could not understand.

He had never seen such a strange Spell before. As he retreated, a glint appeared in his eyes. It was not as if he did not have any killing moves for invisible objects. He lifted his right hand swiftly, then drew one line towards the Ghost Child!

One line - Berserker Obliteration!

This was the first Style Su Ming had created himself. It was also the strongest Art among all the divine abilities he possessed! Right now, as he had arrived at the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, the power of the four Berserker Bones in his body was activated for the first time. The instant that stroke was finished, an ancient voice reverberated in the air, and it belonged to Su Ming's very own God of Berserkers Song!

That voice spread out, filled with a majestic might. As Su Ming drew that one line, the Ghost Child let out a shrill scream of pain. If he had been in his peak condition, he might have been fine, but he was now a manifestation of a hint of what remained of him in

the past.

He was dissipating quickly enough to begin with, and now, he'd run into Su Ming's Berserker Obliteration which could cut through space itself. That one line fell on his body.

It was also at that moment when the stroke fell down that Su Ming's identity was revealed, for the God of Berserkers Song reverberated in the air and his clothes were torn apart due to the powerful force emanating from within his body, revealing his Berserker Mark.

"You're... You're a Berserker!"

Due to the injuries sustained by her Ghost Child, Madam Ji coughed out a huge mouthful of blood and her expression changed drastically.

Chapter 389: The Death of Madam Ji!

The Ghost Child fell back and his body started rapidly disappearing while crying out shrilly. When he returned to Madam Ji's side, there was only a small part of him left. Just as he was about to completely disappeared, he looked towards Madam Ji, the murderous look in his eyes gone, replaced by a dependence and a reluctance to part.

As a complicated look surfaced on Madam Ji's face, the Ghost Child went towards the floating small drum and grabbed it, then gave Madam Ji a smile that belonged only to babies, and with the smile on his face, his body gradually disappeared. Ashes to ashes...

"My baby... you also left me..." Madam Ji was momentarily stunned, then lifted her head to look at Su Ming walking over from the distance. There was no longer hatred in her eyes, only a cold desire for death.

"You're very strong... If you can continue becoming stronger, then I will give you a valuable treasure! This treasure is the source of Ji Yun Hai's Curse, a Spell that came from an age where there were no Berserkers or Shamans... It was because he obtained this item that he managed to learn the Curse!" As Madam Ji spoke, she lifted her right hand and pressed it on the fist sized scar beneath her right breast.

The instant she pressed on it, all five of her right hand's fingers pierced through her flesh and sank into her body. She staggered a few steps backwards, and when she took out her right hand, a rib appeared in her hand.

That rib belonged to her!

There was a red ring fixed on it.

Madam Ji crushed that rib and started forming hand seals with her left hand as words that were difficult to understand fell from her lips. Once she did so and the rib was crushed, the red ring instantly floated in the sky, and with a red flash and a buzz, it disappeared.

Su Ming's expression changed. His divine sense was still spread around the area, and during that instant just now, he could vaguely feel that the ring had not disappeared but had instead expanded by several times its size. The spot where he and Madam Ji were at this moment was within that enlarged ring.

Su Ming did not even have time to think. A buzzing sound appeared by his ears, and soon after, he saw a red line in the horizon in the distance. In an instant, the world in his eyes had turned blood-red.

If anyone looked from high up in the sky downwards at that moment, they would see that there was a circular red line that was shrinking from several tens of thousands of feet around Su Ming, and the speed at which it shrank was so fast that it was indescribable.

Su Ming did not even have time to dodge. In fact, he did not even have time to execute any of his killing moves. He did not even have

time to lift his hand, and the red line that was shrinking around him had already arrived a hundred feet away from him.

That red line was the ring!

Once that ring was enlarged and surrounded Su Ming, it started swiftly shrinking. It did not come with a great momentum, but the sense of danger it brought him was rare. Once it shrank down completely, his body would definitely be unable to withstand it and he would shatter, not just his body but his soul as well.

It was too quick. Before he even had time to resist, the red line had already closed in on him, and with a bang, Su Ming's body crumbled and blood mist scattered into the air. What remained in midair was that small red ring that floated there, unmoving.

The Fire Ape was gone. When Su Ming and Madam Ji were fighting, it had left the place. As for the strange rod snake, it had hidden itself on the ground obediently, under Su Ming's orders from a long time ago, and was staring at Madam Ji coldly.

Madam Ji looked at the spot where Su Ming had disappeared before her, then looked at the floating ring, and her entire being relaxed. A shrill laughter escaped through her lips, and the malice in her laughter was as thick as ever.

"Ji Yun Hai was sealed by your hands, my Soul Catcher's Spell was useless towards you, my Curse could not kill you, even if the Ghost Child attacked you, you still had ways to fight against it, but now, you still died.

"You aren't the first powerful warrior I've killed using this ring, and you won't be last. A Berserker... I didn't expect that you would be a Berserker!"

"But it doesn't matter, your body has already been crushed by the ring. Under that powerful force, even your soul has scattered into nothingness."

Madam Ji's breathing quickened, and her laughter grew even more wanton. This might not be her last move, but it was one of the killing moves she would definitely not use easily.

She could only control that ring once and with great difficulty. Every time she used it, her head would feel as if it was going to be ripped apart and she would lose all her senses. She would need about half a month before she could return to normal.

She lifted her right hand, and the ring flew to her while wobbling in the air. Once she held it in her hands, she turned around to leave. She had already made her decision. When she had fully recovered, she would go massacre Black Crane Tribe.

Yet the moment she turned around, dark light suddenly shone at the spot where the ring floated once it shrank down, and Su Ming swiftly materialized in the air. His entire body was drenched in blood, and the mask on his face was no longer there. Blood trickled down the corners of his lips, and his right leg was no longer nimble. The moment he appeared, he charged towards Madam Ji with a speed as quick as lightning.

During that moment just now, Su Ming did not have any time to execute any killing moves, but he had already learned how to constantly keep the stone fragment's dimension open when he was being hunted down by that old Berserker. That was how he managed dodged that calamity in this battle. However, the ring's speed was simply too quick. Even if Su Ming had managed to escape into the stone's dimension, he had still been injured.

"Impossible!"

Madam Ji's expression changed drastically and disbelief appeared on her face. She was just about to retreat, but Su Ming was closing in on her quickly. As green light shone, Madam Ji let out a shrill cry and her head flew up. Her arms were also cut off from her body. Her legs exploded at the same time, and the instant they turned into blood mist, Su Ming's sword swept past her body and she was cut into four pieces!

All of this happened in an instant. When Su Ming reappeared, he was already far in the distance and was panting harshly, but he did not relax his guard. Instead, the moment Madam Ji's body was cut into pieces, he lifted his right hand and started making hand seals before pointing towards Han Mountain Bell in the distance.

He had already decided not to continue getting entangled with this woman. This Madam Ji had too many killing moves and they were dangerous and varied, causing Su Ming to fear her, especially just now, when he was practically at death's door. He no longer hesitated and activated the power of materialization he'd received after awakening the fifth head on Han Mountain Bell.

Even if a large amount of his power would be absorbed, Madam Ji's large variety of attacks should also have reached its end. The chances of killing her at this moment with this skill compared to him activating this skill previously had become much higher.

Right when Su Ming made those hand seals, a shrill screech came from Madam Ji's shredded body. Her exploded legs recovered in an instant and her torn arms swiftly returned to her. In the blink of an eye, her body appeared before him unscathed.

However, the presence of her power had become much weaker. Her face was sickly pale, and as she let out that shrill screech, a demented expression formed on her face. As she screeched, a large amount of Five Colored Fog spread from within her body. The Five Colored Fog in the air also started rapidly gathering towards her.

At the same time, the tribe leader of Black Crane Tribe in the distance shuddered and started withering away rapidly. In the blink of an eye, he turned into mere skin and bones, and once that happened, while he still had his eyes shut, he coughed out blood, then his head fell to the side and he breathed his last.

Once he died, a gust of strangely alluring Five Colored Fog crawled out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and started gathering rapidly towards Madam Ji in the distance.

"This is my final killing move. There's no way I won't be able to kill you with this!" Madam Ji screeched with her shrill voice, and the Five Colored Fog around her started tumbling and surging,

then a bundle of it split apart from the rest, forming a five colored peach blossom by the side, but it had not bloomed. It was just a bud!

When that five colored peach blossom appeared, a lascivious presence immediately spread out.

"Thirteen Peach Blossom Fiend! This is the result of Ji Yun Hai Cursing me for sixty years. He originally wanted to use my body to refine that Curse, and once I died, he would take it out, and it would have turned into a Fiend!

"I have used my life to force out the Peach Blossom Fiend, there's no way you're not going to die now!!" As Madam Ji screamed, the fog around her swiftly dissipated to turn into another twelve five colored peach blossom buds, adding together with that one bud from before, they now numbered thirteen!

Immediately after, an illusionary shadow appeared behind Madam Ji's body. It was a branch that looked like it came from a tree, and it was using her body as its core. At the same time that branch materialized, it connected with the thirteen peach blossom buds and turned into a peach blossom branch with thirteen flowers in midair!

"Die!"

Madam Ji coughed out blood and an endless amount of bloody cracks appeared on her body. Those were the cracks that were left behind every single time her body had shattered over the years. At

that moment, all of them appeared, making it seem as if her body was made up of patches. Fresh blood flowed out of those cracks, and it was clear that this Thirteen Peach Blossom Fiend was her final killing move.

The instant she opened her mouth, the thirteen peach blossom buds on the peach blossom branch in midair bloomed swiftly. Once all of them had blossomed, they fell off the branch and charged towards Su Ming.

"Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute Genocide!"

Su Ming's face was pale at that moment. A cold glare shone in his eyes, and he had also finished forming the hand seals. He pointed at Han Mountain Bell, and instantly, a strong bell chime was rang out. As that bell chime rang in the air, the shadow of the Nine-Headed Dragon appeared grandly in the sky above Han Mountain Bell.

Six of the heads of the gigantic Nine-Headed Dragon had awakened, and Su Ming's shadow was within their pupils. Once they let out a shocking roar, the six heads moved together, and with a presence that shook the sky and earth, they charged towards the Thirteen Peach Blossom Fiend that was rushing towards Su Ming.

The strong boom that followed could be heard even from White Bull Tribe. The booming sound from Su Ming's side had also traveled to Black Crane Tribe, causing terror to appear in all the tribe members of the two tribes, and all of them turned in the direction the sound had come from.

When the Thirteen Peach Blossom Fiend crashed into the Nine-Headed Dragon amid that boom, they started dissipating one by one, and with each flower that disappeared, the cracks on Madam Ji's body would tear open wider. Blood covered her entire body.

When there were only four of the thirteen peach blossoms left, despair rose in Madam Ji's eyes. She let out a shrill screech, and with madness on her face, she exploded. She knew that she was definitely going to die, which was why she had decided to bring forward her own death to drag Su Ming into hell with her.

The moment she chose to self-destruct and die, three of the four peach blossoms also crumbled. Their destruction caused the five colors on the final peach blossom to turn into one, which was pink, a shade of pink that was filled with an air of lust!

That pink peach blossom shot through the Nine-Headed Dragon's illusionary form, and when most of it had dissipated, it appeared before Su Ming, turning into a wisp of pink air that made his expression change. Just as he was about to escape into the stone's dimension, that pink air closed in on him and seeped into his nostrils!

Su Ming twisted and was forced out of the stone's dimension. His face turned red instantly and struggle appeared in his eyes. Reason and lust started fighting viciously for control.

Chapter 390: Outburst

It was quiet all around. Moonlight scattered on the ground, and if anyone looked at the air alone, they would feel that the moon was filled with a gentle color. However, if they cast their eyes on the ground, they would be terrified. There was a large amount of torn pieces of flesh there that were mixed with quite a large amount of blood. The wind was stirring up the bloody stench, causing it to stay around the area for a long time.

Among one of the torn pieces of flesh was a red ring. It was flashing with a red light, and not too far away, in another spot littered with flesh and blood, was a pink bag, but the bag was also torn.

There was a dried up corpse on the land far away. That corpse belonged to the man from Black Crane Tribe. He had died a horrible death and was practically left with only skin and bones. There was not a hint of flesh or blood remaining on him, and he looked like a dried up twig. His original appearance could no longer be seen. His eyes were sunken and he looked like a skeleton.

All his life force and essence had disappeared without a trace. A rotten stench spread from the lower half of his body, and it mixed with the bloody stench in the wind to turn into an indescribably terrible stench.

Xiao Hong had gone missing. When Su Ming was fighting against Madam Ji, it had run off as if it had gone mad.

Su Ming sat on the ground under the moonlight. He was trembling and had his eyes shut tightly. His cheeks were flushed pink, and a large amount of veins popped up on his skin. There was pain and struggle on his face.

It had been very difficult for him to dodge Madam Ji's counter before she died, the final Peach Blossom Fiend. Once its aura seeped into his ears, nose, ears, and mouth, a high uncontrollable urge and lust immediately rose within his body. That lust was madly attacking his reason, and once his lust won against everything, then he would be unable to control his own actions.

Su Ming's head was a mess. All the women he had seen in his life flashed by, and their appearances came along with moans and seductive movements, causing his breathing to become increasingly faster.

He had no idea how much time had passed by the time he opened his eyes. His eyes were bloodshot and he looked incredibly savage, especially since there seemed to be a ball of fire burning at the depths of his pupils. As that ball of fire burned, Su Ming lifted his head and let out a roar towards the sky.

His roar reverberated in the air and spread in all directions.

‘This isn’t a simple aphrodisiac, it’s a Curse that brings out the most primal urges in the body!’

The struggle on Su Ming's expression became stronger. He could still keep his reason at the moment, albeit with great difficulty,

and with whatever remained of his logic, he quickly analyzed that feeling in his body. It was not difficult for him to figure out that the so called Peach Blossom Fiend was the thing that was planted in Madam Ji's body by Ji Yun Hai in the past.

That item had been continuously perfected, increasing in number, over the span of sixty years, causing it to be incredibly violent.

‘All the images in my head are lewd and evil. If I let my lust control my body, then I will end up like Madam Ji. Even if I find a woman and succumb to my urges, I will definitely not be able to break the Spell. And I have a feeling that once I'm unable to control myself and sink into my desires, it will last forever and will be extremely difficult for me to get out of ...

‘Unless I use my own power and force down my urges!’ Su Ming lifted his right hand quickly, and with a red glare in his eyes, he quickly tapped a few spots in succession on his body, but it did no good. Even the black stone fragment hanging on his neck did not react.

‘The black stone can allow me to not be bothered by external things, but now... Now, there isn't any external factors causing a threat to me. It's that Peach Blossom Fiend increasing my lust by several fold. If that is the case, then it's only natural that the black stone is useless...’

Su Ming trembled even more violently. His hair was no longer pure black, but gradually, at the roots of his hair, a fiery red shade could be seen.

That red hue from the roots of his hair started spreading rapidly, and in the blink of an eye, half of Su Ming's hair had turned into a brilliant shade of red. At the same time, the pink hue on his face sank down, causing his face to return to that pale shade. However, the pink hue that had gone away had now gathered at Su Ming's chest.

The veins that had popped up on his face looked as if they were about to explode. At the center of his brows, the mark of the sword flashed and the small virescent sword was forced out. It started flying around him while whistling in the air, as if it was very anxious. Su Ming lifted his hands and brought them down to seize the earth by his sides, plunging his hands deep into the ground.

As the mark of the sword disappeared from the center of his brows, gradually, the mark of a peach blossom appeared. At the same time, most of his hair turned red as well. His appearance had changed so drastically that, compared to his calm self from before, he looked like a completely different person.

A large amount of sweat broke out on his body. The appearance of that sweat caused an indescribable scent to start spreading from Su Ming's body, and if any woman smelled it, their minds would immediately turn into a mess and they would be unable to control themselves.

Su Ming's expression became increasingly pained. He had practically used all his strength to fix his hands to the ground, but the power of that Peach Blossom Fiend was too strong. After persevering for a long while, when the mark of the peach blossom

completely formed, his hair turned completely red, and at that moment, Su Ming could no longer suppress his lust. He lifted his head and let out the strongest roar ever since he came to the land of the Shamans.

ROAR!

As he roared, Su Ming flew into the sky with red eyes. There was no longer any hint of reason in his eyes, only that urge caused by the most primal desire within him. Once he flew up, Su Ming charged in the direction before him without any hint of hesitation - the north.

He was so fast that he turned into a long arc in midair and disappeared in the blink of an eye, not even retrieving Han Mountain Bell, that red ring, or the other objects. He simply charged forward like that, and in a short moment, he crossed the distance of 10,000 li.

As he charged forward, Su Ming continued growling. Those growls echoed in the air as he moved forth, and sounded like something from a wild beast, instilling fear among all those who heard it.

It was midnight. Most of the tribe members in White Bull Tribe, which was located to the north, was asleep. Almost all who were awake were members of the tribe patrolling around the area, and the only other one who was not asleep and not a patroller was the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe.

That monkey-faced old man was sitting up straight in his house and holding a small plate of round peas the size of a fingernail in his hand. Occasionally, he would eat one of them while looking very content.

However, just as he narrowed his eyes and picked up another pea to chew down on it once he brought it to his mouth, an earth shaking howl suddenly reached his ears. The appearance of that voice stunned the old man.

Once he opened his eyes, his expression suddenly changed drastically. He did not care about the plate of peas scattering on the floor and quickly rushed out of his house. When he lifted his head to look at the sky, his pupils shrank and shock appeared in his eyes.

A long arc charged through the sky and closed in in the blink of an eye, turning into Su Ming. His long red hair, crazed eyes, and the strong growls were enough to let anyone tell with just one glance that there was something wrong with him.

That monkey-faced old man's heart trembled and he immediately let out a piercing howl. That howl instantly woke up the slumbering tribe, and all the tribe members walked out of their houses in shock. At the instant the men and women saw Su Ming in midair, he also saw them.

Struggle appeared once again in Su Ming's eyes, causing his growls to become increasingly stronger. The monkey-faced old man immediately flew up and stared at him as if he was facing off a powerful enemy.

All the warriors from all over the tribe stared up as well. The moment the old man gave his command, they would attack without care for their own safety to protect their own tribe.

That monkey-faced old man was groaning in his heart at that moment. He clearly saw that Su Ming was in a near state of madness. While he had no idea what made him this way, it was still clear that he no longer had any shred of reason left in him. Once a person like this went into a state of frenzy, then the damage that would be brought to their tribe would be incredibly great.

When the women in the tribe walked out of their houses and looked towards the sky in fear, the old man clearly saw Su Ming trembling, and the struggles on his face made him seem as if he was about to break down.

"Go back!"

The old man let out a low shout, and the normal tribe members that walked out of the houses quickly retreated while shivering. However, the moment those women started moving back, their bodies suddenly jolted and a red flush appeared on their faces. With a dazed look in their eyes, they looked towards Su Ming in the sky as if they had lost their senses.

This change immediately attracted all the attention and shock from the rest of the people in the tribe. Some of the warriors even let out angry howls and were just about to attack Su Ming, but the instant they were about to launch their attacks, they were

immediately held back by the Patriarch.

The old man stared at Su Ming. He could already already tell from Su Ming's current condition that if they launched the preemptive strike and he counterattacked, then he would definitely flip out. At that moment, it would mean disaster to the entire White Bull Tribe.

More importantly, the old man could clearly sense a strong sense of danger coming from Su Ming's body. That threat made his heart tremble. He had a vague feeling that this Su Ming was even more terrifying than when he had met him previously.

This was simply a feeling. He had no evidence to back it up.

He could not tell much with his level of cultivation. He could only vaguely feel that the strong sense of danger came from within Su Ming's body, as if there was a terrifying power that was enough to make him shiver contained inside him.

It was as if... that existence was slowly waking up...

"It's aphrodisiac!"

The old man saw the strangeness on the women in the fear amidst his own fear. Once he linked it to that faint feeling, that terror in his heart, he gritted his teeth and made a decision that would anger all his tribe members, but they would not dare resist.

In fact, that decision could even threaten his own position! Even he himself found it hard to voice it out, but he had a strong feeling that once Su Ming went mad, then what awaited their tribe was complete annihilation.

It was especially so since he just sensed that power that terrified him once again from within Su Ming's body. The signs that the power was waking up grew increasingly clearer. In fact, most of the other tribe members had also sensed it, and their hearts shivered.

"Xia La, Ahua, Xiao Yun... The three of you, fly up!"

Once the old man gritted his teeth and said those words, the only three women in the tribe who practiced the ways of the Shamans flew up with glazed eyes and walked towards Su Ming, who was still struggling in midair.

Chapter 391: I Like Red

"Patriarch!" Some tribe members immediately cried out anxiously beside the old man.

"Quiet! This is already decided!" The old man's accent lost its prominence. He licked his lips nervously and kept his gaze fixed on Su Ming.

He hoped that once he offered up these three women, he could satisfy Su Ming's current state and resolve that horror that made his heart tremble in fear. If he could resolve it... then it was worth sacrificing these three women!

The three women who flew up were not old and looked to be in their twenties. They might not be incredibly beautiful, but they were still pleasant to the eyes, especially when their cheeks were flushed red and their eyes were glazed over. That appearance of theirs that made them ripe for picking was enough to make anyone tempted.

Yet the moment these three people got closer to Su Ming, he lifted his right hand swiftly and struck his chest, coughing out a huge mouthful of blood.

"Get lost!"

A hint of clarity appeared in Su Ming's red eyes once he coughed out a mouthful of blood. With a low growl, he cast his eyes to the ground, and once his gaze fell on the old man, Su Ming forced

himself to turn around, then turned into a long arc and charged out, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

When he left, the three women shuddered and expressions of wakefulness appeared on their faces. All the other women in the tribe also regained their senses, and their faces turned pale. The sight just now struck terror in their hearts.

The monkey-faced old man fell silent for a moment, then looked in the direction where Su Ming left. He did not speak even after a long time had gone past.

Su Ming continued charging forth and the clarity in his eyes became increasingly weaker. During that moment just now, if he had not started desperately struggling against himself and succumbed to his desires by copulating with those three women, then what awaited him would be eternal depravity.

"... I will definitely win!" Su Ming did not go anywhere else. He instead charged to the mountain range where his cave abode was. Before long, he returned to the place. The only hint of clarity in his eyes was almost completely gone, and he would not even have enough time to return to his cave abode.

Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly and pointed at Han Mountain Bell. The bell instantly flew towards him and once it grew larger in the sky, Ji Yun Hai's corpse fell down. As Madam Ji's aura of death disappeared from him, the puppet that was made from the corpse lost its intelligence and fell to the ground unmoving.

Right at the instant the clarity in Su Ming's completely disappeared, Han Mountain Bell let out a huge buzz and covered him up, trapping Su Ming's body on the ground. Rumbling sounds reverberating from within the bell, along with Su Ming's roars and growls.

Time passed by, and it was soon dawn. Han Mountain Bell was stuck to the ground, and Su Ming did not continue causing any ruckus inside. His body started shivering violently as he sat cross-legged inside. Control was an easy thing to say, but when his desire was increased by that Peach Blossom Fiend by several dozens of fold, even nearing a hundred fold, trying to control it was nigh impossible.

In a flash, three days passed by. During these three days, not a single soul came to the area where Su Ming was. It did not matter whether it was White Bull Tribe or Black Crane Tribe, none of them appeared. In fact, there was not even a single passerby who went by the area.

These three days were like three years to Su Ming, and could even be said to be like thirty years. He continued struggling, refusing to be controlled. Even if there were occasional moments of him falling into a daze, due to Han Mountain Bell's seal, he could not go out, and when his mind was clear, he would pay full attention to suppressing his urges.

After suppressing himself for three days, Su Ming had become much thinner. His robes were torn, his hair was completely red, and his expression was filled with ferociousness. Similarly, as his

mind went through three days of chaos and madness, an invisible barrier formed in his head. That barrier was like a seal. Its existence was something Su Ming had never noticed before, and even at that moment, he still did not notice its presence.

If that primal desire of his had not been enlarged by several fold and continued raging in his body while plunging him into madness, that seal might perhaps never have appeared. As that urge crashed into Su Ming's mind like the waves in an ocean, it also crashed into that barrier acting as a seal!

During the dawn three days later, as Su Ming continued howling, cracking sounds suddenly rang in his mind, and that invisible barrier, that seal that even he himself did not know of, started showing cracks as that primal desire continued raging in his body.

At the same time, a boom went off in Su Ming's head. He had been struggling for three days, and now lost his consciousness once again at that moment. However, he did not fall into a coma even though he lost his consciousness. Instead, his hands were fixed onto the ground under Han Mountain Bell while he lifted his head and let out a roar that still shook the sky and earth, even though Han Mountain Bell was between them.

As he continued roaring, an indescribably terrifying power erupted from within his body. Even though it was only spreading outwards, the strength of that power immediately lifted Han Mountain Bell with a bang and flung it into midair.

At the same time, Su Ming flew up into the air. With a bang, the ground exploded. Su Ming appeared in midair. His breathing was

rapid, and there was not a hint of reason in his eyes. There was only red. The mark of the peach blossom at the center of his brows had bloomed in a strangely alluring manner. His face was pale, but there was a purple tinge to his lips, which gave him an indescribable appearance when it was set to contrast with his full head of fire-red long hair.

His pupils could no longer be seen in his eyes. His eyes were completely colored red. It took a long while before he eventually stopped roaring while standing in midair. After a long moment, he turned his head slowly and a strangely captivating smile appeared on his purple lips. He dipped his head down and swept his gaze across the land.

The ground immediately trembled when he did so, as if there was a power contained within his gaze that was so strong that even the ground could not withstand it. Some of the spots on the ground even exploded, and cracks appeared.

When Su Ming swept his gaze over the rod snake, that snake actually shuddered and immediately curled up on the ground, not daring to meet his gaze. Its mind was telling it that this Su Ming was someone that it could definitely not get close to.

Its shuddering body made it seem as if it was absolutely terrified of Su Ming's gaze. The small virescent sword also fell the ground and started shivering.

Su Ming's gaze paused for a moment on that rod snake, and the red glare in his eyes gave a brilliant flash before he averted his gaze from it. As he moved his gaze away, he lifted his right hand. The

fingernails on his right hand were now three inches long and were incredibly sharp. The edges of his fingernails shone with a black glare, and he seized at the ground through the air.

The red ring from the torn piece of flesh immediately flew out and turned into a long arc. Su Ming grabbed it and wore it on his middle finger. Once he did so, he lifted his head slowly and looked at the Han Mountain Bell floating in midair.

He let out a cold harrumph and pointed at it. Immediately, that bell let out a powerful bell chime, and the gigantic body of the Nine Headed Dragon appeared suddenly in midair above the bell. The six awakened heads no longer had Su Ming's shadow within their eyes, but were instead entirely red. Those heads roared ferociously at Su Ming.

The three heads that were still asleep started trembling nonstop, as if they did not dare face the current Su Ming, just like the rod snake.

In the face of the Nine-Headed Dragon's roars, Su Ming took a step forward. With that one step, he arrived right beside Han Mountain Bell. Completely ignoring that roaring Nine-Headed Dragon, he lifted his right hand and pressed it on the bell.

The instant his right hand fell on the bell, the Nine-Headed Dragon immediately let out a shrill cry of pain. The three heads that had their eyes shut tight opened them simultaneously. Their eyes were covered entirely in red, and the nine heads howled together.

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and Han Mountain Bell instantly shrank. The Nine-Headed Dragon above it also completely vanished. Su Ming opened his mouth and swallowed the bell.

Once he finished doing that, he seized at the sky with his right hand. With that one grab, the entire sky instantly distorted, as if it was sucked in when Su Ming clutched his hand towards its direction. Then he swung his hand around him.

Immediately, a screen of light appeared below Su Ming. The puppet that was Ji Yun Hai, the rod snake, and everything within the circular area of 100,000 feet, including the mountain range and his cave abode, was completely surrounded in the light screen like a seal, closing them off completely.

Su Ming stood outside the light screen and lifted his head to look at the sky. After a long moment of silence, he suddenly let out a low growl. That growl was not loud, but it made the weather change. Even the moon in the sky looked as if it was about to crumble. A powerful wave of ripples spread out in all directions, and as they created rumbling sounds in the air, those ripples covered all of heaven. A large vortex appeared in the dark sky, and as that vortex started moving, Su Ming's roars started spreading even further into the land.

"I... like red," Su Ming mumbled hoarsely. A red robe abruptly appeared on his body, and when it set in comparison to his long red hair, it made him look incredibly strange and fascinating.

There was a mountain in the land of the Shamans that was surrounded by a sea of clouds. At the peak of the mountain was a big hall, and within that hall was a white-haired old man sitting alone in there. There were nine skulls surrounding him, and each of those skulls were lit with a green flame.

The old man's face was originally calm, but the instant this Su Ming, whose presence changed drastically after he awakened, let out that roar, the old man opened his eyes swiftly. His expression changed and he stood up hastily. The flames in the nine skulls around him were all instantly extinguished.

"This presence... Who is it?!"

There was an old man wearing a Daoist robe taking a stroll in the sky above in the land of the Shamans. There was a giant sword under his feet, and it was cutting through the air at an extreme speed. Yet at that moment, the giant sword suddenly trembled. The old man also came to an abrupt halt and his expression went through an instant, drastic change.

"This is... Whose presence is this?!" He immediately lifted his right hand and started forming seals to attempt to predict it, but he only managed to go through half of it before he coughed out a mouthful of blood.

At that moment, many people from different spots in the land of the Shamans walked out with shock on their faces, and these people were all Immortals and Shamans!

Zong Ze was sitting cross-legged on the giant turtle in Autumn Sea Tribe. The tribe was still migrating and were about to reach their destination. His expression was calm his long hair fallen around him. Yet at that very moment, he opened his eyes swiftly, and a hint of shock could be seen on his face.

‘The power of that roar...’ His eyes sparkled and he suddenly stood up to look at the sky in the distance.

Wan Qiu was right beside him, and she saw the change in expression on Zong Ze’s face. She looked towards him.

"Sir Zong Ze?"

"Someone has broken through the state of End among us Shamans. That roar he let out just now... His power... Just who is he?" Zong Ze mumbled and sucked in a sharp breath.

Chapter 392: Progenitor Hong Luo

There was an underground palace located deep beneath Sky Mist City.

The layout of the underground palace was different from the other buildings in the land of the Berserkers. It was built with eight corners, its walls made entirely of spirit stones. It shone in a large variety of colors, and even though it was underground, the light still shone in all directions, and there was a thick layer of spiritual energy spreading through the area.

There were eight doors on the octagonal building. All of them were shut tightly. At the center of the building was a main hall. There were two gigantic statues of people over there, and one of the statues wore a long robe. There was the picture of Taichi sewn around the chest area on his robe. That person was forming seals behind his back with his left hand. His right hand was lifted to pinch his beard. He might just be a statue, but his gaze was still electrifying and he looked alive.

The other statue was a middle-aged man with the body of a Daoist but the temperament of an Immortal. That man also wore a long robe, but the symbol of Taichi could not be found on his robe. There was instead a long leaf embroidered there.

That leaf was green and let out a sensation that it was overflowing with life. The middle-aged man's face was cold and lifeless, but his eyes were filled with a dignified air. He had his right hand lifted to form seals, and his left hand was placed upon his right hand, as if he was executing some sort of powerful divine

ability.

There were five stone chairs located underneath the two statues in the shade, and at that moment, there were people sitting on three of the stone chairs. However, two of the people sitting on the stone chairs could not be seen clearly. Only the person sitting on the third stone chair could be seen clearly, and that person was Sky Mist's ancestor, whose face was dark as clouds.

A limited amount of powerful warriors in the land of the Shamans had noticed Su Ming's roar, and as they were all shocked by its appearance, Sky Mist's ancestor spoke.

"A mysterious powerful Shaman has appeared in the land of the Shamans. You have all heard that person's roar just now."

"That person shouldn't be from Hidden Dragon Sect. After all, there is still three years before the date they descend. No sect has the ability to bring forward the date when they descend. They can only come to this place on the allocated date by activating the Rune on Realm Mountain," one of the two people in the shade remarked hoarsely.

"Neither is it possible for him to be someone from Great Leaf Immortal Sect. There are incredibly few of those who descend from Great Leaf Immortal Sect. I don't think there are more than three who have come here, and they're all in the main tribes or clans in the land of the Berserkers. They won't go to the Shamans."

"No matter who this mysterious powerful warrior is, he's not

allowed to ruin our plans. Since that person suddenly appeared in the land of the Shamans, then the people from Hidden Dragon Sect will deal with him."

"In truth, I still don't understand it. The God of Berserkers in the land of the Berserkers has died and it's impossible for a new God of Berserkers to appear. Without the God of Berserkers, why should we Immortals be afraid of them!

"The inheritance of Nine Li among the Shamans has also mostly disappeared, and there's only a hint of it left. Those who obtain that inheritance will at most reach Ascendancy. We of Sky Mist Sect only need to send out a senior to destroy the entire Berserker Tribe. Why do we need to work together with the other two sects and carry this plan where we keep descending over the past thousands of years?"

The person who spoke next was Sky Mist's ancestor. He let out a few barks of chilling laughter before he said languidly, "Hmph. You descended to this place thousands of years ago and don't know the details. If this place was really as simple as you think it is, then I wouldn't be spending half of my life here. We cannot reveal ourselves and even have to suppress our power so that we won't reveal the presence of Immortals too strongly, or else... Heh heh, you can go ahead and try it!"

"Enough. Stop fighting, the both of you. Fellow Daoist Tian Lan has been here for thousands of years, and his knowledge of this place has surpassed mine and yours, Fellow Daoist Sun Yang. We should listen to Fellow Daoist Tian Lan. But I am also curious. Just what sort of secret is hidden in the land of the Berserkers that you

would stay so long here. Did you figure out anything?" The person among the trio who had not spoken voiced out his thoughts calmly at that moment.

"Fellow Daoist Chang, how polite of you." Sky Mist's ancestor smiled and his words towards the man named Chang became gentler, though he was highly concerned about this person's identity.

"My status in the sect might be ordinary, but I've been in the land of the Berserkers for several thousands of years. I believe I am somewhat knowledgeable towards this place. There is a secret in this place. I don't know it, but if we completely reveal our presence as Immortals here, then we will die.

"I believe the Sect Leader and the Sect Elders know about the secrets of the Berserker Tribe. Isn't our plan here to open the Tunnel of Descending here so that the Sect Leader and the others could come here with their full power?"

"However, since you asked, Fellow Daoist Chang, then I will tell you what I have analyzed over the past years. From my analysis, I believe that the secrets in this place are related to... how we come to the land of the Berserkers." Sky Mist's ancestor hesitated for a moment before he spoke in a low tone.

"Are you saying..?" The man named Chang opened his eyes wide and he clutched the armrest on the stone chair with his right hand.

"This is just my suspicion. After all, all the Fellow Daoists who

come to the land of the Berserkers, even the Evil Sect in the Eastern Wastelands, come from the same place. No matter who it is, we have to go through that person to come to this place.

"It's a pity that the person's body is sealed up by a powerful fog. I have never been able to see his face clearly, or else, I might have been able to discover some clues."

The underground palace fell into silence, and after a long moment, the man named Chang sighed.

"If that is the case, then let's stop making guesses anymore. If it's truly related to that person, then it's definitely not something people like us can take part in or interfere with. We just need to fulfill our role in the plan..."

Deep within the land of the Berserkers far away from Sky Mist City was a land of ice and snow. The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky was located there.

There was a white-haired old man sitting cross-legged in one of the towers. As the three people talked to each other in that strange place under Sky Mist City, he opened his eyes swiftly and shock appeared in his eyes. He stood up hastily and pushed the door to his room open. A freezing gust of wind blew against his face and made his hair dance. He looked at the sky in the distance with an extremely grave face.

After a long while, he lifted his right hand and started forming seals as if he was calculating something. The space behind him

distorted, and a figure wearing the Emperor's robe appeared faintly behind him.

"Damn it, his seal has weakened. This should have been impossible, how did he do it?! This is not part of the plan. I have to find out who appeared after the seal weakened as soon as possible!"

The white-haired old man frowned and anxiety appeared on his face. He turned around and returned to his house, then immediately sat down cross-legged. His hands continued forming seals nonstop, and his eyes shone brightly. Time flashed by in his eyes as he executed a wide area prediction.

His expression started changing from astonishment to shock, then he let out a sigh of relief, though eventually, he settled on being temperamental. After a long while, he gave up on the predictions and sat there stunned for a long moment.

"Progenitor Hong Luo... He appeared... but there's still three years until the Day of Descending... Right now, I can't contact my Master... Oh well, since Master let me bring his projected self to the Berserker Tribe, he must have been thinking of letting me use it to prevent such accidents from happening." The old man hesitated for a moment before he gritted his teeth and suddenly lifted his right hand to point behind himself.

Immediately, the middle-aged man wearing the Emperor's robe and crown in the distortions started materializing. After a long moment, he walked out from behind the old man like a real person and stood before him with an expressionless and cold face.

"It's a pity that with the interference of the power in the land of the Berserkers, Master's projection has lost his intelligence and has turned into a puppet. It'll only act according to its nature." The old man sighed and got up to bow towards the expressionless middle-aged man who looked like an Emperor.

"Master, Destiny's seal has been lifted and something unforeseen occurred. Progenitor Hong Luo has appeared. Please take action and restore order!" As the old man spoke, he bit the tip of his tongue. Once he coughed out a mouthful of blood, he quickly flung his right hand towards that blood mist. Immediately, three bloody, runic symbols appeared in the blood mist and fell on the body of the man who was like an Emperor.

A glint appeared swiftly in the eyes of the puppet, and a hint of intelligence manifested in his eyes. He cast the old man a cold look, then turned around to take a step forward. His body became invisible and he disappeared.

"Thank goodness Master gave me his projection, or else we wouldn't be able to suppress the awakened Progenitor Hong Luo... It should be fine. As long as it's not those three old coots who awakened, it should be fine... I hope it's fine..."

The old man frowned and shook his head. He, too, did not have any confidence. The rumors that once circulated around Progenitor Hong Luo among the Immortals made the old man incredibly wary.

"In the past, it was rumored that Progenitor Hong Luo was naturally brutal and immensely enjoyed killing. He also loved challenging the strong and then killing them cruelly... In the end, Sir Di Tian took action, and he... sealed Progenitor Hong Luo in Destiny's body." The old man sighed.

The entire weather in the Land of South Morning could be said to have changed due to Su Ming's roar. It was impossible for Su Ming to not know what was happening... though perhaps he could no longer be known as Su Ming anymore.

"I like red... but who... who am I?!" The red-haired Su Ming stood in the sky above the land of the Shamans. His eyes were crimson red, and there was a hint of confusion within them.

"Di Tian... I am not Di Tian. My enemy's name is Di Tian!" After a long while, Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. He did not bellow, but the arrogance and wildness on his face was as clear as day.

"Di Tian, you and I cannot live under the same roof! I will kill you!"

Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly and pushed down on the ground in the distance through the air. That push immediately caused the land to tremble viciously and cracks started appearing rapidly on the ground. As they spread out, they covered a distance of more than one hundred thousand feet. At the same time, Su Ming formed his right hand into a claw and swiped at the air above him.

"Earthen Aura Fiendish Dragon," he mumbled. Wisps of white mist crawled out of the endless cracks on the ground. They rose into the sky together and the earth withered away as if it had lost its life force. It was as if all the life force on earth had been taken away by Su Ming.

The white mist gathered up and started tumbling about violently. In the blink of an eye, the white mist turned into a gigantic white dragon. The dragon's eyes were red and its body was white, but soon, that white body turned red, resulting in a gigantic red dragon that was several tens of thousands of feet big. With a roar, it rushed towards Su Ming and stopped under his feet, allowing Su Ming to stand on its head. Once he did so, the dragon moved its gigantic body and charged into the distance.

Su Ming stood on the dragon's head. His long red hair danced in the wind.

"Who am I..? Just who am I..? Su Ming... That's right, I'm Su Ming! My enemy is Di Tian! I have to kill him!" A hint of brutality appeared on Su Ming's lips.

Chapter 393: Powerful!

"But I shouldn't be so weak. I wasn't originally so weak..." Su Ming stood on the gigantic red dragon, and as they moved forward, he dipped his head down to look at his own body. He parted his purple lips and sucked in a breath in the direction before him.

With that one inhale, the weather instantly changed. The wind and clouds tumbled back, and with an astonishing momentum, the power of the world from all around him gathered up at a maddening pace, and it was all sucked into Su Ming's mouth.

Banging sounds rang all over his body. The liquid existing within that opened path in his body instantly increased by several fold. As it continued increasing, that liquid started circulating rapidly through the path. Due to its continuous increase, almost in an instant, the beginning and end of the trail of liquid in that path connected together, turning into a complete circuit. At the same time, a booming sound rang out.

Once the beginning and end of the trail of liquid connected together to form a complete circuit nine times in his body, nine consecutive booms rang within him. The liquid in that path disappeared in an instant. Almost the moment it disappeared, a round core about the size of a fingernail appeared in Su Ming's stomach!

That core shone with a golden light, causing Su Ming's body to be surrounded by that light, but that was not the end. At the same time that golden core appeared and Su Ming continued sucking in the power of the world through his parted purple lips, the dense

power of the world rapidly fused into that path, turning into liquid to circulate through that path once again before blending into the golden core. This process repeated for an unknown amount of times, and eventually, the golden core in Su Ming's [dantian region](#) swelled up to the size of a fist.

Su Ming continued charging forth in the sky. Wherever the gigantic red dragon passed by, the people in the land of the Shamans who saw it would feel their hearts trembling, and fear shot up swiftly within them.

Su Ming's power might not be great, but as his red hair appeared and as the will that was sealed up within him woke up when the seal was shattered due to the attack from his own desires, his divine sense manifested within him with a powerful might that it had never possessed before. The power of that divine sense was what the powerful warriors in the Land of South Morning had sensed, the power that surpassed the state of End.

As he moved forward, Su Ming continued absorbing the power of the world. Gradually, wherever he passed by in the land of the Shamans, the earth would become dull as if it had lost its life. The grass on the land withered away, the layers of clouds in the sky crumbled, but in turn, a crack appeared in that golden core within Su Ming's body.

That crack continued spreading, looking as if there was a new life about to be born from within. A unique presence spread out and surrounded Su Ming.

"This body is too weak... It has inherited my divine sense, but it

can only show off a tenth of my power, but with the aid of my divine sense, I can make it grow much stronger, and I'll be able to bring out about a fifth of my power..." Su Ming mumbled. With red eyes, he lifted his right hand and struck his body. That one strike immediately caused the cracked golden core in his body to explode. As the golden core exploded, a small human with red hair with the exact same appearance as his appeared within his body.

"Still too weak. With a body like this and a level of cultivation like this, how can I kill Di Tian?!" The gigantic red dragon stopped in midair. As Su Ming stood on the dragon's head, his expression darkened.

"I can feel it. I only have seven days to stay awake this time. Seven days later, I will fall asleep again... Seven days. Damn you, seven days. It's impossible for me to make this body reach a level where I can kill Di Tian in seven days..."

"The only way for me is to... cast that Secret Art. I'll use that Secret Art to stimulate this body so that I can gain the strongest power possible within a short period of time! I remember that there are two Secret Arts that will allow me to do so!" A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and a frightening expression appeared on his face.

"One of them is the Art of the Dragon Subject, [Yin Simurgh](#). This Secret Art requires nine virgins with absolute Yin physiques. I will have to use their power of Yin to fuse with my divine sense, so that all my potential and life can be brought out in a short period of time!

"The other Secret Art requires me to search for the powerful warriors in this place and absorb the power of Essence from their bodies, which will allow me to become powerful for a short amount of time," Su Ming mumbled. His eyes sparkled, and he spread out his divine sense.

In an instant, his divine sense swept through a large part of the land of the Shamans. Based on his requirements, his divine sense quickly searched through the area which it expanded to, and then, Su Ming turned his head around to look at the sky in the distance.

"There aren't any who fulfill the requirements for the Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh, but this woman... even though she only fits the requirements a little, she's still adequate. There are quite a few who fit the requirements for the second Secret Art, though." The gigantic red dragon beneath Su Ming let out a roar and charged into the space in the sky before disappearing without a trace.

Soon, the sky above a plain of grass in the land of the Shamans suddenly distorted and a long red dragon charged out with a howl. Without even stopping for even a brief moment, he crashed into the ground.

A furious howl could be heard in the midst of that loud rumble as it reverberated in the sky. The ground shattered under that rumble and a large crack appeared. An endless amount of red fog crawled out as the gigantic dragon crashed into the ground and surrounded the area, causing the place to be shrouded in red fog. At the same time a howl came from within the fog, a red figure in the sky charged into the fog with a ferocious expression.

The continuous rumbles lasted for an hour, then the area fell silent. That red fog gathered together and once it turned into that gigantic red dragon again, it shot up from the ground and flew towards the sky. At the same time it flew up, two figures were revealed in a deep pit on the ground.

One of them stood there with red robes, red hair, and a pair of strange, purple lips. That person was naturally the red-haired Su Ming. His right hand was pressing on an old man's head.

That old man shivered as he knelt before Su Ming. He had his hands fixed on the ground with a pained expression on his face. As his body was wracked with violent shivers, wisps of white smoke crawled out from his eyes, ears, nose, and lips, and they quickly seeped into Su Ming's body.

This process lasted for some time before Su Ming let go of his right hand. He turned around and took a step into the air to land on the long, red dragon. As the dragon let out a howl, it charged into space and disappeared once again.

The old man kneeling on the ground coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. With a pale face, he looked in the direction Su Ming had left with shock and fear. His body was incredibly weakened, but he immediately struggled up to his feet regardless of his weakened body and quickly left the area.

Within a mountain range in the land of the Shamans were two gigantic ferocious beasts of 10,000 feet big fighting against each

other. One of them looked like a tiger but had a pair of wings. Its roars shook the sky and earth.

The creature fighting against the tiger was a ball of flesh that floated in midair. That ball of flesh continued wiggling around, causing black liquid to fall on the ground, letting out sizzling sounds once it touched the earth. There were numerous tentacles on its body, and at the end of each of the tentacles was a big mouth. There were many sharp teeth within those mouths, and they were all fighting against that tiger-like creature.

That fight had lasted for several days, but on this day, as they continued fighting against each other, suddenly, a blood-red dragon charged out from the space in the sky above them with a howl. At the same time it charged towards the two beasts, it stirred up a large amount of red fog in the area. The two beasts were shocked, and when they lifted their heads to look, a red figure jumped into the fog. Loud, rumbling sounds traveled out from the fog, along with the ferocious beasts' furious howls and roars.

After some time, the red fog gathered together to turn into the dragon. Su Ming stood on the dragon's head. As the dragon rose into sky and disappeared into nothingness, the tiger-like beast lay in the mountain range on the verge of death. The disgusting ball of flesh was split in half and a large amount of black blood corroded the ground around it, and it was letting out a rotten stench.

The same sight appeared in many places in the land of the Shamans during that day. In their shock, all the hidden powerful Shamans were forced to face an existence that terrified them, and all of them had a large amount of their power sucked away.

Most of the ferocious beasts went through the same fate.

It was midnight. Within a valley in the land of the Shamans was a beautiful woman. She was trembling while staring fixedly at the person standing before her.

With red robes, a head full of red hair, and purple lips, that person exuded a cold presence. He was naturally the red-haired Su Ming. At that moment, he had his right index finger pointing at the center of the woman's brows with a frown on his face, though no one had any idea what he was thinking about.

"Who are you?!" the woman cried out in a shrill voice. As she trembled, her eyes became filled with despair.

There were eight corpses around her, and all of them had died horrible deaths. It was difficult for her to forget what happened moments ago. She was just training there quietly, but this red-haired man suddenly appeared, and with just one swing of his arm, all her followers started fighting and killing each other as if they had gone mad.

"I am a disciple of the God of Shamans Temple. If you touch me, the entire God of Shamans Temple won't let you get away with it!" The despair in the woman's eyes became increasingly prominent.

The red-haired Su Ming looked as calm as ever and did not bother himself with the woman's shrill screeches. He kept his right hand on the center of the woman's brows. After a long while, he

frowned.

"It's a pity. You might be a virgin, but your aura of Yin is not enough. It must be related to the cultivation method you're practicing. You must be training here because the aura of Yin in this place is strong as well." Su Ming shook his head, then lowered his right index finger from the center of her brows. He tapped the woman's robes, and immediately, her robes were ripped into pieces and disappeared.

With tears and hate in her eyes, the woman closed her eyes.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the woman's body. He did not seem like he was looking at a body, but his cold gaze made it seem like he was just looking at an ingredient. After a long while, he shook his head once again.

"The damage to your aura of Yin is too great. You aren't up to standard." Su Ming turned around and no longer bothered himself with the woman. He was just about to leave when the woman spoke.

"Just who are you?!" She swiftly opened her eyes.

"I am Su Ming." With one move, the red-haired Su Ming disappeared from the place.

"Su Ming... Su Ming!" The woman gritted her teeth and engraved that name deep into her mind.

This day was like a disaster to the powerful warriors in the Shaman Tribe. As Su Ming discovered these warriors within the area in his divine sense, as he went to them, as he continued attacking and absorbing their power, his level of cultivation grew at a shocking pace, and he became increasingly stronger.

Dantian region is the spot below the belly button. Apparently, for people who practice Qi, Qi gathers at that spot, but dantian region is a shared term used in ISSTH and RI, so it should be familiar to quite a number of you :3

Simurgh is a legendary benevolent bird in Iranian mythology that is equivalent to a phoenix, 鸞 (luan) is also a legendary bird related to a phoenix. In Huainanzi, luan was translated as simurgh.

Chapter 394: I Came for Her!

Autumn Sea Tribe still had yet to complete their migration, but they were about to reach their destination. They were moving slowly at the edges of the land of the Shamans. There were numerous mackerel pikes swimming in the sky. The turtles on the ground were also moving slowly. The End Shaman, Zong Ze, was sitting cross-legged on his turtle. At that moment, his expression was dark, and he was occupied by his thoughts.

By his side, Wan Qiu also kept her silence while occasionally looking towards Zong Ze.

Time trickled by. They should have set up camp to rest during this dark night, but Zong Ze felt a sense of danger in his heart, which was why he asked his tribe to continue moving through the night, causing the entire tribe to stay alert of their surroundings. Only by doing so could they keep their battle power up to the best of their abilities when danger descended on them.

Wan Qiu looked at the sky and saw stars decorating the entire night sky. The warriors in the tribe were still in rather good condition, but most of the normal tribe members and the children were already tired.

"Sir Zong Ze... should we let the tribe rest for a while..?" Wan Qiu bit her bottom lip and asked softly.

Zong Ze remained silent for a moment and was just about to speak when his expression immediately changed. He stood up

swiftly and lifted his head to look at the sky in the distance. His face turned incredibly dark.

Wan Qiu was taken aback for a moment. When she looked over as well, she did not see any changes in the dark sky. Just as she began to feel uncertain, a flash of red shot out suddenly from the dark sky, followed soon after by a roar that shook the sky. In that quiet night, that roar thundered in the air, shaking the sky so much that the mackerel pikes shuddered. The turtles on the ground also started trembling.

That red light was a gigantic red dragon that was 100,000 feet long. That dragon seemed to have crawled out from empty air. Once it appeared, it roared, and its roars spread in all directions. There was a man in red robes and long, fiery red hair standing on its head. Naturally, that man was Su Ming!

However, his current appearance had drastically changed from his original look. Those purple lips of his especially filled him with a strange air.

However, even if that was the case, all those who had seen him before could still find a trace of the original Su Ming from his current appearance, just like Wan Qiu did. When she saw him, her eyes immediately widened in disbelief.

Even Zong Ze was stunned when he saw Su Ming. He could clearly recognize that the person standing on the blood dragon in the sky was the powerful warrior that appeared during the day in the land of the Shamans. However, he absolutely did not expect that the mysterious powerful warrior would be Su Ming!

There were also several other people who recognized Su Ming, including that old female Latter Shaman. Once they saw Su Ming, they were all surprised.

"Sir, why did you come here deep in the middle of night?" It did not matter whether this mysterious powerful warrior was Su Ming or not, Zong Ze was still wary. At that moment, he leapt up and appeared in midair to stand before Su Ming.

"You... are very strong, but you're not my opponent." Su Ming swept his crimson eyes past Zong Ze, then scanned through the entire Autumn Sea Tribe on the ground. Suddenly, he narrowed his eyes and trained his gaze on Wan Qiu.

"I came for her." Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed at Wan Qiu with his index finger, along with the three inch long fingernail attached to that appendage.

The moment Su Ming pointed at her, Wan Qiu's expression immediately changed. She frowned, and an aloof look appeared in her eyes.

"How preposterous. Sir, you're going too far by asking for Autumn Sea Tribe's Sacred Lady!" Zong Ze said coldly with a dark look on his face. His eyes glinted, and he had already prepared himself for a big fight.

"I'm not asking for your opinion. I'm telling you that I'm taking her away." As he spoke, the red-haired Su Ming took a step forward

with a calm expression, seemingly ignoring Zong Ze. He started walking towards the ground where Autumn Sea Tribe was.

Killing intent shone in Zong Ze's eyes. He might be wary of the feeling Su Ming brought to him at the moment, but he had to take action. With a move, he rushed towards Su Ming within an instant. As he lifted his right hand, the power of Soul Catchers erupted forth from his body. It also faded out under that power, making it seem as if he had become one with the world. The illusionary shadow of the Candle Dragon also appeared faintly behind him.

Once that shocking power appeared on Zong Ze's body, even the dark sky seemed to have frozen up. However, the moment he closed in on Su Ming, Su Ming did not even spare him a glance. He only lifted his right hand, and the instant Zong Ze arrived, he made a seal. Once that seal appeared, Su Ming changed that gesture, and within that short instant, he had already changed the hand seal nine times.

"I grant you the crimson eyes of the night..." As Su Ming spoke with a calm tone, he changed those hand seals nine times. With every single word he spoke, he would change a hand seal, and once he finished saying those nine words, he pushed outward.

With that one push, two red dots suddenly appeared in the dark sky. If anyone took a closer look at those red dots, they would find that they were two stars. At the instant those two stars turned red, a heavenly might descended upon Zong Ze, who was closing in on Su Ming.

A violent shudder wracked Zong Ze's body and his expression drastically changed, because he had just discovered that his body was frozen in midair and he could not move an inch.

"I grant you the violet lips of the sky..." Su Ming walked over to the pale Wan Qiu, and as he spoke, he formed nine seals once again with his right hand and pushed towards the ground.

The ground shook with a loud rumble, and as if it had melted, layers of ripples appeared on the land, which was followed soon by a piercing ray of light shooting out from within the ripples. With just one push, Su Ming made the land disappear.

In its place was a brilliant and bright piece of sky!

The earth had turned into the sky! As the people stood on the ground, they felt as if they were standing on the sky. This strange change caused the members of Autumn Sea Tribe around the area to let out cries of surprise. However, right at the moment they shouted in surprise, they immediately noticed that their bodies seemed to be frozen in place, and none of them could move even a single bit.

All of them could not move, including Wan Qiu, including the old female Latter Shaman.

Zong Ze's pupils shrank in the dark. His breathing quickened, and disbelief appeared on his face. He might have been expecting Su Ming to be strong, but he did not expect that he would be so powerful. This was not any sort of divine ability or Art, this was

the physical materialization of his divine sense!

‘He turned his divine sense into his willpower and sealed up everything that belonged to the night. He imprisoned all the living souls in this morning sky. This person... this person... just what is his level of cultivation?!’ Zong Ze’s face turned pale with shock.

Su Ming’s floating red robes, bewitching red hair, pale face, and purple lips gave him a unique charm. The red-haired Su Ming walked towards Wan Qiu, his target, right under the people’s shocked gazes, in the face of the fear directed towards him from the powerful End Shaman in the sky, and in the midst of the growls coming from the Earthen Aura Fiendish Dragon.

Wan Qiu’s beautiful face was already void of blood. She looked at Su Ming walking towards her, watched him seal Zong Ze by just lifting his hand, the person who was like a deity in their tribe, then with another wave of his hand, seal up the entire land. This mighty power was something she had never seen before in her life.

Su Ming approached her slowly, but there was less than 1,000 feet between him and Wan Qiu. The instant it seemed like he would be arrive before her with just another step, Su Ming suddenly frowned. When he did so, a muffled roar suddenly came from the sky in the distance.

As that roaring sound echoed, a mackerel pike so huge that no one could see its end at first glance appeared high up in the sky. That mackerel pike glared at Su Ming as if it was facing off a powerful enemy and let out a low growl in the sky.

"A blood descent of the Northern Nether Sea..?" Su Ming lifted his head to cast a glance at the gigantic mackerel pike, and a brilliant spark appeared in his eyes.

He immediately gave up on walking towards Wan Qiu. Instead, with a glint in his eyes, he flew up in an instant. The piercing whistle as he broke through air rang through the sky, and Su Ming charged straight towards the gigantic mackerel pike in the sky.

A powerful killing intent appeared on him, and the strength of that killing intent could be clearly felt by all the people in Autumn Sea Tribe.

"No!" Wan Qiu trembled. There were tears in her eyes as she let out that weak, wobbly cry. She could feel the killing intent on Su Ming's body, and she did not believe that the mackerel pike could win against this him, who could even seal away Sir Zong Ze.

Despair appeared in her eyes and her body shook violently. Su Ming's appearance and his strength was something she absolutely had not predicted. In fact, under that seal, she was also the only one who could hear her own weak cry.

She watched Su Ming fly up, and as he closed in on that gigantic mackerel pike, she screamed in her heart, telling that mackerel pike to leave.

A shrill howl fell out of the lips of the mackerel pike in the sky, followed by a red fog that covered all of heaven. The mackerel

pike's shrill howls grew stronger within that fog, making Wan Qiu feel as if there were blades piercing through her heart repeatedly.

The entire land fell into silence. Even Zong Ze, too, fell silent.

The fog in the sky dissipated an hour later. The mackerel pike continued floating in the sky, but it had become much smaller and was filled with the aura of death. However, it was not truly dead. There was still a hint of life left within it.

Su Ming walked down from midair. There was still blood at the corner of his lips, blood that belonged to that mackerel pike. His presence had clearly become much stronger than before.

"Since you don't want it to die, I'll spare it!" Su Ming walked towards Wan Qiu and stood before her, then lifted his right hand to press at the center of the woman's brows. After a long while, a smile appeared on his face.

"Not bad. You might also not really fulfill the requirements, but it's adequate." As Su Ming spoke, he held Wan Qiu in his arms. Just as he was about to turn around and leave, he suddenly turned his head after taking a few steps, and his crimson eyes fell on the old female Latter Shaman standing not too far in the distance.

"I don't know why, but among all these people, I just don't like you." As Su Ming spoke, the red glint in his eyes instantly flared up, then he turned around and left.

The moment he was gone, the old woman's face instantly turned red as if her blood was boiling. Pain appeared on her face and her head exploded a moment later. Her body was torn from limb to limb, and the moment she died, wisps of white smoke left her body. A portion of it seeped into Su Ming, and the other portion circled in the air a few times before it moved toward another direction, crawling into the body of a pale young man standing in the crowd, causing his body to shudder and his level of cultivation to show signs of increasing. That young man... was Ya Mu!

When Wan Qiu saw the old woman die, she shuddered, and the brightness in her eyes faded away.

Chapter 395: He is Destiny!

The man and the dragon came and brought Wan Qiu away with them. Besides the strength of his power, the red-haired Su Ming also brought with him a domineering presence that could not be found on the usual Su Ming.

That domineering presence caused Wan Qiu to revere him while harboring mixed feelings within her heart, even though he left in silence.

As dawn was about to be over, the red-haired Su Ming stood on a remote mountain far from Autumn Sea Tribe. The blood dragon hovered in the sky and would protect the area when Su Ming casted that Secret Art.

Wan Qiu stood behind him and watched the red-haired man before her with a complicated look. Besides a slight similarity in his appearance, this person was completely different from the Su Ming in her memories.

"I am going to use you to cast a Secret Art. You can be as unwilling as you like, but if you control yourself and do this willingly, then you'll be in less pain." Once the red-haired Su Ming finished speaking, he turned around and his gaze fell on Wan Qiu.

"Are... you Su Ming?" Wan Qiu remained silent for a moment before she bit her lip and asked in a bare whisper.

"Yes!" As Su Ming answered, he lifted his right hand and swung it

before him. Immediately, a layer of red fog spread out and covered Wan Qiu within. He took a step forward and walked into the fog.

Time passed by slowly. The sky gradually brightened up. Noon came, and the sunlight brought down scorching heat onto the ground. However, it was freezing cold in the remote mountain where the blood dragon was. As the cold wave of air crashed into the heatwave, distortions appeared in the air.

The noon sun weakened, the entire afternoon, too, passed by. When the setting sun dyed the sky red and started disappearing slowly, the red fog at the peak of the remote mountain also started slowly thinning out.

When midnight arrived and moonlight illuminated the land with its gentle rays, the fog at the peak of the mountain disappeared completely. The red-haired Su Ming walked out from within. His lips were no longer purple, but had already returned to a pink hue. However, his long hair was still in that strangely captivating bright red shade. Once it was set against his red robes, it made him seem as if he had turned into another person.

"Di Tian..." Su Ming mumbled. He stood at the peak of the mountain and spread out his divine sense swiftly. This time, his divine sense had become even greater than it was a day before yesterday. Once it covered the area, Su Ming closed his eyes.

A moment later, he opened his eyes and looked towards the south.

"I don't know where that is, and there's no need for me to know where that is either... I only need to know that I can leave from that place and go to the Realm of the Immortals.

"There is a large amount of Immortals' presence in the mountain to the south. I can go back to the Realm of the Immortals from there." Su Ming looked at the south and took a step forward. Immediately, the blood dragon moved with him as if it wanted to follow him.

"Acknowledge her as your master. You were a [dragon vein](#) that existed on earth, but once you manifested I imbued you with my divine sense and you gained your intelligence from there. Now, I am going to leave. Stay here and become her guardian beast."

Su Ming did not turn his head back. With one step forward, his body gradually turned invisible and he disappeared in midair. The blood dragon was momentarily stunned and lingered around in midair for a moment before letting out a broken-hearted howl.

It could not bear to part with this master of his, whom it had only been with for two days, because in its memories, the blood dragon was born because of its master.

As the blood dragon let out its broken-hearted howl, Wan Qiu opened her eyes at the peak of the mountain. She looked in the direction Su Ming had left. She had heard his words, and she fell silent.

All her clothes were left intact and not a single article of clothing

was missing on her, and in fact, she felt as if she had just fallen asleep and had had a dream. Her expression turned incredibly complicated. She had an indescribable feeling towards this Su Ming. She should hate him, but she could not find a reason for her to hate him deeply. She should be confused, but she could not find the source.

That mixed feeling of hers made Wan Qiu lie on the mountain for a very long time before she stood up, exhausted, then walked down the mountain in a daze. The blood dragon followed behind her in accordance to Su Ming's will.

This was the third day. Su Ming knew that he did not have much time left. He could feel the signs of slumber rising once again within him, but he still had yet to kill Di Tian. He could not find it in himself to accept wasting his time like this, not after he woke up through so much difficulty.

He walked in the sky, towards a destination that could not be seen with his naked eye but could be detected with his divine sense - a mountain located to the south of the land.

The Immortals' presence was strong in that mountain. It was also the spot with the highest amount of dimensional cracks Su Ming could see with his divine sense. He was very certain that he could return to the Realm of the Immortals over there, and once he went back, he would use the shortest amount of time possible to find Di Tian and fight against him once more!

'It's a pity that the woman only fulfilled certain requirements for the Secret Art and couldn't bring out the full potential...' Su Ming

shook his head. This was already the woman who best fit the requirements among all those he could find.

As he moved forward, he came closer to the mountain he could not see in his eyes. Gradually, the killing intent in his eyes grew stronger. His long red hair and red robes caused his entire person to look as if he had stirred up a sea of blood that was closing in rapidly on the mountain.

However, as Su Ming continued charging forward, he came to a sudden halt. His body was revealed in that sea of blood, and as he stared at the quiet emptiness before him, a chilling glint appeared in his eyes.

At the same time, the space in the distance distorted and out came two people. They were a man and a woman, and one of them was old, while the other young.

The old man wore a Daoist robe. His expression when he appeared was grave, and he was staring at Su Ming with brightly burning eyes.

The woman beside him had long hair, and she was the female Immortal Su Ming had run into previously in Sky Mist City's battlefield!

The instant she saw Su Ming with his current appearance, the woman's eyes widened and her breathing quickened. Disbelief appeared on her face.

"Sir, which sect did you come from? I am Bai Er Yuan from Hidden Dragon Sect..."

"Begone!" The red-haired Su Ming said coldly and cut off the old man's words. He walked forward. He did not have much time and did not want waste it over here.

The old man stared at Su Ming with a dark face, but did not attack. He could feel a strong sense of danger from Su Ming, and that sense of danger was rarely found ever since he came to the land of the Berserkers.

"Heh heh. My fellow Daoist, are you in a hurry? If that is the case, then I won't try to stop you." The old man had lived for a long time and had already learned how to be adaptable. If he did not have full confidence, he would not easily strike. Even if he had come on orders and brought that woman along, if he really needed to release the seal on his own power, then he could use that woman to stall time.

Besides, he could tell from the direction Su Ming was going to that there was only one possible thing that could attract his attention - the Mountain of Descending. Once he recalled that the sect's powerful warriors were in the mountain, the old man took a few steps back and cupped his fist as a show of respect before bowing with a smile.

Once that old man moved back, Su Ming walked past him, and right when they looked as if they were not going to fight against each other, the long-haired woman suddenly spoke quickly with an ashen face.

"He's Destiny! He wants to go back to the Realm of the Immortals!"

Right when the word 'Destiny' fell out of the woman's mouth, the red-haired Su Ming's footsteps suddenly came to a halt. At the same time, once that old man got over his momentary shock, his expression changed drastically.

"What did you say?!"

"I saw Destiny before. He's Destiny!" A complicated and terrified look appeared on the long-haired woman's face. As she spoke, she moved back.

Su Ming frowned, then took a swift step forward, but right at the instant he took that one step, the old man behind him let out a low growl.

"Fellow Daoist, stop!" The old man's white hair floated in the air, and a strong wave of pressure erupted forth from his body.

The instant Su Ming turned around and looked over coldly, the old man had already finished forming hand seals with his right hand and pointed at the sky. Immediately, the wind and clouds moved, and a large runic symbol appeared above. The runic symbol shone with a golden light and charged towards Su Ming with a howl.

At the same time, as the old man swung his arm forward, and a large amount of runic symbols appeared around Su Ming. These runic symbols shone with a strange light and started spinning rapidly around Su Ming.

"Cover up the Berserkers' heavens for me. I'm going to release my seal to make him stay in this place for a while. Once I release my seal, all our fellow sect members will immediately notice and come to kill him!" The old man's anxious words fell into the long-haired woman's ears.

The long-haired woman looked at Su Ming with a complicated expression as she retreated with a pale face. She had originally not wanted to speak, but after a moment of hesitation and after she thought about the terrifying disaster that will appear in the Realm of the Immortals once Destiny returned, she still chose to reveal his identity.

As she moved back, she brought out a small white bottle from her bosom, and with a complicated look on her face, she poured out a drop of blood from within. Once that drop of blood fell out, she formed some seals with her hands and opened her mouth to suck in that drop of blood. That droplet was instantly sucked into her mouth, and the woman's gaze turned even more profound. She lifted her hands and pointed at the sky, and immediately, darkness appeared in the sky above, as if it was covered up by a layer.

The old man's hair started moving even without wind. His presence grew increasingly stronger. In an instant, he had already surpassed the state of End among the Shamans and reached an unknown level. Yet even so, he was still incredibly wary of Su

Ming.

Once the seals suppressing the old man's power were broken, the invisible layer in the sky distorted. Bolts of lightning started swimming about in those distortions, and the air around them started tumbling about like fog. It was as if there was something in the air.

A mighty pressure enveloped the world and started spreading rapidly towards the surroundings.

"Since you're seeking death, then I will grant you your wish!" The red-haired Su Ming spoke coldly, and once he swept his gaze past the old man, whose presence increased explosively, he looked at the long-haired woman.

"As for you, you fulfill the requirements. You'll be able to let my power recover a little more." As Su Ming spoke, a hint of brutality appeared on his lips in the form of a smile. That smile was strangely captivating, and when that smile entered the old man's eyes, it made his heart thump. When that smile entered the long-haired woman's eyes, it made her think of something, and a hint of absent-mindedness appeared on her face.

At the same time these extreme changes appeared, the middle-aged man wearing an Emperor's cloak and crown walked out of the air, right above Sky Mist City, at the part connecting the land of the Shamans and the land of the Berserkers. That man was expressionless and his eyes were cold. Once he appeared, he did not look at the land underneath. Instead, he took a step towards the land of the Shamans, and his body instantly faded away before he

disappeared into nothingness.

Dragon vein is a concept in Fengshui. Apparently dragon veins create the formation of mountains because a dragon's Qi is almighty and all that, so for a good afterlife, the Emperors and members of the royal family were buried in these places.

Chapter 396: Hidden Dragon Dao

The red-haired Su Ming smiled coldly and simply looked at the old man while his presence continued growing stronger. Even as he was facing the numerous runic symbols floating around him and the gigantic golden runic symbol charging towards him in the sky, he turned a blind eye towards all of it and was completely not bothered.

"Hidden Dragon Sixth Dao, Fire in Sleeves!"

Ever since the old man heard the word 'Destiny', his expression turned incredibly grave, along with a slight hint of nervousness. At that moment, as he spread out his arms, his hair started moving without wind and his robes started fluttering about. Once the long-haired woman formed an invisible barrier with an Art using a drop of blood from the bottle to cover up the Berserkers' heavens, the old man revealed a large part of his power, and he immediately attacked with one of the great divine abilities of Hidden Dragon Sect.

The moment the last three words fell out of his mouth, the old man lifted his arm. His face instantly turned red. He had his lips shut tight, holding in a breath of his Primordial Qi, and he waved his arm at Su Ming.

With that one swing, huge banging sounds instantly rang in the air before the old man, then right before their eyes, a sea of fire appeared as if the air itself was burning. The sea of fire continued spreading out, and in the blink of an eye, it had already covered up the entire area.

At that moment, the old man opened his mouth, and he breathed out that puff of Primordial Qi contained in his previously shut mouth. That one puff caused a violent gust of wind to stir and swept through the area, and it gathered up the sea of fire around them to charge towards Su Ming!

From the distance, it looked as if the sky was burning, and the sea of fire looked as if it wanted to swallow Su Ming. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and the sea of fire enveloped Su Ming in an instant. It was also at that moment that the golden runic symbol in the sky and the other runic symbols around Su Ming charged towards him along with the sea of fire to kill him.

Those thunderous rumbling sounds shook the sky and earth. The red-haired Su Ming stood in the air with a cold smile and did not move a single inch, simply allowing those runic symbols around him to attach themselves to his body, the gigantic golden runic symbol from the sky to stick to his head with a huge bang, and gave permission to the sea of fire around him to drown him in flames.

Those divine abilities struck Su Ming, but not only was there not a hint of happiness on the old man's face, his eyes also went so wide that it looked as if they were about to fall out of his eye sockets. He sucked in a sharp breath with disbelief on his face.

The sea of fire that had enveloped Su Ming shrank swiftly from its previously grand and flashy state in the span of a few breaths until it eventually disappeared completely. Su Ming continued standing there and only opened his mouth to suck in a breath.

The sea of fire that had spread around him was completely sucked into his mouth, as if his body itself was a bottomless pit. At the same moment, all the golden runic symbols on Su Ming's body became dimmer and eventually disappeared from his skin as if they had melted. The gigantic golden seal on his head also faded out at a rapid pace and eventually turned into a wisp of golden air that crawled into the top of Su Ming's skull.

Su Ming's face was as calm as ever. As he continued smiling coldly, a hint of derision appeared in his eyes, and he said languidly, "Too weak. I will give you two more chances to attack me."

The old man's expressions kept changing as he stared at Su Ming and he started groaning in his heart. He might have heard about some of the rumors about Destiny, but he had never expected him to be so terrifying. That Fire in Sleeves he casted just now was enough for him to fight against those in the Berserker Soul Realm, but this Destiny was completely unharmed.

'Damn it, why is he Destiny? If he wasn't, then I wouldn't have to risk my life trying to stall him here. The celestial phenomenon has appeared now, so the others from the sect should be coming soon...' The old man's eyes sparkled and the desire to retreat appeared in his heart. Yet at that moment, Su Ming's smile turned even colder before him.

"If you don't attack within three breaths, then I will let you have a taste of my divine abilities." As Su Ming spoke, he lifted his right hand and curled his fingers into a fist, then swiftly unfurled them.

Once he did so, he pressed his palm against the air.

That one push immediately caused the ground beneath him to tremble, and cracks suddenly appeared. At the same time, a vast amount of earthen aura shot up with a loud rumble like a wave of air, sealing up a circular area of five thousand li, turning the place into a cage.

Not a single shadow of a person could be seen if anyone looked from the distance. They would only be able to see an indistinct wall of air that surrounded the place and was linked to the sky.

This sort of divine ability, this sort of Art that used earthen aura caused the old man's pupils to shrink. He instinctively took a few steps back and shock appeared in his eyes. Sweat broke out on his forehead, and as he groaned in his heart, he also grew to hate that long-haired woman whose face had turned equally pale. If the woman had not revealed his identity, there would be no need for him to attack.

He was stuck. When Su Ming spoke, the old man remembered what he said about three breaths and knew he did not have any time to think more. The old man's hair danced wildly in the air and veins popped up on his face. He lifted his right hand and started forming seals before him so quickly that in the blink of an eye, numerous after images flashed before him as if they were connected together.

As the old man made those seals, the veins that had popped up on his face started twisting and moving, turning into a pattern that looked like the stripes on a tiger's face!

An incredibly powerful presence erupted forth from his body. The power of that presence caused wind to stir and clouds to tumble in the sky above the land of the Shamans and beyond the invisible screen of light casted by the long-haired woman to serve as their cover. The sky became indistinct, and muffled whistles could be heard traveling forth.

It was followed soon after by a bolt of lightning charging forth with a thunderous crackle from that dull and indistinct sky. A large crack formed above, and when it appeared, an indescribable pressure stretched out, descending on them.

Su Ming lifted his head and stared at the crack. A rarely seen look of seriousness appeared on his face. As for the old man, his heart was trembling in fear at the moment. When he saw the crack above him, he gritted his teeth and continued forming seals to cast another Art.

As for the long-haired woman, there was a layer of blood-red light surrounding her, and it shone from within her. It seemed like it had yet to become bright, but it had an incredibly powerful defensive ability. As the person chosen by the sect to cover the sky of Berserkers, her safety was usually the most important thing in a battle of Arts.

Yet at that moment, her face had turned pale. Blood flowed out of the corner of her mouth. Clearly, maintaining the Art to cover the sky of Berserkers was something she could not do for long.

More importantly, there was something off about her expression. She was not looking at the old man, but kept her eyes trained on Su Ming. There was a complicated look in her eyes. Occasionally, she would look as if she was in a daze, as if she was not sure whether revealing his identity had been the right thing to do.

She would never forget. When she was just an Outer Sect disciple of Hidden Dragon Sect, she became part of a team that was given a secret mission due to a selection. There were nearly a hundred girls in that team. At that time, she had been cowardly, and she was only at the sixth level of Qi Condensation. She was also very weak. She did not want to become a Cultivator, and only wanted to go back home and be with her parents.

It was not her wish to be an Outer Sect disciple of Hidden Dragon Sect either. It was simply because she was the only one in the family that had the physique to become a Cultivator. For the sake of her family to continue the line of Cultivators, she had to enter Hidden Dragon Sect.

Once she joined that team, she was sent to a strange place along with her other fellow sisters. Only seven from among the one hundred something people remained over there, and the others were all not chosen. She... was one of the seven chosen.

It was also in that strange place that she lived for one hundred eighty years...

The long-haired woman bit down on her lip. With a dazed look in her eyes, she looked at Su Ming blankly, as if she had forgotten about everything.

As the crack appeared in the sky and the terrifying pressure appeared, the old man continued forming those seals with his right hand, then suddenly lifted his hand and pointed at Su Ming.

"Hidden Dragon Third Dao, Crouching Tiger!"

That one finger caused the twisted tiger stripes on his face to float before him in the form of an illusion of a tiger's head. That tiger roared, and as it charged out, its body and limbs appeared to give it complete form, turning it into a semi-transparent tiger. As it charged out, its body lengthened in the face of wind, and its body stretched out to about several hundreds of feet long. It charged towards Su Ming with a roar.

"Hidden Dragon Third Dao, Hidden Dragon!"

Cloud and fog seeped out in a circular area of five thousand li, as if the area had turned into a sea of clouds. As the sea of clouds tumbled about, a python like body would occasionally show up inside, making it seem as if there was a gigantic python swimming about in the fog.

Almost at the moment the tiger pounced on Su Ming, a gigantic head shot out from the fog of clouds behind him. When that head appeared, a gust of wind filled with a bloody stench swept through the area, and two long whiskers shook in the air. That was not a python, but a ferocious dragon head.

That dragon only revealed its head, and most of its body

remained hidden in the clouds. Once it appeared, the dragon roared at Su Ming and charged towards him.

Before him was the semi-transparent tiger, and behind him was the ferocious dragon hidden in the clouds. Su Ming stood in the middle with a strange glint in his eyes. He did not dodge, but turned his body sideways and lifted his left hand to grab the tiger pouncing towards him. Then with two fingers pressed together, he pointed towards the dragon closing in from behind him.

"Complete Manifestations of Crimson Net, Reincarnations of the World!" Su Ming spoke slowly.

The instant he opened his mouth, his voice drowned out the tiger's howl and the dragon's roar. He turned his left hand into a claw and pressed it on the incoming tiger's head. When he did so, a hint of ghastliness appeared on Su Ming's lips. No one knew what sort of method he used, but with one swing of his left arm, a burst of energy was sucked into his body through his left arm from the tiger's body, and that energy was then transferred to his right hand. Immediately, Su Ming's right hand and his entire arm turned into a tiger that was the exact same tiger as the one before him!

From the distance, the tiger before Su Ming had not changed. Once the right hand turned into a tiger, his hand crashed into that dragon, but at that moment, a similar sight appeared. Su Ming left hand, pressed against the tiger's head, twisted and turned into the dragon!

This scene made it seem as if a dragon and a tiger shot out of Su

Ming's body. The dragon and tiger fought against each other, and right in midair, the tiger and dragon formed from the old man's divine abilities crashed into each other.

Chapter 397: Heaven's Halbert!

"I remember that there is an ancient Art in Hidden Dragon Sect called Hidden Execution of Justice. Do you know that Art?"

As thunderous rumbles shook the sky and earth, the old man coughed out a mouthful of blood. He staggered a few steps back, and Su Ming's calm voice appeared by his ears.

Right before his eyes where the dragon and tiger fighting against each other. He saw the dragon shattering and the tiger letting out a piercing howl before they disappeared. Su Ming walked out slowly from within.

His expression was as calm as ever. Not a hint of change could be seen on him. He stood there and looked at the old man coldly.

"You still have one chance. As long as you cast that style and let me see Hidden Dragon Sect's ancient Art, I won't kill you."

"Do you really mean it?!"

The old man's face was pale. He could tell that this Destiny knew that he was stalling for time and was completely not bothered by it, and it made him slightly terrified to realize it. The two clashes of divine abilities between them had also made the old man realize in shock that the power of this Destiny surpassed his imagination.

He could not understand how this person could have such power

and the crack in the Berserkers' heavens only locked down on him while not causing even a hint of trouble or interference for this person.

He was deeply regretful at the moment. In the face of this Su Ming, who did absolutely nothing to counter his attacks, he felt deep fear. When he heard Su Ming's words, he fell silent for a moment before he gritted his teeth and asked.

Su Ming frowned and answered languidly, "You just need to believe it."

A variety of expressions flitted through the old man's face. He had spread out his divine sense around the area previously and knew that everything around him had been sealed away. The power of that seal alone made it difficult for him to flee. He had no other choice. It did not matter whether what Su Ming said was real, he could only believe that there was that one chance. After a moment, he gritted his teeth.

"With your power, surely you will not degrade yourself to deceive me, senior. Since you want to see it, I will cast that Art, but it is difficult for me to completely cast the Hidden Execution of Justice. I can only cast it somewhat..."

As the old man spoke, he lifted his hands and tapped at his chest a few times in succession. Immediately, a red flush appeared on his face. He made some seals with his right hand and pointed before him.

"Hidden Dragon Sixth Dao, Fire in Sleeves!" The old man swung his arm, and the seals in his right hand changed before he tapped his right eye. Immediately, a yellow light appeared in his right eye. In fact, the moment the fire appeared, some of the fire that appeared on the old man's sleeve was sucked in straight into his right eye.

"Hidden Dragon Third Dao, Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon!"

The old man changed the seals on his right hand once again. A large amount of after images formed by hand seals appeared before him. Fog surrounded the area, and a dragon seemed to swim inside. Veins popped up on his face and the tiger's stripes appeared once again. The yellow light in his right eye flashed, and the old man's veins started swimming about on his face as if they were sucked into his right eye.

The moment they disappeared, a large amount of blood capillaries appeared in the old man's right eye. The instant the red in his eyes formed tiger stripes, the fog around them also rushed to him rapidly. Once it was absorbed into his right eye, a roaring and moving dragon appeared in the old man's right pupil!

"Hidden Dragon Ninth Dao, Autumn Harvest Winter Storage!" The old man shuddered, and as he gritted his teeth, blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. His left hand worked to form the hand seals, and he pointed before him once again.

"Hidden Dragon Eighth Dao, Hidden in Secret!"

"Hidden Dragon Seventh Dao, Covering Tracks in Shadows!"

"Hidden Dragon Second Dao, Concealment... in the Void!" The old man had cast a large variety of divine abilities in one go. Right at the moment these divine abilities appeared, they were immediately absorbed into his right eye.

After casting those six divine abilities, the old man's right eye appeared opaque. However, if anyone took a closer look, they would find that his eye seemed to be split into Yin and Yang, and the picture of the Eight Trigrams appeared vaguely in his eyes.

It was also at that moment that the mighty pressure from the giant crack in the sky became stronger. With a boom, an object slowly descended from within the crack!

It was a bronze-colored halberd! There was an arc at the tip of the halberd, and when it let out a chilling presence, the entire sky darkened as it descended. The clouds disappeared, and cracks indicating that space was shattering appeared, as if the world could not withstand this item descending upon it and was about to crumble.

A powerful divine sense spread from the halberd. In an instant, that divine sense enveloped the entire area. The halberd turned about slowly, as if it was searching for something.

Almost the instant that halberd appeared, all the clouds in the sky of the entire Land of South Morning started tumbling about, no matter where in South Morning they were. A strange howl

resounded and echoed through the sky.

That old man in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky in the land of the Berserkers opened his eyes at that moment. A hint of reticence appeared in his eyes as he stared fixedly at the sky.

There was a handsome middle-aged man within the sixth gate in Freezing Sky Clan's Heaven Gate. He was smiling and talking to the eight disciples of Heaven Gate before him. Occasionally, laughter could be heard ringing in the air. Those disciples would also laugh along with him respectfully. They looked to be in incredible harmony, but suddenly, the instant the strange howl reverberated in the air and the clouds tumbled about in the sky, the middle-aged man's expression changed and his smile disappeared. He lifted his head, and his pupils shrank. He stared at the sky, and there was a hint of anxiety in his pupils.

Within Western Sea Clan was a sea floating in the sky, an illusion formed by the powerful warriors in the clan. There were many islands on the surface of the sea, but that sea was in the sky, looking like a mirage, creating a huge clash to the eyes.

At that moment, there was an old man whose body looked like that of an ape on one of the islands above that sea. He wore a straw hat and had a fish bone sticking out of the corner of his mouth. He held a fishing rod in his hands and leaned against a big rock. He was fishing without a shred of worry at a sea underneath a cliff. Occasionally, he would hum a tune, and he looked incredibly relaxed.

Yet very soon, he swallowed that fish bone and looked towards

the sky with one swift movement. A variety of expressions flashed through his face, and after a long while, he stood up as if he was deep in thought. After a moment, he let out a long sigh and shook his head with a wry smile before crouching down once again and resuming his fishing. However, from the complicated look in his eyes, it could be seen that he no longer had any desire to fish.

The three people in the underground palace in Sky Mist City, including Sky Mist's ancestor, looked up at the same time. A cold smirk formed on Sky Mist's ancestor's lips. As for the other two, looks of shock appeared on their faces.

"This is what happens to Immortals who reveal their power. Now, my fellow Daoists, do you understand?" Sky Mist's ancestor asked slowly.

The same sight appeared in several locations in the land of the Shamans when the phenomenon appeared in the sky. The Immortals were not the only ones who sensed this in the Land of South Morning. Some of the powerful warriors in the older generation of the Shamans and Berserkers also noticed this strange change, and all of them harbored different thoughts in their minds...

The long-haired woman's face turned pale underneath the halberd. As she looked at the halberd beyond the barrier, panic appeared in her eyes. Once she saw it form beyond the invisible barrier, she immediately shone with a red light, and that flash of red allowed them to hide themselves away from the halberd's divine sense. The halberd might be turning around and sweeping through the land and sky with its divine sense, but it did not seem

to be able to see the Immortals beneath it.

The old man was feeling very nervous. In his fear, he formed those hand seals with his right hand, and once he tapped his right eye, he looked towards Su Ming.

"Senior, I can only fuse in six divine abilities and only cast a shred of Hidden Execution of Justice's power. I won't be able to maintain the Art for a long time either..."

As the old man spoke, he saw Su Ming walking towards him. Conflict appeared in his heart. The moment Su Ming arrived less than five hundred feet away from him, killing intent rose in the old man's heart. He was still used to having control in his heart.

"Hidden Execution of Justice!" With that growl, blood poured out of the old man's lips. Light shone from his right eye and illuminated an area of 100,000 feet. It shone brightly, like a sun, and within the Eight Trigrams in his right pupil, Su Ming's reflection appeared.

Yet the moment the old man let out that low growl, he suddenly let out a shrill cry of pain. Right before his eyes, he saw Su Ming taking a step forward and disappearing, and when he reappeared, he was already beside him.

Without any expression on his face, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and before the old man could dodge him, he seized the old man's right eye, and with one pull, he dragged out that right eye.

There were even some threads of blood and flesh connected to that eyeball. Once Su Ming pulled it out, those blood threads shattered. The old man's cries of pain shot out right after and he quickly retreated.

Su Ming did not bother himself with the retreating old man. Instead, he simply dipped his head down to look at the bloody eyeball in his right hand, and a pleased smile appeared on his lips.

"Not bad. With this inferior Hidden Execution of Justice, my chances of returning to the Realm of the Immortals has increased." Su Ming did not lift his head as he mumbled, he just raised his left hand and tore at the sky.

That casual rip caused the blood-red barrier covering the Berserkers' heavens to shudder and let out banging sounds. At the same time, it started shattering inch by inch, and in the blink of an eye, it turned into an innumerable amount of fragments that disappeared into nothingness. At the instant the barrier disappeared, the divine sense of the halberd in the sky swept towards them abruptly and locked onto the old man.

"You said you wouldn't kill me!"

The old man was already scared out of his wits and was madly suppressing his power, trying to hide his presence as an Immortal. At the same time, he let out a roar and his body turned into a bloody shadow, charging towards the distance at a shocking speed. He was so fast that he seemed to have turned invisible, as if he was piercing through space itself.

The halberd in the sky was completely not bothered by the old man's escape. It slowly turned its body and pointed itself in the direction where the old man left, then with a buzz, the halberd disappeared into the sky.

When it reappeared, it was already in the air ten thousand li away. It tapped at the area underneath gently, and there was an immediate shrill scream. The old man's body was revealed in the air, and when he coughed out blood, madness appeared in his eyes. He no longer tried dodging, but in a fit of insanity, he chose to self-destruct. He knew that he was going to die, but the grudge he held before his death made him choose to self-destruct without care of the consequences!

With a bang, the old man's body exploded, but the halberd seemed completely not bothered by it. It tapped down once again, and the old man's exploding body was bizarrely frozen in midair. It was as if his time was frozen and he could not continue with his own destruction. Instead, once he was touched by that halberd, his entire body melted and turned into a pool of blood that scattered to the ground...

Chapter 398: Berserker Tribe's Sacred Vessel!

Once the old man died, the bronze-colored halberd slowly turned its body and spread its divine sense swiftly in all directions around it. The light instantly covered Sky Mist City, and to the south, east, west, and north - the four corners of South Morning.

It covered the entire Land of South Morning.

At that moment, almost all the outsiders in the Land of South Morning felt their hearts trembling in fear no matter what level of cultivation they had. Even the old man in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky felt the same.

There was no point to the Immortals being powerful. At that moment, when the halberd descended, they did not dare reveal even a hint of their presence. All their eyes were filled with terror and anxiety, and that emotion was clear proof of the power of the person who left that halberd behind in the past. It was enough to prove that all outsiders in the land of the Berserkers... were in the end, outsiders!

The halberd in the sky moved forward slowly. Once it spread out its divine sense, a buzzing sound suddenly appeared from its body, and that buzz instantly covered the entire Land of South Morning, reverberating in its sky. That sound... was like a provocation!

It was as if the halberd was provoking all the Immortals hidden in the Land of South Morning to see who would dare to reveal their

presence!

"So strong..." There were four old men standing on a plain of grass beyond the Immortals' Mountain of Descending, the mountain which the Shamans could not see with their naked eye and which Su Ming was headed to. The four old men all looked at the sky with terror ridden, pale faces.

Once they had noticed the strange sight in the sky, they immediately moved, but when they walked out of the place, they had no choice but to descend. They did not dare continue fly in the sky.

"This is the Berserker Tribe... the terrifying, mysterious Berserker Tribe!"

"No wonder the Sect Leader yearned for the Berserker Tribe so much and even told us not to reveal our presence as Immortals too much. If we truly have to reveal our presence, we must have Celestial Maidens by our side to cover the Berserkers' heavens..."

"This is the third time I saw it appear. You appeared later, but I saw it twice before. Every single time, it would come due to a fellow Daoist not believing in the mysteries of the place and revealing his power, bringing his own death on his head."

Even Sky Mist's ancestor looked nervous under Sky Mist City. The other two people's faces were drained of blood, and they quickly suppressed all their power and presence. Shock and terror could be seen in their eyes.

"The Berserkers actually have such a powerful item..? That one strike from that weapon is already equivalent to the peak of the Second Step. Even if the Sect Leader or the others come, they will have trouble preventing this weapon from killing them!

"This... This... This Enchanted Vessel completely defies logic!"

"Just what is this place? This is just a vessel, and it already contains such insane power?! The Berserker Tribe is weak and the Shaman Tribe is insignificant, so why does a weak world like this have such a vessel!"

"Could it be that this is the reason why the Sect Leader and the Sect Elders place so much value on the land of the Berserkers? This is simply too terrifying. I just can't imagine the weak Berserker Tribe possessing such an Enchanted Vessel that doesn't even belong to their league! That Enchanted Vessel also clearly has Spiritual Sense. Who... who left it behind? Who... does it belong to?"

"Could it be... the first God of Berserkers?! That person who wrote down a humiliating part of our history, who enslaved us Immortals, who caused the death of a seventh of our people, who made the powerful Immortals prostrate to the Berserker Tribe if they wanted to form their own sects and could only do so if they were given approval..? The first God of Berserkers?!"

"Fellow Daoist Tian Lan, if the Land of South Morning has this thing, then does it mean that there are other Enchanted Vessels

like this in the other continents in the land of Berserkers?!"

The people in the underground palace were plunged into shock when that halberd appeared. After a long time, Sky Mist's ancestor spoke in a low voice.

"The other three continents have these so called sacred vessel of the Berserker Tribe lying around as well. However, compared to them, the truly terrifying one is the tribal vessel of the Berserker Tribe in Great Yu Dynasty... The Great Barren Cauldron. If this thing can be considered a tribal vessel, then you can only imagine just how powerful that one is!"

Besides the underground palace in Sky Mist City, all the other Immortals in the land of the Berserkers fell into silence as the halberd continued letting out that provoking buzz. They did not dare let out a shred of their presence as Immortals.

In the face of the Berserker Tribe's sacred vessel that could kill them in one hit, fear would rise in the people's hearts. Such a powerful Enchanted Vessel was rare even among the Immortals, and trying to subdue an Enchanted Vessel like this was so difficult it was practically impossible.

As buzzing sounds reverberated in the sky, all the Immortals in the Land of South Morning fell into dead silence, except... a middle-aged man wearing an Emperor's robe and crown walking in the sky from Sky Mist City.

That person had an expressionless face and there was not a hint

of the presence of an Immortal on him. He did not have any intelligence either, only a natural instinct, and because he did not have any intelligence, that was why even if he heard that provocative buzz and felt the pressure in the sky, he was not bothered by it.

Since he only had his natural instincts, that was why even as he moved, his presence as an Immortal was not evident. Besides, there was something on his body that caused the halberd to ignore him once it scanned through him with its divine sense like it did the deceased old man when he was shielded away by that barrier previously.

The halberd floated slowly in the sky for a distance before it stopped letting out that provocative buzz. It returned to the crack in the sky and slowly disappeared inside. Once it did so, that crack recovered and the pressure disappeared. The world returned to normal.

Yet even so, all the Immortals in the Land of South Morning felt their hearts trembling in fear, and most of them will, for a long time into the future, act extremely cautiously.

Su Ming had his head lifted and kept his gaze trained on the halberd right until it disappeared. There was a spark of curiosity in his eyes, before it eventually turned into regret and he sighed.

"It's a pity... that I can't subdue this weapon, or else..." The red-haired Su Ming shook his head and turned his gaze towards the long-haired woman nearby.

Right up till the end, the woman did not reveal too much of her presence as an Immortal. Casting the Art to cover the Berserkers' heavens mostly required the blood in the bottle, which was why even if the halberd appeared and killed the old man, it ignored her.

At that moment, she also looked towards Su Ming. Her petite body shivered in midair, and when Su Ming cast a glance at her, she averted her gaze.

With an aloof look, Su Ming walked towards her. The long-haired woman's face was pale and she took a few steps backwards, but she had already made her decision in her heart. She stopped retreating, lifted her head stubbornly, and looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming walked up to the woman and once he sized her up, he lifted his right index finger and used his fingernail to touch the center of the woman's brows.

After a long while, he lifted his finger.

"I should kill you, but you fit my requirements, so I will spare you." The red-haired Su Ming spoke slowly, and with a swing of his arm, a gust of red wind appeared out of nowhere, lifting up the long-haired woman along with him to charge towards the horizon. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared.

Several hundreds of thousands of li away from the Mountain of Descending in the land of the Shamans that still could not be seen with the naked eye was an incredibly famous forest. And it was

famous due to its beauty.

It was a fiery red forest. The red maple leaves there were special because no matter the season, they would always remain in their fiery red hue. From the distance, when the red leaves in the forest swayed in the wind, they would look like blazing flames.

At that moment, a gust of wind blew through the red leaves in the forest, causing sashaying sounds. The wind brought with it a cool breeze, and there were some leaves that twirled about in the air, dancing with it.

Fallen leaves covered the entire ground. Most of these leaves were red, though some of them had already started showing colors of withering. These leaves covered the entire ground, causing the people to feel as if they were walking in fire when when they stepped on it.

The red-haired Su Ming had brought the long-haired woman here two hours ago. Amidst the wind and the sashaying sounds of the leaves, the leaves around the area were like red fog that swirled in the air, forming a gigantic ball of maple leaves that existed quietly in the center of the forest.

When the sun set in the horizon, the light at dusk caused the fiery red hue in the place to be dyed in gold, giving it a different sort of beauty. At the same time, the ball of maple leaves in the forest slowly dissipated. When it did so and the leaves fell down, Su Ming walked out from within.

His hair seemed to have fused together with the maple leaves in the place. Even if some of them fell on his hair, no one would be able to notice it at first glance, and it was the same for his red robes. He, who walked out of the maple leaves, looked as if he was born in the fire-red forest.

His face was no longer pale and had a hint of red. His lips had already recovered to the normal shade of pink. However, the mark of peach blossoms at the center of his brows had become much more brilliant.

There was a woman sitting cross-legged among the scattered maple leaves behind Su Ming. The woman's long hair spilled on her shoulders. At that moment, she opened her eyes and looked at the leaving man. The complicated look in her eyes became even more prominent. Her robes were fully intact and not a single article was missing, but her face had become much paler.

"I've always been waiting for this day... I wasn't sure of it myself... I just wanted to see this Su Ming... You are him, but just a part of him..."

"You aren't awake yet..." she mumbled softly. There was an absent-minded look on her face. In her mind, she seemed to have returned to 180 years ago when she was still a coward and a weak girl from a small family who possessed the physique to become a Cultivator.

Under the guidance of her fellow sect members, she went to that place with over a hundred fellow disciples, and over there, she saw a person...

As that long-haired woman continued letting her mind wander, the red-haired Su Ming had gone further away. Gradually, he walked out of the fire-red forest and moved towards the evening sky. The wind sent him off, and there were a few maple leaves dancing in it... It was a truly... beautiful sight.

It did not matter whether it was Wan Qiu or the long-haired woman, the red-haired Su Ming never truly touched their bodies. The Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh only required their aura of Yin.

In fact, even if he had killed a lot of people on the way here, he did not feel that there was anything abnormal about it. However, if the old man in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky learned about it, he would definitely be able to find a few terrifying clues in his actions. In fact, he would definitely do everything he could without care of the consequences to notify his Master once he discovered this.

Chapter 399: Di Tian!

Di Tian

The red-haired Su Ming walked in midair and looked in the direction where the Immortals' Mountain of Descending was located. He took a deep breath, and his eyes shone with a red glare.

"Di Tian, I'm coming!" He took a step forward, and the instant his foot landed, his body distorted, and in the blink of an eye, that distorted body started gradually disappearing.

Three breaths after Su Ming disappeared, ripples appeared in the air at the spot where he had been previously, and a middle-aged man wearing an Emperor's robe and crown walked out from within those ripples. His face was as expressionless as ever. He cast a glance at the spot where Su Ming had been, then took one step and disappeared once again.

There was a mountain in the land of the Shamans that could not be seen with the naked eye. Even if the person stood before it, they would still be unable to see it. In fact, even if they ran straight into the mountain, not a hint of impact would be felt. Their bodies would pass straight through it as if there was nothing but air in the mountain.

That mountain was where the mysterious God of Shamans Temple was located in the land of the Shamans. It was also the spot where the Immortals on the Shamans' side chose to descend every single time.

When Su Ming walked out of thin air, there was a long and fierce river beneath him. The water was very quick and splashing sounds could be heard coming from it. If anyone looked down from the sky, they would find that the river was not too wide, but if that same person looked from one side of the river on the ground to the other, they would find that the river was several tens of thousands of feet wide.

The water was not very clear but slightly murky. No one could see how deep it was. If they placed their hands into the river and grabbed some of the water, they would find their hands filled with a lot of black sand.

Su Ming stood with his eyes closed and his divine sense spread around him. He saw a gigantic mountain that reached the clouds right in the middle of the long river. It stood erect in the river, causing the river to seem as if it was cut off, but in truth, the river's waters simply passed through the mountain and continued flowing downstream.

The entire mountain was black and shrouded in fog. There were black halls built in some corners of the mountain, and these halls looked closely packed to each other at first glance. No one knew just how many there were. There were several winding trails built on the mountain, and they were all covered in stone. It was a great contrast to the black hue on the mountain.

The highest number of halls were found near the peak of the mountain, and they surrounded the mountain in a circle. Some of them were even built in the mountain itself, as if someone had

simply dug a hole to turn it into a hall.

Su Ming scanned through the mountain with his divine sense and eventually gathered it at the top. There was a tall tower at the summit, and it had eighteen levels. The top was not sharp, but built in an octagonal shape. Those corners were spread out like a person spreading out his fingers, and that person had his hand lifted with his palm turned towards the sky as if he was trying to push against heaven itself.

At the center of the octagonal peak of the tower was an altar like structure. It was flat, and there was a rectangular object placed at the very center of the altar.

That item was built entirely out of black stones and was connected as one with the altar. It looked like a coffin... perhaps more accurately speaking, it was a coffin.

Occasionally, rays of black lightning would spread from the coffin and they would be absorbed by the octagonal peak of the tower. When sizzling sounds started, the bolts of lightning would then shoot out and charge towards the sky, eventually being swallowed by the clouds in the sky.

It could be vaguely seen that the clouds in the sky were very thick and floated heavily up there. However, that was the sight detected by divine sense. If anyone opened their eyes to look, they would find that there were no clouds in the sky, merely stars glowing faintly at dusk.

Su Ming retrieved his divine sense and opened his eyes to take a step forward in the air before him. The instant his foot landed, a layer of ripples suddenly appeared in the air before him. Those ripples fluctuated violently as if they wanted to prevent him from entering, but it only lasted for a moment before Su Ming took a step into those ripples, and his entire being disappeared from above the long river.

Almost the instant Su Ming disappeared, the man wearing the Emperor's robe and crown appeared in the sky. Without even a hint of hesitation, he took a step in the same direction as where Su Ming went.

When Su Ming reappeared, he was still standing in the sky, but there were now clouds swirling about above his head, and the fiercely running river was no longer beneath him. What laid under him now was the mountain that could not be seen with the naked eye.

The instant he appeared, he found the mountain enveloped in a state of silence, but he noticed multiple anxious sounds of breathing existing within the mountain. He did not bother himself with any of these, instead, with one move, he turned into a long arc that charged towards the tall tower at the peak of the mountain. However, right when he flew over, ripples appeared once again behind him, and the man with the Emperor's crown, the man who had been chasing him down all this while, walked out with one step.

Su Ming was still standing in midair at that time, but he came to an abrupt halt and turned his head back swiftly to stare at the man

with the Emperor's robe and crown walking out from thin air. His pupils shrank, his red hair danced in the air, and killing intent appeared in his eyes.

"Di Tian!" The red-haired Su Ming's heart thumped against his chest. He had his divine sense spread around him all the way as he traveled here, but he had never noticed anyone following him. When he saw the appearance of his pursuer clearly, his heart lurched within him, and he was instantly filled with monstrous killing intent.

This person was the one he wanted nothing short but to kill - Di Tian!

There was nothing that was more important to the red-haired Su Ming than the person he wanted to kill suddenly appearing before him. Even if this was just Di Tian's projection, if he was to compare finding Di Tian in the Realm of the Immortals within a few days to fighting against his projection right at this moment, without a moment of hesitation, Su Ming would choose the second choice!

Even if his logic would not allow him to make such a decision, all his power erupted forth from his body at that moment, causing booming sounds to reverberate in the world around him as if it could not withstand his power.

At that moment, due to Di Tian's appearance, the red-haired Su Ming did not notice a ray of light flashing through the cracks of the coffin on the altar at the octagonal peak of the tower, located on the tall tower at the peak of the mountain behind him...

Di Tian, who was dressed in the Emperor's robe and the crown, had an aloof expression on his face, as if he was made of ice itself. There was not a shred of emotion in his eyes, and from the moment he appeared, he did not stop for even an instant and simply walked towards the red-haired Su Ming.

A shocking presence spread from his body. He was like a sovereign descending upon the world, and no matter where he was, the place would end up as his territory. There was no one in the world, no power that could make him stop.

If he wanted to kill someone, then with just one command, that person would definitely die!

If he wanted someone to stay, then he would similarly just need one command, and the world would obey him!

As long as he was there, all the living would tremble, no matter whether they were Shaman or Berserker. That domineering presence was one of utmost dominance and majesty.

"When I lift mine hand, I can repair the defects of the sky and earth. What right dost thou have to call mine name? When I swing my arm, I can submerge the sun and moon. What right dost thou have to not kneel before me?!"

Di Tian spoke flatly. His voice was not loud. However, when his words tumbled out of his mouth, they sounded like thunder and spread in all directions, sounding as if the heavens itself was

speaking.

Chapter 400: Battle Against Di Tian!

Hearing Di Tian's calmly spoken domineering words was like facing the might of heaven itself. When he spoke, it felt like the heaven itself was interrogating all the living. And Di Tian, especially dressed in that cloak and that unique crown, looked as if he ruled over all realms and was in control of all the lives in the universe.

With that supreme majesty, he looked down on Su Ming. His voice was not loud, but there was a will within them that allowed no dispute, no disobedience. The world had to obey.

It was as if all the living had to tremble once they heard his words and must kneel down to worship. Endless respect and fear must appear in their hearts.

"What a load of bull!" The red-haired Su Ming's answer to Di Tian's domineering words were merely those five words! His hair burned in that fiery shade of red and the crimson light in his eyes was extremely bright when he stared at Di Tian.

He said languidly, "What does it have to do with me whether you can repair the defects of the sky and earth? Repairing things is a task given to laborers, why are you bragging about it?! What does it have to do with me whether you can submerge the sun and moon? Do the sun and moon need to bath? Is that supposed to make you mightier than the others?"

"But since you like this sort of status, then I will fulfill your

dreams!" The red-haired Su Ming looked at the incoming Di Tian and lifted his right hand swiftly to form a seal before he connected his index finger with his thumb. Once they formed a circle, he seized at the ground through the air.

Following his actions, the earth immediately started trembling violently.

At that moment, Di Tian lifted two fingers of his right hand and pointed casually at Su Ming. The instant he did so, Su Ming's body jolted, as if an invisible force had just crashed into him, pushing him so he instantly tumbled backwards. He was forced back several thousands of feet and cast out of the mountain.

Su Ming's vision blurred. The mountain disappeared, replaced by the flowing river on the ground. Everything returned to the sight he'd seen when he was outside the mountain's barrier.

Su Ming's face darkened. As he fell back, he began forming seals with both hands. He seized at the ground once again through the air and veins popped up all over his face. He let out a low growl.

At the same time, Di Tian took a step forward in Su Ming's direction, walking out of the area of the mountain in the land of the Shamans as well. His expression was as calm as ever, and not a hint of emotion could be seen. He looked at Su Ming and lifted his right hand once again. This time, he did not use just two fingers but sliced down with four.

That one slash caused the sky before Di Tian to suddenly let out

cracking sounds. Four gigantic cracks abruptly split the sky. It was dark inside those cracks, and a great chill spread out from within.

When the sky was cut down by Di Tian's four fingers, it was unable to bear it and was ripped apart. Those four cracks were like four twisting black dragons that charged towards Su Ming at incredible speed.

The instant the four cracks arrived less than a hundred feet away from Su Ming, he lifted his head swiftly, and the hands seizing the ground through the air swiped upward along with his head's movements.

"Earth, Rise!"

A strange glow appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and the instant he brought his hands upward, the ground underneath started trembling violently, and cracks swiftly appeared, causing the long river to look as if it was about to crumble. A large amount of water surged into those cracks, but that was nothing compared to the illusions that formed once the ground started trembling.

Once those illusions started overlapping with each other, the earth's soul seemed to have escaped its body and started floating outwards. This sight appeared all over the ground in a circular area of ten thousand li around them.

It did not matter whether it was the river or the plains, the instant their illusions started overlapping each other and the moment Su Ming lifted his hands, the earth's soul floated up and

appeared before him, turning into a gigantic mass of land. That mass of land stood straight, like a gigantic shield blocking the four cracks!

It might have been a simple illusion, but from the distance, that erect mass of land was a shocking sight to behold!

Once the earth lost its soul, the long river dried up and a large amount of cracks formed on the ground. The soil started showing signs of crumbling away, and it seemed as if anyone took even one step there, they would sink into the earth.

The grass on the plains withered away and died, and a dismal atmosphere overtook the land.

Almost the instant the shield, formed by the earth's soul, rose in front of Su Ming, a loud crash rang in the sky. The four cracks rammed into the earth's soul, turning into an endless amount of rumbling that spread in all directions.

The four cracks might have seemed like ordinary cracks, but in truth, the power contained within them was incredibly shocking. Once they crashed into the mass of land formed by the earth's soul, three of them disappeared. The final crack imprinted itself on the earth's soul, causing the illusionary mass of land to be repeatedly forced back as loud rumbling sounds rang in the air, pushing Su Ming's body to also continuously move back as well.

However, the red-haired Su Ming did not show a hint of panic on his face. Instead, with a dark smile, he shouted out two words with

a voice akin to thunder.

"Sky, Shatter!"

The moment those words fell out his lips, the illusionary mass of land formed by the earth's soul increased its speed as it moved back, and once it pushed Su Ming several tens of thousands of feet back, a shocking boom reverberated behind him.

The appearance of those rumbling sounds made it seem as if Su Ming had crashed into air itself while being pushed back by the illusionary mass of land. It was as if the air itself was not limitless but contained a barrier, and that crash caused a big hole to appear in the sky!

Right when the hole appeared, the earth's soul let out a whistle and charged into it, tearing at it and destroying it, causing the hole that had appeared in the sky due to the crash to widen swiftly to nearly ten thousand feet in size. From the distance, it seemed as if the sky was leaking and a large amount of freezing air spilled out from within to spread through the land.

An endless amount of suction force came from within the hole, causing a large amount of soil to immediately fly up and be swallowed up. In fact, the mountain in the land of the Shamans that was originally hidden and could not be seen with the naked eye started distorting where it was hidden away. Clearly, it was only barely hanging on under the power of that suction.

‘With my current power, I can’t cause the sky to shatter, but with

the power of the earth, I can use its soul to crash into the sky's spirit, so I'm still able to tear the sky apart somewhat. Since you want to repair the sky, then go on and repair it!

‘Since you left your projection in this unknown world, then this place must be incredibly important to you. If that's the case, let's see whether you'll repair it!’

With one move, the red-haired Su Ming appeared in another place. He seized at the ground with both his hands once again, and as the ground rumbled, another illusionary mass of land formed by the earth's soul appeared in midair. As Su Ming moved back, he used its power and rammed it against the air, causing it to let out a ripping sound, and the second gigantic hole of ten thousand feet wide appeared!

An even stronger suction force spread out, and the area hiding the mountain in the land of the Shamans crumbled. The space around it continued distorting, causing the mountain that had remained hidden from the naked eye for numerous years to reveal itself!

That suction force caused the mountain to tremble, as if it was about to be pulled off the ground and sucked into the hole.

Di Tian remained expressionless. As he stood in midair, he lifted his right hand and formed a seal before clenching his fist. The instant he did so, Su Ming's robes immediately started dancing in the air, and his red hair was also swept up by a violent gust of wind.

He immediately noticed that the power of the world from afar started charging towards where they were with a shocking speed. This was not due to the holes in the sky absorbing them but was brought towards them by Di Tian's action of clenching his fist.

The power of the world came towards them from such a wide area that it made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

'It's just a projection, and he already has this amount of power..? Damn it! Just how many years have passed? The Di Tian in my memories is definitely not this strong!

'Just... how many years have passed by..?' A dazed look appeared on the red-haired Su Ming's face, but he instantly snapped out of it and a glint appeared in his eyes.

'Whatever, if I can't even kill his projection, then I can forget about killing his original body!' Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly and seized at the air. Immediately, a bloody eyeball appeared in his hand.

This was naturally the eye containing the Hidden Execution of Justice, which he had just obtained from the old man from Hidden Dragon Sect!

When Di Tian was about to unfurl his fist and press his palm against the first hole in the sky to make the power of the world to gather together to charge towards it in an attempt to mend it, Su Ming tossed up the eyeball in his hand. He rapidly started forming

seals with his hands, continuously creating new seals to fuse with the eyeball. His expression was incredibly grave and the variety of seals was so diverse that it surpassed the amount of seals the old man from Hidden Dragon Sect had been able to form.

The revealed mountain on the ground started trembling even more furiously. A large amount of soil was sucked into the sky, and the base of the mountain had also floated several inches from off the ground as the mountain continued trembling.

At that moment, as Di Tian pressed his palm at the first hole and the power of the world continuously surged in, the first crack in the sky started closing up rapidly, shrinking swiftly. While Su Ming was pushing in that large amount of seals into the eyeball, the first hole disappeared, completely mended. Not a hint of it could be seen; the sky looked completely normal.

Soon after, the expressionless Di Tian used the same method to point at the second hole. As the power of the world surged towards it, Di Tian turned his head around and looked at Su Ming, then lifted his foot to take one step towards him.

He disappeared, and almost the instant it happened, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Without even the slightest hint of hesitation, he immediately moved back with that eyeball. When he had retreated ten thousand feet away, a bang rang at the space he'd stood previously. Numerous cracks formed at that spot, as if an invisible fist had crashed into that space.

Those cracks disappeared soon after they appeared, and Di Tian walked out from within, then he took another step towards Su

Ming once again.

However, this time, the instant Di Tian took that one step, Su Ming, who was ten thousand feet away, suddenly lifted his head. Killing intent flashed in his eyes, and he pushed his hands forward, pushing that eyeball towards where Di Tian was.

"Hidden Execution of Justice!"

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